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THE

MYSTERIES

OF

UDOLPHO.

VOL. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE

MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO,

A

ROMANCE;

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME PIECES OF POETRY.

BY

ANN RADCLIFFE,

AUTHOR OF THE ROMANCE OF THE FOREST, ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Fate ſits on theſe dark battlements, and frowns,
And, as the portals open to receive me,
Her voice, in ſullen echoes through the courts,
Tells of a nameleſs deed.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

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1795.

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THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

CHAP. I.

"Dark power! with ſhudd'ring, meek-ſubmitted thought
Be mine to read the viſions old
Which thy awak'ning bards have told,
And, leſt they meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true."

COLLINS'S ODE TO FEAR."

EMILY was recalled from a kind of ſlumber, into which ſhe had, at length, ſunk, by a quick knocking at her chamber door. She ſtarted up in terror, for Montoni and Count Morano inſtantly came to her mind; but, having liſtened in ſilence for ſome time, and recogniſing the voice of Annette, ſhe roſe and opened the door. 'What brings you hither ſo early?' ſaid Emily, trembling exceſſively. She was unable to ſupport herſelf, and ſat down on the bed.

'Dear ma'amſelle!' ſaid Annette, 'do not look ſo pale. I am quite frightened to ſee you. Here

is a fine buſtle below ſtairs, all the ſervants running to and fro, and none of them faſt enough! Here is a buſtle, indeed, all of a ſudden, and nobody knows for what!'

'Who is below beſides them?' ſaid Emily. 'Annette, do not trifle with me!'

'Not for the world, ma'amſelle, I would not trifle for the world; but one cannot help making one's remarks, and there is the Signor in ſuch a buſtle, as I never ſaw him before; and he has ſent me to tell you, ma'am, to get ready immediately.'

'Good God, ſupport me!' cried Emily, almoſt fainting. 'Count Morano is below, then!'

'No, ma'amſelle, he is not below that I know of,' replied Annette, 'only his *Excellenza* ſent me to deſire you would get ready directly to leave Venice, for that the gondolas would be at the ſteps of the canal in a few minutes: but I muſt hurry back to my lady, who is juſt at her wits end, and knows not which way to turn for haſte.'

'Explain, Annette, explain the meaning of all this before you go,' ſaid Emily, ſo overcome with ſurpriſe and timid hope, that ſhe had ſcarcely breath to ſpeak.

'Nay, ma'amſelle, that is more than I can do. I only know that the Signor is juſt come home in a very ill-humour; that he had us all called out of our beds, and tells us we are all to leave Venice immediately.'

'Is Count Morano to go with the Signor?' ſaid Emily, 'and whither are we going?'

'I know neither, ma'am, for certain; but I heard Ludovico ſay ſomething about going, after we got to *Terra-Firma*, to the Signor's caſtle amongſt ſome mountains, that he talked of.'

'The

'The Apennines!' ſaid Emily eagerly, 'O then I have little to hope!'

'That is the very place, ma'am. But cheer up, and do not take it ſo much to heart, and think what a little time you have to get ready in, and how impatient the Signor is. Holy St. Mark! I hear the oars on the canal; and now they come nearer, and now they are daſhing at the ſteps below, it is the gondola, ſure enough.'

Annette haſtened from the room; and Emily prepared for this unexpected flight as faſt as her trembling hands would permit, not perceiving, that any change in her ſituation could poſſibly be for the worſe. She had ſcarcely thrown her books and clothes into her travelling trunk, when, receiving a ſecond ſummons, ſhe went down to her aunt's dreſſing-room, where ſhe found Montoni impatiently reproving his wife for delay. He went out, ſoon after, to give ſome further orders to his people, and Emily then enquired the occaſion of this haſty journey: but her aunt appeared to be as ignorant as herſelf, and to undertake the journey with more reluctance.

The family at length embarked, but neither Count Morano, or Cavigni, was of the party. Somewhat revived by obſerving this, Emily, when the gondolieri daſhed their oars in the water and put off from the ſteps of the portico, felt like a criminal, who receives a ſhort reprieve. Her heart beat yet lighter when they emerged from the canal into the ocean, and lighter ſtill, when they ſkimmed paſt the walls of St. Mark, without having ſtopped to take up Count Morano.

The dawn now began to tint the horizon, and to break upon the ſhores of the Adriatic. Emily did not venture to aſk any queſtions of Montoni,

who ſat, for ſome time, in gloomy ſilence, and then rolled himſelf up in his cloak, as if to ſleep, while Madame Montoni did the ſame; but Emily, who could not ſleep, undrew one of the little curtains of the gondola, and looked out upon the ſea. The riſing dawn now enlightened the mountain tops of Friuli, but their lower ſides, and the diſtant waves, that rolled at their feet, were ſtill in deep ſhadow. Emily, ſunk in tranquil melancholy, watched the ſtrengthening light ſpreading upon the ocean, ſhewing ſucceſſively Venice and her iſlets, and the ſhores of Italy, along which boats, with their pointed latin ſails, began to move.

The gondolieri were frequently hailed at this early hour, by the market-people, as they glided by towards Venice, and the *Lagune* ſoon diſplayed a gay ſcene of innumerable little barks, paſſing from *Terra-Firma* with proviſions. Emily gave a laſt look to that ſplendid city, but her mind was then occupied by conſidering the probable events, that awaited her, in the ſcenes, to which ſhe was removing, and with conjectures, concerning the motive of this ſudden journey. It appeared, upon calmer conſideration, that Montoni was removing her to his ſecluded caſtle, becauſe he could there with more probability of ſucceſs, attempt to terrify her into obedience; or, that, ſhould its gloomy and ſequeſtered ſcenes fail of this effect, her forced marriage with the Count could there be ſolemnized with the ſecrecy, which was neceſſary to the honour of Montoni. The little ſpirit, which this reprieve had recalled, now began to fail, and, while Emily reached the ſhore, her mind had ſunk into all its former depreſſion.

Montoni did not embark on the Brenta, but purſued his way in carriages acroſs the country, towards the Apennine; during which journey, his manner

manner to Emily was ſo particularly ſevere, that this alone would have confirmed her late conjecture, had any ſuch confirmation been neceſſary. Her ſenſes were now dead to the beautiful country, through which ſhe travelled. Sometimes ſhe was compelled to ſmile at the *naiveté* of Annette, in her remarks on what ſhe ſaw, and ſometimes to ſigh, as a ſcene of peculiar beauty recalled Valancourt to her thoughts, who was indeed ſeldom abſent from them, and of whom ſhe could never hope to hear in the ſolitude, to which ſhe was haſtening.

At length the travellers began to aſcend among the Apennines. The immenſe pine-foreſts, which, at that period, overhung theſe mountains, and between which the road wound, excluded all view but of the clifts aſpiring above, except, that now and then, an opening through the dark woods allowed the eye a momentary glimpſe of the country below. The gloom of theſe ſhades, their ſolitary ſilence, except when the breeze ſwept over their ſummits, the tremendous precipices of the mountains, that came partially to the eye, each aſſiſted to raiſe the ſolemnity of Emily's feelings into awe; ſhe ſaw only images of gloomy grandeur, or of dreadful ſublimity around her; other images, equally gloomy and equally terrible, gleamed on her imagination. She was going ſhe ſcarcely knew whither, under the dominion of a perſon from whoſe arbitrary diſpoſition ſhe already ſuffered ſo much, to marry, perhaps a man who poſſeſſed neither her affection, or eſteem; or to endure, beyond the hope of ſuccour, whatever puniſhment revenge, and that Italian revenge, might dictate.—The more ſhe conſidered what might be the motive of the journey, the more ſhe became convinced that it was for the purpoſe of concluding her nuptials with Count Morano, with that ſecrecy which her reſolute reſiſtance had made neceſſary to the honour, if not to the ſafety, of Montoni. From

the

the deep ſolitudes into which ſhe was immerging, and from the gloomy caſtle, of which ſhe had heard ſome myſterious hints, her ſick heart recoiled in deſpair, and ſhe experienced, that though her mind was already occupied by peculiar diſtreſs, it was ſtill alive to the influence of new and local circumſtances; why elſe did ſhe ſuffer at the idea of this deſolate caſtle?

As the travellers ſtill aſcended among the pine foreſts, ſteep roſe over ſteep, the mountains ſeemed to multiply, as they went, and what was the ſummit of one eminence proved to be only the baſe of another. At length they reached a little plain, where the drivers ſtopped to reſt the mules, whence a ſcene of ſuch extent and magnificence opened below, as drew even from Madame Montoni a note of admiration. Emily loſt, for a moment, her ſorrows, in the immenſity of nature. Beyond the amphitheatre of mountains, that ſtretched below, whoſe tops appeared as numerous almoſt, as the waves of the ſea, and whoſe feet were concealed by the foreſts—extended the *Campagna* of Italy, where cities, and rivers, and woods, and all the glow of cultivation were mingled in gay confuſion. The Adriatic bounded the horizon, into which the Po and the Brenta, after winding through the whole extent of the landſcape, poured their fruitful waves. Emily gazed long on the ſplendours of the world ſhe was quitting, of which the whole magnificence ſeemed thus given to her ſight only to increaſe her regret on leaving it; for her, Valancourt alone was in that world; to him alone her heart turned, and for him alone fell her bitter tears.

From this ſublime ſcene the travellers continued to aſcend among the pines, till they entered a narrow paſs of the mountains, which ſhut out every avenue of the diſtant country, and, in its ſtead, exhibited only tremendous crags, impending over the road, where

where no veſtige of humanity, or even of vegetation, appeared, except here and there the trunk and ſcattered branches of an oak, that hung nearly headlong from the rock, into which its ſtrong roots had faſtened. This paſs, which led into the heart of the Apennine, at length opened to day, and a ſcene of mountains ſtretched in long perſpective, as wild as any the travellers had yet paſſed. Still vaſt pine-foreſts hung upon their baſe, and crowned the ridgy precipice, that roſe perpendicularly from the vale, while, above, the rolling miſts caught the ſun-beams, and touched their cliffs with all the magical colouring of light and ſhade. The ſcene ſeemed perpetually changing, and its features to aſſume new forms, as the winding road brought them to the eye in different attitudes; while the ſhifting vapours, now partially concealing their minuter beauties, and now illuminating them with ſplendid tints, aſſiſted the illuſions of the ſight.

Though the deep vallies between theſe mountains were, for the moſt part, clothed with pines, ſometimes an abrupt opening preſented a perſpective only of barren rocks, with a cataract flaſhing from their ſummit among broken cliffs, till its waters, reaching the bottom, foamed along with unceaſing fury; and ſometimes paſtoral ſcenes exhibited their 'green delights,' in the narrow vales, ſmiling amid ſurrounding horror. There herds and flocks of goats and ſheep, browſing under the ſhade of hanging woods, and the ſhepherd's little cabin, reared on the margin of a clear ſtream, preſented a ſweet picture of repoſe.

Wild and romantic as were theſe ſcenes, their character had far leſs of the ſublime, than had thoſe of the Alps, which guard the entrance of Italy. Emily was often elevated, but ſeldom felt thoſe emotions of indeſcribable awe, which ſhe had ſo continually

continually experienced, in her paſſage over the Alps.

Towards the cloſe of day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whoſe ſhaggy ſteeps appeared to be inacceſſible, almoſt ſurrounded it. To the eaſt, a viſta opened, that exhibited the Apennines in their darkeſt horrors; and the long perſpective of retiring ſummits, riſing over each other, their ridges cloathed with pines, exhibited a ſtronger image of grandeur, than any that Emily had yet ſeen. The ſun had juſt ſunk below the top of the mountains ſhe was deſcending, whoſe long ſhadow ſtretched athwart the valley, but his ſloping rays, ſhooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the ſummits of the foreſt, that hung upon the oppoſite ſteeps, and ſtreamed in full ſplendour upon the towers and battlements of a caſtle, that ſpread its extenſive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The ſplendour of theſe illumined objects was heightened by the contraſted ſhade, which involved the valley below.

'There,' ſaid Montoni, ſpeaking for the firſt time in ſeveral hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the caſtle, which ſhe underſtood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the ſetting ſun, the gothic greatneſs of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark grey ſtone, rendered it a gloomy and ſublime object. As ſhe gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which ſpread deeper and deeper, as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were ſtill tipped with ſplendour. From thoſe too, the rays ſoon faded, and the whole edifice was inveſted with the ſolemn duſkineſs of evening. Silent, lonely and ſublime, it ſeemed to ſtand the ſovereign

of the ſcene, and to frown defiance on al', who dared to invade its ſolitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obſcurity, and Emily continued to gaze, till its cluſtering towers were alone ſeen, riſing over the tops of the woods, beneath whoſe thick ſhade the carriages ſoon after began to aſcend.

The extent and darkneſs of theſe tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and ſhe almoſt expected to ſee a banditti ſtart up from under the trees. At length, the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and, ſoon after, reached the caſtle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was ſtruck upon to give notice of their arrival, increaſed the fearful emotions, that had aſſailed Emily. While they waited till the ſervant within ſhould come to open the gates, ſhe anxiouſly ſurveyed the edifice: but the gloom, that overſpread it, allowed her to diſtinguiſh little more than a part of its outline, with the maſſy walls of the ramparts, and to know, that it was vaſt, ancient and dreary. From the parts ſhe ſaw, ſhe judged of the heavy ſtrength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic ſize, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets, embattled, where, inſtead of banners, now waved long graſs and wild plants, that had taken root among the mouldering ſtones, and which ſeemed to ſigh, as the breeze rolled paſt, over the deſolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled alſo, below which appeared the pointed arch of an huge portcullis, ſurmounting the gates: from theſe, the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whoſe ſhattered out-line, appearing on a gleam, that lin-

gered in the weſt, told of the ravages of war.—Beyond theſe all was loſt in the obſcurity of evening.

While Emily gazed with awe upon the ſcene, footſteps were heard within the gates, and the undrawing of bolts; after which an ancient ſervant of the caſtle appeared, forcing back the huge folds of the portal, to admit his lord. As the carriage-wheels rolled heavily under the portcullis, Emily's heart ſunk, and ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe was going into her priſon; the gloomy court, into which ſhe paſſed, ſerved to confirm the idea, and her imagination, ever awake to circumſtance, ſuggeſted even more terrors, than her reaſon could juſtify.

Another gate delivered them into the ſecond court, graſs-grown, and more wild than the firſt, where, as ſhe ſurveyed through the twilight its deſolation—its loſty walls, overtopt with briony, moſs and night-ſhade, and the embattled towers that roſe above,—long-ſuffering and murder came to her thoughts. One of thoſe inſtantaneous and unaccountable convictions, which ſometimes conquer even ſtrong minds, impreſſed her with its horror. The ſentiment was not diminiſhed, when ſhe entered an extenſive gothic hall, obſcured by the gloom of evening, which a light, glimmering at a diſtance through a long perſpective of arches, only rendered more ſtriking. As a ſervant brought the lamp near, partial gleams fell upon the pillars and the pointed arches, forming a ſtrong contraſt with their ſhadows, that ſtretched along the pavement and the walls.

The ſudden journey of Montoni had prevented his people from making any other preparations for his reception, than could be had in the ſhort interval, ſince the arrival of the ſervant, who had been ſent forward from Venice; and this, in ſome meaſure,

ſure, may account for the air of extreme deſolation, that every where appeared.

The ſervant, who came to light Montoni, bowed in ſilence, and the muſcles of his countenance relaxed with no ſymptom of joy.—Montoni noticed the ſalutation by a ſlight motion of his hand, and paſſed on, while his lady following, and looking round with a degree of ſurpriſe and diſcontent, which ſhe ſeemed fearful of expreſſing, and Emily, ſurveying the extent and grandeur of the hall in timid wonder, approached a marble ſtair-caſe. The arches here opened to a lofty vault, from the center of which hung a tripod lamp, which a ſervant was haſtily lighting; and the rich fret-work of the roof, a corridor, leading into ſeveral upper apartments, and a painted window, ſtretching nearly from the pavement to the ceiling of the hall, became gradually viſible.

Having croſſed the foot of the ſtair-caſe, and paſſed through an anti-room, they entered a ſpacious apartment, whoſe walls, wainſcoted with black larch-wood, the growth of the neighbouring mountains, were ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from darkneſs itſelf. 'Bring more light,' ſaid Montoni, as he entered. The ſervant ſetting down his lamp, was withdrawing to obey him; when Madame Montoni obſerving, that the evening air of this mountainous region was cold, and that ſhe ſhould like a fire, Montoni ordered that wood might be brought.

While he paced the room with thoughtful ſteps, and Madame Montoni ſat ſilently on a couch, at the upper end of it, waiting till the ſervant returned, Emily was obſerving the ſingular ſolemnity and deſolation of the apartment, viewed, as it now was, by the glimmer of the ſingle lamp, placed near a large Venetian mirror, that duſkily reflected the ſcene, with the tall figure of Montoni paſſing ſlowly along,

with

with his arms folded, and his countenance ſhaded by the plume, that waved in his hat.

From the contemplation of this ſcene, Emily's mind proceeded to the apprehenſion of what ſhe might ſuffer in it, till the remembrance of Valancourt, far, far diſtant! came to her heart, and ſoftened it into ſorrow. A heavy ſigh eſcaped her, but trying to conceal her tears, ſhe walked away to one of the high windows, that opened upon the ramparts, below which ſpread the woods ſhe had paſſed in her approach to the caſtle. But the night ſhade ſat deeply on the mountains beyond, and their indented outline alone could be faintly traced on the horizon, where a red ſtreak yet glimmered in the weſt. The valley between was ſunk in darkneſs.

The ſcene within, upon which Emily turned on the opening of the door, was ſcarcely leſs gloomy. The old ſervant, who had received them at the gates, now entered, bending under a load of pine-branches, while two of Montoni's Venetian ſervants followed with lights.

'Your *Excellenza* is welcome to the caſtle,' ſaid the old man, as he raiſed himſelf from the hearth, where he had laid the wood: 'it has been a lonely place a long while; but you will excuſe it, Signor, knowing we had but ſhort notice. It is near two years, come next feaſt of St. Mark, ſince your *Excellenza* was within theſe walls.'

'You have a good memory, old Carlo,' ſaid Montoni: 'it is thereabouts; and how haſt thou contrived to live ſo long?'

'A-well-a-day, ſir, with much ado; the cold winds, that blow through the caſtle in winter, are almoſt too much for me; and I thought ſometimes of aſking your *Excellenza* to let me leave the mountains, and go down into the lowlands. But I don't know how it is---I am loth to quit theſe old walls I have lived in ſo long.'

'Well,

'Well, how have you gone on in the caſtle, ſince I left it?' ſaid Montoni.

'Why much as uſual, Signor, only it wants a good deal of repairing There is the north tower —ſome of the battlements have tumbled down, and had liked one day to have knocked my poor wife (God reſt her ſoul!) on the head. Your *Excellenza* muſt know'——

'Well, but the repairs,' interrupted Montoni.

'Aye, the repairs,' ſaid Carlo: 'a part of the roof of the great hall has fallen in, and all the winds from the mountains ruſhed through it laſt winter, and whiſtled through the whole caſtle ſo, that there was no keeping one's ſelf warm, be where one would. There, my wife and I uſed to ſit ſhivering over a great fire in one corner of the little hall, ready to die with cold, and'——

'But there are no more repairs wanted,' ſaid Montoni, impatiently.

'O Lord! your *Excellenza*, yes—the wall of the rampart has tumbled down in three places; then, the ſtairs, that lead to the weſt gallery, have been a long time ſo bad, that it is dangerous to go up on them; and the paſſage leading to the great oak chamber, that overhangs the north rampart--- one night laſt winter I ventured to go there by myſelf, and your *Excellenza*'——

'Well, well, enough of this,' ſaid Montoni, with quickneſs: 'I will talk more with thee to-morrow.'

The fire was now lighted, Carlo ſwept the hearth, placed chairs, wiped the duſt from a large marble table that ſtood near it, and then left the room.

Montoni and his family drew round the fire. Madame Montoni made ſeveral attempts at converſation, but his ſullen anſwers repulſed her, while

Emily

Emily ſat endeavouring to acquire courage enough to ſpeak to him. At length in a tremulous voice, ſhe ſaid, 'May I aſk, ſir, the motive of this ſudden journey?'---After a long pauſe, ſhe recovered ſufficient courage to repeat the queſtion.

'It does not ſuit me to anſwer enquiries,' ſaid Montoni, 'nor does it become you to make them; time may unfold them all: but I deſire I may be no further harraſſed, and I recommend it to you to retire to your chamber, and to endeavour to adopt a more rational conduct, than that of yielding to fancies, and to a ſenſibility, which, to call it by the gentleſt name, is only a weakneſs.'

Emily roſe to withdraw. 'Good night, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, to her aunt, with an aſſumed compoſure, that could not diſguiſe her emotion.

'Good night, my dear,' ſaid Madame Montoni, in a tone of kindneſs, which her niece had never before heard from her; and the unexpected endearment brought tears to Emily's eyes. She curtiſied to Montoni, and was retiring; 'But you do not know the way to your chamber,' ſaid her aunt. Montoni called the ſervant, who waited in the anti-room, and bade him ſend Madame Montoni's woman, with whom, in a few minutes, Emily withdrew.

'Do you know which is my room?' ſaid ſhe, to Annette, as they croſſed the hall.

'Yes, I believe I do, ma'amſelle; but this is ſuch a ſtrange rambling place! I have been loſt in it already: they call it the double chamber, over the ſouth rampart, and I went up this great ſtair-caſe to it. My lady's room is at the upper end of the caſtle.'

Emily aſcended the marble ſtair-caſe, and came to the corridor, as they paſſed through which, Annette reſumed her chat---'What a wild lonely place

place this is, ma'am! I ſhall be quite frightened to live in it. How often, and often I have wiſhed myſelf in France again! I little thought, when I came with my lady to ſee the world, that I ſhould ever be ſhut up in ſuch a place as this, or I would never have left my own country!—This way, ma'amſelle, down this turning. I can almoſt believe in giants again, and ſuch like, for this is juſt like one of their caſtles; and ſome night or other, I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſee fairies too, hopping about in that great old hall, that looks more like a church, with its huge pillars, than any thing elſe.'

'Yes,' ſaid Emily ſmiling, and glad to eſcape from more ſerious thought, 'if we come to the corridor, about midnight, and look down into the hall, we ſhall certainly ſee it illuminated with a thouſand lamps, and the fairies tripping in gay circles to the ſound of delicious muſic; for it is in ſuch places as this, you know, that they come to hold their revels. But I am afraid, Annette, you will not be able to pay the neceſſary penance for ſuch a ſight: and, if once they hear your voice, the whole ſcene will vaniſh in an inſtant.'

'O! if you will bear me company, ma'amſelle, I will come to the corridor, this very night, and I promiſe you I will hold my tongue; it ſhall not be my fault if the ſhow vaniſhes.---But do you think they will come?'

'I cannot promiſe that with certainty, but I will venture to ſay, it will not be your fault, if the enchantment ſhould vaniſh.'

'Well, ma'amſelle, that is ſaying more than I expected from you: but I am not ſo much afraid of fairies as of ghoſts, and they ſay there are a plentiful many of them about the caſtle: now I ſhould be frightened to death, if I ſhould chance to ſee any of them. But huſh! ma'amſelle, walk ſoftly!

ſoftly! I have thought ſeveral times, ſomething paſſed by me.'

'Ridiculous!' ſaid Emily, 'you muſt not indulge fancies.'

'O ma'am! they are not fancies for aught I know; Benedetto ſays theſe diſmal galleries and halls are fit for nothing but ghoſts to live in; and I verily believe if I *live* long in them I ſhall turn to one myſelf!'

'I hope,' ſaid Emily, 'you will not ſuffer Signor Montoni to hear of theſe weak fears; they would highly diſpleaſe him.'

'What, you know then, ma'amſelle, all about it!' rejoined Annette. 'No, no, I do know better than to do ſo; though, if the Signior can ſleep ſound, nobody in the caſtle has any right to lie awake, I am ſure.' Emily did not appear to notice this remark.

'Down this paſſage, ma'amſelle; this leads to a back ſtair-caſe. O! if I ſee any thing, I ſhall be frightened out of my wits!'

'That will ſcarcely be poſſible,' ſaid Emily, ſmiling as ſhe followed the winding of the paſſage, which opened into another gallery: and then Annette perceiving that ſhe had miſſed her way, while ſhe had been ſo eloquently haranguing on ghoſts and fairies, wandered about through other paſſages and galleries, till, at length, frightened by their intricacies and deſolation, ſhe called aloud for aſſiſtance: but they were beyond the hearing of the ſervants, who were on the other ſide of the caſtle, and Emily now opened a door of a chamber on the left.

'O! do not go in there, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'you will only loſe yourſelf further.'

'Bring the light forward,' ſaid Emily, 'we may poſſibly find our way through theſe rooms.'

Annette

Annette ſtood at the door, in an attitude of heſitation, with the light held up to ſhew the chamber, but the feeble rays ſpread through not half of it.---'Why do you heſitate?' ſaid Emily, 'let me ſee whither this room leads.'

Annette advanced reluctantly. It opened into a ſuite of ſpacious and ancient apartments, ſome of which were hung with tapeſtry, and others wainſcoted with cedar and black larch-wood. What furniture there was, ſeemed to be almoſt as old as the rooms, and retained an appearance of grandeur, though covered with duſt, and dropping to pieces with the damps, and with age.

'How cold theſe rooms are, ma'amſelle!' ſaid Annette: 'nobody has lived in them for many, many years, they ſay. Do let us go.'

'They may open upon the great ſtair-caſe, perhaps,' ſaid Emily, paſſing on till ſhe came to a chamber, hung with pictures, and took the light to examine that of a ſoldier on horſeback in a field of battle.---He was darting his ſpear upon a man, who lay under the feet of the horſe, and who held up one hand in a ſupplicating attitude. The ſoldier, whoſe beaver was up, regarded him with a look of vengeance, and the countenance, with that expreſſion, ſtruck Emily as reſembling Montoni. She ſhuddered, and turned from it. Paſſing the light haſtily over ſeveral other pictures, ſhe came to one concealed by a veil of black ſilk. The ſingularity of the circumſtance ſtruck her, and ſhe ſtopped before it, wiſhing to remove the veil, and examine what could thus carefully be concealed, but ſomewhat wanting courage. 'Holy Virgin! what can this mean?' exclaimed Annette. 'This is ſurely the picture they told me of at Venice.'

'What picture? ſaid Emily. 'Why a picture—a picture,' replied Annette, heſitatingly—'but I never

I never could make out exactly what it was about, either.'

'Remove the veil, Annette.'

'What! I, ma'amſelle!---I! not for the world!' Emily, turning round, ſaw Annette's countenance grow pale.' 'And pray, what have you heard of this picture, to terrify you ſo, my good girl?' ſaid ſhe. 'Nothing, ma'amſelle: I have heard nothing, only let us find our way out.'

'Certainly: but I wiſh firſt to examine the picture; take the light, Annette, while I lift the veil.' Annette took the light, and immediately walked away with it, diſregarding Emily's calls to ſtay, who, not chooſing to be left alone in the dark chamber, at length followed her. 'What is the reaſon of this, Annette?' ſaid Emily, when ſhe overtook her, 'what have you heard concerning that picture, which makes you ſo unwilling to ſtay when I bid you?'

'I don't know what is the reaſon, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette, 'nor any thing about the picture, only I have heard there is ſomething very dreadful belonging to it---and that it has been covered up in black ever *ſince*---and that nobody has looked at it for a great many years---and it ſomehow has to do with the owner of this caſtle before Signor Montoni came to the poſſeſſion of it—and'——

'Well, Annette,' ſaid Emily, ſmiling, I perceive it is as you ſay---that you know nothing about the picture.'

'No, nothing, indeed, ma'amſelle, for they made me promiſe never to tell: but'——

'Well,' rejoined Emily, who obſerved that ſhe was ſtruggling between her inclination to reveal a ſecret, and her apprehenſion for the conſequence, 'I will enquire no further'---

'No, pray, ma'am, do not.'

'Leſt

'Leſt you ſhould tell all,' interrupted Emily.

Annette bluſhed, and Emily ſmiled, and they paſſed on to the extremity of this ſuite of apartments, and found themſelves, after ſome farther perplexity, once more at the top of the marble ſtair-caſe, where Annette left Emily, while ſhe went to call one of the ſervants of the caſtle to ſhew them to the chamber, for which they had been ſeeking.

While ſhe was abſent, Emily's thoughts returned to the picture; an unwillineſs to tamper with the integrity of a ſervant, had checked her enquiries on this ſubject, as well as concerning ſome alarming hints, which Annette had dropped reſpecting Montoni; though her curioſity was entirely awakened, and ſhe had perceived that her queſtions might eaſily be anſwered. She was now, however, inclined to go back to the apartment and examine the picture; but the lonelineſs of the hour and of the place, with the melancholy ſilence that reigned around her, conſpired with a certain degree of awe, excited by the myſtery attending this picture, to prevent her. She determined, however, when day-light ſhould have re-animated her ſpirits, to go thither and remove the veil. As ſhe leaned from the corridor, over the ſtair-caſe, and her eyes wandered round, ſhe again obſerved, with wonder, the vaſt ſtrength of the walls, now ſomewhat decayed, and the pillars of ſolid marble, that roſe from the hall, and ſupported the roof.

A ſervant now appeared with Annette, and conducted Emily to her chamber, which was in a remote part of the caſtle, and at the end of the very corridor, from whence the ſuite of apartments opened, through which they had been wandering. The lonely aſpect of her room made Emily unwilling that Annette ſhould leave her immediately, and

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the dampneſs of it, chilled her with more than fear. She begged Caterina, the ſervant of the caſtle, to bring ſome wood and light a fire.

'Aye, lady, it's many a year, ſince fire was lighted here,' ſaid Caterina.

'You need not tell us that, good woman,' ſaid Annette; 'every room in the caſtle feels like a well. I wonder how you contrive to live here; for my part, I wiſh myſelf at Venice again.' Emily waved her hand for Caterina to fetch the wood.

'I wonder, ma'am, why they call this the double chamber?' ſaid Annette, while Emily ſurveyed it in ſilence, and ſaw that it was lofty and ſpacious, like the others ſhe had ſeen, and, like many of them, too, had its walls lined with dark larch-wood. The bed and other furniture was very ancient, and had an air of gloomy grandeur, like all that ſhe had ſeen in the caſtle. One of the high caſements, which ſhe opened, overlooked a rampart, but the view beyond was hid in darkneſs.

In the preſence of Annette, Emily tried to ſupport her ſpirits, and to reſtrain the tears, which every now and then, came to her eyes. She wiſhed much to enquire when Count Morano was expected at the caſtle, but an unwillingneſs to aſk unneceſſary queſtions, and to mention family concerns to a ſervant, withheld her. Meanwhile, Annette's thoughts were engaged upon another ſubject: ſhe dearly loved the marvellous, and had heard of a circumſtance, connected with the caſtle, that highly gratified this taſte. Having been enjoined not to mention it, her inclination to tell it was ſo ſtrong, that ſhe was every inſtant on the point of ſpeaking what ſhe had heard. Such a ſtrange circumſtance, too, and to be obliged to conceal it, was a ſevere puniſhment: but ſhe knew, that

that Montoni might impoſe one much ſeverer, and ſhe feared to incur it by offending him.

Caterina now brought the wood, and its bright blaze diſpelled for a while, the gloom of the chamber. She told Annette, that her lady had enquired for her, and Emily was once again left to her own ſad reflections. Her heart was not yet hardened againſt the ſtern manners of Montoni, and ſhe was nearly as much ſhocked now, as ſhe had been when ſhe firſt witneſſed them. The tenderneſs and affection to which ſhe had been accuſtomed till ſhe loſt her parents, had made her particularly ſenſible to any degree of unkindneſs, and ſuch a reverſe as this no apprehenſion had prepared her to ſupport.

To call off her attention from ſubjects, that preſſed heavily upon her ſpirits, ſhe roſe and again examined her room and its furniture. As ſhe walked round it ſhe paſſed a door that was not quite ſhut, and, perceiving, that it was not the one thro' which ſhe entered, ſhe brought the light forward to diſcover whither it led. She opened it, and, going forward, had nearly fallen down a ſteep, narrow ſtair-caſe, that wound from it, between two ſtone walls. She wiſhed to know to what it led, and was the more anxious, ſince it communicated ſo immediately with her apartment; but, in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits ſhe wanted courage to venture into the darkneſs alone. Cloſing the door, therefore, ſhe endeavoured to faſten it, but upon further examination, perceived, that it had no bolts on the chamber ſide though it had two on the other. By placing a heavy chair againſt it, ſhe in ſome meaſure remedied the defect; yet ſhe was ſtill alarmed at the thought of ſleeping in this remote room alone, with a door opening ſhe knew not whither, and which could not be perfectly faſtened on the inſide. Sometimes ſhe wiſhed to entreat of Madame Montoni, that Annette might have

have leave to remain with her all night, but was deterred by an apprehenſion of betraying what would be thought childiſh fears, and by an unwillingneſs to encreaſe the terrors of Annette.

Her gloomy reflections were, ſoon after, interrupted by a footſtep in the corridor, and ſhe was glad to ſee Annette enter with ſome ſupper, ſent by Madame Montoni. Having a table by the fire, ſhe made the good girl ſit down and ſup with her; and when their little repaſt was over, Annette, encouraged by her kindneſs and ſtirring the wood into a blaze, drew her chair upon the hearth, nearer to Emily, and ſaid—'Did you ever hear, ma'amſelle, of the ſtrange accident, that made the Signor lord of this caſtle?'

'What wonderful ſtory have you now to tell?' ſaid Emily, concealing the curioſity occaſioned by the myſterious hints ſhe had formerly heard on that ſubject.

'I have heard all about it, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, looking round the chamber, and drawing cloſer to Emily; 'Benedetto told it me as we travelled together: ſays he, 'Annette, you don't know about this caſtle here, that we are going to?' 'No,' ſays I, 'Mr. Benedetto, pray what do you know?' 'But, ma'amſelle, you can keep a ſecret, or I would not tell it you for the world; for I promiſed never to tell, and they ſay, that the Signor does not like to have it talked of.'

'If you promiſed to keep this ſecret,' ſaid Emily, 'you do right not to mention it.'

Annette pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, 'O, but to you, ma'amſelle, to you I may tell it ſafely, I know.'

Emily ſmiled, 'I certainly ſhall keep it as faithfully as yourſelf, Annette.'

Annette

Annette replied very gravely, that would do, and proceeded—— ——'This caſtle, you muſt know, ma'amſelle, is very old, and very ſtrong, and has ſtood out many ſieges, as they ſay. Now it was not Signor Montoni's always, nor his father's; no; but, by ſome law or other, it was to come to the Signor, if the lady died unmarried.'

'What lady?' ſaid Emily.

'I am not come to that yet,' replied Annette, 'it is the lady I am going to tell you about, ma'amſelle: but, as I was ſaying, this lady lived in the caſtle, and had every thing very grand about her, as you may ſuppoſe, ma'amſelle. The Signor uſed often to come to ſee her, and was in love with her, and offered to marry her; for, though he was ſomehow related, that did not ſignify. But ſhe was in love with ſomebody elſe, and would not have him, which made him very angry, as they ſay, and you know, ma'amſelle, what an ill-looking gentleman he is, when he is angry. Perhaps ſhe ſaw him in a paſſion, and therefore would not have him. But, as I was ſaying, ſhe was very melancholy and unhappy, and all that, for a long while, and—Holy Virgin! what noiſe is that? did not you hear a ſound, ma'amſelle?'

'It was only the wind,' ſaid Emily, 'but do come to the end of your ſtory.'

'As I was ſaying—O, where was I?—as I was ſaying—ſhe was very melancholy and unhappy a long while, and uſed to walk about upon the terrace, there, under the windows, by herſelf, and cry ſo! it would have done your heart good to hear her. That is—I don't mean good, but it would have made you cry too, as they tell me.'

'Well, but, Annette, do tell me the ſubſtance of your tale.'

'All

'All in good time, ma'am; all this I heard before at Venice, but what is to come I never heard till to-day. This happened a great many years ago, when Signor Montoni was quite a young man. The lady—they called her Signora Laurentini, was very handſome, but ſhe uſed to be in great paſſions, too, ſometimes, as well as the Signor. Finding he could not make her liſten to him—what does he do, but leave the caſtle, and never comes near it for a long time! but it was all one to her; ſhe was juſt as unhappy whether he was here or not, till one evening,—Holy St. Peter! ma'amſelle,' cried Annette, 'look at that lamp how blue it burns!' She looked fearfully round the chamber. 'Ridiculous girl!' ſaid Emily, 'why will you indulge thoſe fancies? Pray let me hear the end of your ſtory, I am weary.'

Annette ſtill kept her eyes on the lamp, and proceeded in a lower voice. 'It was one evening, they ſay, at the latter end of the year, it might be about the middle of September, I ſuppoſe, or the beginning of October; nay, for that matter, it might be November, for that, too, is the latter end of the year, but that I cannot ſay for certain, becauſe they did not tell me for certain themſelves. However, it was at the latter end of the year, this grand lady walked out of the caſtle into the woods below, as ſhe had often done before, all alone, only her maid was with her. The wind blew cold, and ſtrewed the leaves about, and whiſtled diſmally among thoſe great old cheſnut trees, that we paſſed, ma'amſelle, as we came to the caſtle—for Benedetto ſhewed me the trees as he was talking—the wind blew cold, and her woman would have perſuaded her to return: but all would not do, for ſhe was fond of walking in the woods, at evening time, and, if

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the leaves were falling about her, ſo much the better.

'Well, they ſaw her go down among the woods, but night came, and ſhe did not return; ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came, and no lady! Well, the ſervants thought to be ſure, ſome accident had befallen her, and they went out to ſeek her. They ſearched all night long, but could not find her, or any trace of her; and, from that day to this, ma'amſelle, ſhe has never been heard of.'

'Is this true, Annette?' ſaid Emily, in much ſurpriſe.

'True, ma'am!' ſaid Annette, with a look of horror, 'yes, it is true, indeed. But they do ſay,' ſhe added, lowering her voice, 'they do ſay, that the Signora has been ſeen, ſeveral times ſince, walking in the woods and about the caſtle in the night: ſeveral of the old ſervants, who remained here ſome time after, declare they ſaw her; and, ſince then, ſhe has been ſeen by ſome of the vaſſals, who have happened to be in the caſtle at night. Carlo, the old ſteward, could tell ſuch things, they ſay, if he would.'

'How contradictory is this, Annette!' ſaid Emily, 'you ſay nothing has been ſince known of her, and yet ſhe has been ſeen!'

'But all this was told me for a great ſecret,' rejoined Annette, without noticing the remark, 'and I am ſure, ma'am, you would not hurt either me or Benedetto, ſo much as to go and tell it again.' Emily remained ſilent, and Annette repeated her laſt ſentence.

'You have nothing to fear from my indiſcretion,' replied Emily, 'and let me adviſe you, my good Annette, be diſcreet yourſelf, and never mention what you have juſt told me to any other perſon. Signor Montoni, as you ſay, may be angry if

he hears of it. But what enquiries were made concerning the lady?'

'O! a great deal, indeed, ma'amſelle, for the Signor laid claim to the caſtle directly, as being the next heir, and they ſaid, that is the judges, or the ſenators, or ſomebody of that ſort, ſaid, he could not take poſſeſſion of it till ſo many years were gone by, and then, if, after all, the lady could not be found, why ſhe would be as good as dead, and the caſtle would be his own; and ſo it is his own. But the ſtory went round, and many ſtrange reports were ſpread, ſo very ſtrange, ma'amſelle, that I ſhall not tell them.

'That is ſtranger ſtill, Annette,' ſaid Emily, ſmiling, and rouſing herſelf from her reverie. 'But, when Signora Laurentini was afterwards ſeen in the caſtle, did nobody ſpeak to her?'

'Speak---ſpeak to her!' cried Annette, with a look of terror; 'no, to be ſure.'

'And why not?' rejoined Emily, willing to hear further.

'Holy mother! ſpeak to a ſpirit!'

'But what reaſon had they to conclude it was a ſpirit, unleſs they had approached, and ſpoken to it?'

'O ma'amſelle, I cannot tell. How can you aſk ſuch ſhocking queſtions? But nobody ever ſaw it come in, or go out of the caſtle; and it was in one place now, and then the next minute in quite another part of the caſtle; and then it never ſpoke, and, if it was alive, what ſhould it do in the caſtle if it never ſpoke? Several parts of the caſtle have never been gone into ſince, they ſay, for that very reaſon.'

'What!- becauſe it never ſpoke?' ſaid Emily, trying to laugh away the fears, that began to ſteal upon her.———'No, ma'amſelle, no;' replied Annette, rather angrily, 'but becauſe ſomething has been ſeen there. They ſay, too, there is an old

old chapel adjoining the weſt ſide of the caſtle, where, any time of midnight, you may hear ſuch groans!—it makes one ſhudder to think of them! —and ſtrange ſights have been ſeen there'——

'Pr'ythee, Annette, no more of theſe ſilly tales,' ſaid Emily.

'Silly tales, ma'amſelle! O, but I will tell you one ſtory about this, if you pleaſe, that Caterina told me. It was one cold winter's night that Caterina (ſhe often came to the caſtle then, ſhe ſays, to keep old Carlo and his wife company, and ſo he recommended her afterwards to the Signor, and ſhe has lived here ever ſince) Caterina was ſitting with them in the little hall, ſays Carlo, 'I wiſh we had ſome of thoſe figs to roaſt, that lie in the ſtore-cloſet, but it is a long way off, and I am loth to fetch them; do, Caterina,' ſays he, 'for you are young and nimble, do bring us ſome, the fire is in a nice trim for roaſting them; they lie, ſays he, in ſuch a corner of the ſtore-room, at the end of the north-gallery; here, take the lamp,' ſays he, 'and mind, as you go up the great ſtair-caſe, that the wind through the roof, does not blow it out.' So, with that, Caterina took the lamp——Huſh! ma'amſelle, I ſurely heard a noiſe!'

Emily, whom Annette had now infected with her own terrors, liſtened attentively; but every thing was ſtill, and Annette proceeded.

'Caterina went to the north gallery, that is the wide gallery we paſſed, ma'am, before we came to the corridor, here. As ſhe went with the lamp in her hand, thinking of nothing at all——There, agian!' cried Annette, ſuddenly——'I heard it again!---it was not fancy, ma'amſelle!'

'Huſh!' ſaid Emily, trembling. They liſtened, and, continuing to ſit quiet ſtill, Emily heard a low knocking againſt the wall. It came repeatedly. Annette then ſcreamed loudly, and the chamber

door ſlowly opened.——It was Caterina, come to tell Annette, that her lady wanted her. Emily, though ſhe now perceived who it was, could not immediately overcome her terror; while Annette, half laughing, half crying, ſcolded Caterina heartily for thus alarming them; and was alſo terrified leſt what ſhe had told had been overheard. Emily, whoſe mind was deeply impreſſed by the chief circumſtance of Annette's relation, was unwilling to be left alone, in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits; but, to avoid offending Madame Montoni, and betraying her own weakneſs, ſhe ſtruggled to overcome the illuſions of fear, and diſmiſſed Annette for the night.

When ſhe was alone, her thoughts recurred to the ſtrange hiſtory of Signora Laurentini, and then to her own ſtrange ſituation, in the wild and ſolitary mountains of a foreign country, in the caſtle, and the power of a man, to whom, only a few preceding months, ſhe was an entire ſtranger; who had already exerciſed an uſurped authority over her, and whoſe character ſhe now regarded, with a degree of terror, apparently juſtified by the fears of others. She knew, that he had invention equal to the conception and talents to the execution of any project, and ſhe greatly feared he had a heart too void of feeling to oppoſe the perpetration of whatever his intereſt might ſuggeſt. She had long obſerved the unhappineſs of Madame Montoni, and had often been witneſs to the ſtern and contemptuous behaviour ſhe received from her huſband. To theſe circumſtances, which conſpired to give her juſt cauſe for alarm, were now added thoſe thouſand nameleſs terrors, which exiſt only in active imaginations, and which ſet reaſon and examination equally at defiance.

Emily remembered all that Valancourt had told her, on the eve of her departure from Languedoc, reſpecting Montoni, and all that he had ſaid to diſſuade her from venturing on the journey. His fears had often ſince appeared to her prophetic——now they ſeemed confirmed. Her heart, as it gave her back the image of Valancourt, mourned in vain regret, but reaſon ſoon came with a conſolation, which, though feeble at firſt, acquired vigour from reflection. She conſidered, that whatever might be her ſufferings, ſhe had withheld from involving him in misfortune, and that, whatever her future ſorrows could be, ſhe was, at leaſt, free from ſelf-reproach.

Her melancholy was aſſiſted by the hollow ſighings of the wind along the corridor and round the caſtle. The cheerful blaze of the wood had long been extinguiſhed, and ſhe ſat with her eyes fixed on the dying embers, till a loud guſt, that ſwept through the corridor, and ſhook the doors and caſements, alarmed her, for its violence had moved the chair ſhe had placed as a faſtening, and the door, leading to the private ſtair-caſe, ſtood half open. Her curioſity and her fears were again awakened. She took the lamp to the top of the ſteps, and ſtood heſitating whether to go down; but again the profound ſtillneſs and the gloom of the place awed her, and, determining to enquire further, when daylight might aſſiſt the ſearch, ſhe cloſed the door, and placed againſt it a ſtronger guard.

She now retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the table; but its gloomy light, inſtead of diſpelling her fear, aſſiſted it; for by its uncertain rays, ſhe almoſt fancied ſhe ſaw ſhapes flit paſt her curtains and glide into the remote obſcurity of her chamber. The caſtle clock ſtruck one before ſhe cloſed her eyes to ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"I think it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me!"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DAYLIGHT diſpelled from Emily's mind the glooms of ſuperſtition, but not thoſe of apprehenſion. The Count Morano was the firſt image that occurred to her waking thoughts, and then came a train of anticipated evils, which ſhe could neither conquer, or avoid. She roſe, and, to relieve her mind from the buſy ideas that tormented it, compelled herſelf to notice external objects. From her caſement ſhe looked out upon the wild grandeur of the ſcene, cloſed nearly on all ſides by alpine ſteeps, whoſe tops, peeping over each other, faded from the eye in miſty hues, while the promontories below were dark with woods, that ſwept down to their baſe, and ſtretched along the narrow vallies. The rich pomp of theſe woods was particularly delightful to Emily; and ſhe viewed with aſtoniſhment the fortifications of the caſtle ſpreading along a vaſt extent of rock, and now partly in decay, the grandeur of the ramparts below, and the towers and battlements and various features of the fabric above.

above. From theſe her ſight wandered over the cliffs and woods into the valley, along which foamed a broad and rapid ſtream ſeem falling among the crags of an oppoſite mountain, now flaſhing in the ſun-beams, and now ſhadowed by over-arching pines, till it was entirely concealed by their thick foliage. Again it burſt from beneath this darkneſs in one broad ſheet of foam, and fell thundering into the vale. Nearer, towards the weſt, opened the mountain-viſta, which Emily had viewed with ſuch ſublime emotion, on her approach to the caſtle: a thin duſky vapour that roſe from the valley, overſpread its features with a ſweet obſcurity. As this aſcended and caught the ſun-beams, it kindled into a crimſon tint, and touched with exquiſite beauty the woods and cliffs, over which it paſſed to the ſummit of the mountains; then, as the veil drew up, it was delightful to watch the gleaming objects, that progreſſively diſcloſed themſelves in the valley —the green turf—dark woods—little rocky receſſes—a few peaſants' huts—the foaming ſtream —a herd of cattle, and various images of paſtoral beauty. Then the pine-foreſts brightened, and then the broad breaſt of the mountains, till, at length the miſt ſettled round their ſummit, touching them with a ruddy glow. The features of the viſta now appeared diſtinctly, and the broad deep ſhadows, that fell from the lower cliffs, gave ſtrong effect to the ſtreaming ſplendour above, while the mountains, gradually ſinking in the perſpective, appeared to ſhelve into the Adriatic ſea, for ſuch Emily imagined to be the gleam of blueiſh light, that terminated the view.

Thus ſhe endeavoured to amuſe her fancy, and was not unſucceſsful. The breezy freſhneſs of the morning, too, revived her. She raiſed her thoughts in prayer, which ſhe felt always moſt diſpoſed to

do,

do, when viewing the ſublimity of nature, and her mind recovered its ſtrength.

When ſhe turned from the caſement, her eyes glanced upon the door ſhe had ſo carefully guarded, on the preceding night, and ſhe now determined to examine whither it led: but on advancing to remove the chairs, ſhe perceived, that they were already moved a little way. Her ſurpriſe cannot eaſily be imagined, when, in the next minute ſhe perceived that the door was faſtened.—She felt, as if ſhe had ſeen an apparition. The door of the corridor was left as ſhe had locked it, but this door, which could be ſecured only on the outſide, muſt have been bolted, during the night. She became ſeriouſly uneaſy at the thought of ſleeping again in a chamber, thus liable to intruſion, ſo remote, too, as it was from the family, and ſhe determined to mention the circumſtance to Madame Montoni, and to requeſt a change.

After ſome perplexity ſhe found her way into the great hall, and to the room, which ſhe had left, on the preceding night, where breakfaſt was ſpread, and her aunt was alone, for Montoni had been walking over the environs of the caſtle, examining the condition of its fortifications, and talking for ſome time with Carlo. Emily obſerved that her aunt had been weeping, and her heart ſoftened towards her, with an affection that ſhewed itſelf in her manner, rather than in words, while ſhe carefully avoided the appearance of having noticed, that ſhe was unhappy. She ſeized the opportunity of Montoni's abſence to mention the circumſtance about the door, to requeſt that ſhe might be allowed another apartment, and to enquire again, concerning the occaſion of their ſudden journey. On the firſt ſubject her aunt referred her to Montoni, poſitively refuſing to interfere in the affair; on the laſt, ſhe profeſſed utter ignorance.

Emily,

Emily, then, with a wiſh of making her aunt more reconciled to her ſituation, praiſed the grandeur of the caſtle and the ſurrounding ſcenery, and endeavoured to ſoften every unpleaſing circumſtance attending it. But though misfortune had ſomething conquered the aſperities of Madame Montoni's temper, and, by encreaſing her cares for herſelf, had taught her to feel in ſome degree for others, the capricious love of rule, which nature had planted and habit had nouriſhed in her heart, was not ſubdued. She could not now deny herſelf the gratification of tyrannizing over the innocent and helpleſs Emily, by attempting to ridicule the taſte ſhe could not feel.

Her ſatirical diſcourſe was, however, interrupted by the entrance of Montoni, and her countenance immediately aſſumed a mingled expreſſion of fear and reſentment, while he ſeated himſelf at the breakfaſt-table, as if unconſcious of there being any perſon but himſelf in the room.

Emily, as ſhe obſerved him in ſilence, ſaw, that his countenance was darker and ſterner than uſual. 'O could I know,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'what paſſes in that mind; could I know the thoughts, that are known there, I ſhould no longer be condemned to this torturing ſuſpenſe!' Their breakfaſt paſſed in ſilence, till Emily ventured to requeſt, that another apartment might be allotted to her, and related the circumſtance which made her wiſh it.

'I have no time to attend to theſe idle whims,' ſaid Montoni, 'that chamber was prepared for you, and you muſt reſt contented with it. It is not probable that any perſon would take the trouble of going to that remote ſtair-caſe, for the purpoſe of faſtening a door. If it was not faſtened, when you entered the chamber, the wind, perhaps ſhook

the door and made the bolts ſlide. But I know not why I ſhould undertake to account for ſo trifling an occurrence.'

This explanation was by no means ſatisfactory to Emily, who had obſerved that the bolts were ruſted, and conſequently could not be thus eaſily moved; but ſhe forbore to ſay ſo, and repeated her requeſt.

'If you will not releaſe yourſelf from the ſlavery of theſe fears,' ſaid Montoni, ſternly, 'at leaſt forbear to torment others by the mention of them. Conquer ſuch whims, and endeavour to ſtrengthen your mind. No exiſtence is more contemptible than that, which is embittered by fear.' As he ſaid this, his eye glanced upon Madame Montoni, who coloured highly, but was ſtill ſilent. Emily wounded, and diſappointed, thought her fears were, in this inſtance, too reaſonable to deſerve ridicule, but perceiving, that, however they might oppreſs her, ſhe muſt endure them, ſhe tried to withdraw her attention from the ſubject.

Carlo ſoon after entered with ſome fruit: 'Your *Excellenza* is tired after your long ramble,' ſaid he, as he ſet the fruit upon the table; 'but you have more to ſee after breakfaſt. There is a place in the vaulted paſſage leading to'——

Montoni frowned upon him, and waved his hand for him to leave the room. Carlo ſtopped, looked down, and then added, as he advanced to the breakfaſt table, and took up the baſket of fruit, 'I made bold, your *Excellenza*, to bring ſome cherries, here, for my honoured lady and my young miſtreſs. Will your ladyſhip taſte them, madam?' ſaid Carlo, preſenting the baſket, 'they are very fine ones, tho' I gathered them myſelf, and from an old tree, that catches all the ſouth ſun; they are as big as plums, your ladyſhip.'

'Very

'Very well, old Carlo,' ſaid Madame Montoni 'I am obliged to you.'

'And the young Signora, too, ſhe may like ſome of them, rejoined Carlo, turning with the baſket to Emily, 'it will do me good to ſee her eat ſome.'

Thank you, Carlo,' ſaid Emily, taking ſome cherries, and ſmiling kindly.

'Come, come,' ſaid Montoni impatiently, 'enough of this. Leave the room, but be in waiting. I ſhall want you preſently.'

Carlo obeyed, and Montoni, ſoon after, went out to examine further into the ſtate of the caſtle; while Emily remained with her aunt, patiently enduring her ill humour, and endeavouring, with much ſweetneſs, to ſooth her affliction, inſtead of reſenting its effect.

When Madame Montoni retired to her dreſſing-room, Emily endeavoured to amuſe herſelf by a view of the caſtle. Through a folding door, ſhe paſſed from the great hall to the ramparts, which extended along the brow of the precipice, round three ſides of the edifice; the fourth was guarded by the high walls of the courts, and by the gate-way, through which ſhe had paſſed, on the preceding evening. The grandeur of the broad ramparts, and the changing ſcenery they overlooked, excited her high admiration; for the extent of the terraces allowed the features of the country to be ſeen in ſuch various points of view, that they appeared to form new landſcapes. She often pauſed to examine the gothic magnificence of Udolpho, its proud irregularity, its lofty towers and battlements, its high-arched caſements, and its ſlender watch-towers, perched upon the corners of turrets. Then ſhe would lean on the wall of the terrace, and, ſhuddering, meaſure with her eye the precipice below, till the dark ſummits of the woods ar-

roſted

reſted it. Wherever ſhe turned, appeared mountain-tops, foreſts of pine and narrow glens, opening among the Apennines and retiring from the ſight into inacceſſible regions.

While ſhe thus leaned, Montoni, followed by two men, appeared, aſcending a winding path, cut in the rock below. He ſtopped upon a cliff, and pointing to the ramparts, turned to his followers, and talked with much eagerneſs of geſticulation.—— Emily perceived, that one of theſe men was Carlo; the other was in the dreſs of a peaſant, and he alone ſeemed to be receiving the directions of Montoni.

She withdrew from the walls, and purſued her walk, till ſhe heard at a diſtance the ſound of carriage wheels, and then the loud bell of the portal, when it inſtantly occurred to her that Count Morano was arrived. As ſhe haſtily paſſed the folding doors from the terrace, towards her own apartment, ſeveral perſons entered the hall by an oppoſite door, ſhe ſaw them at the extremity of the arcades, and immediately retreated; but the agitation of her ſpirits, and the extent and duſkineſs of the hall, had prevented her from diſtinguiſhing the perſons of the ſtrangers.—Her fears, however, had but one object, and they had called up that object to her fancy; ſhe believed that ſhe had ſeen Count Morano.

When ſhe thought that they had paſſed the hall, ſhe ventured again to the door, and proceeded, unobſerved, to her room, where ſhe remained, agitated with apprehenſions, and liſtening to every diſtant ſound. At length hearing voices on the rampart, ſhe haſtened to her window, and obſerved Montoni, with Signor Cavigni, walking below, converſing earneſtly, and often ſtopping and turning

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ing towards each other, at which time their diſcourſe ſeemed to be uncommonly intereſting.

Of the ſeveral perſons who had appeared in the hall, here was Cavigni alone; but Emily's alarm was ſoon after heightened by the ſteps of ſome one in the corridor, who, ſhe apprehended, brought a meſſage from the Count. In the next moment, Annette appeared.

'Ah!' ma'amſelle, ſaid ſhe, 'here is the Signor Cavigni arrived! I am ſure I rejoiced to ſee a chriſtian perſon in this place; and then he is ſo good-natured too, he always takes ſo much notice of me!—And here is alſo Signor Verezzi, and who do you think beſides, ma'amſeille?

'I cannot gueſs, Annette; tell me quickly.'

'Nay, ma'am, do gueſs once.'

'Well, then,' ſaid Emily, with aſſumed compoſure, 'it is—Count Morano, I ſuppoſe.'

'Holy Virgin,' cried Annette, 'are you ill, ma'amſelle? you are going to faint! let me get ſome water.'

Emily ſunk into a chair; 'Stay Annette, ſaid ſhe, feebly, 'do not leave me—I ſhall ſoon be better; open the caſement.—The Count, you ſay—he is come then?

'Who, I!—the Count, No, ma'amſelle, I did not ſay ſo.' 'He is *not* come then?' ſaid Emily, eagerly. 'No, ma'amſelle.'

'You are ſure of it?'

'Lord bleſs me!' ſaid Annette, 'you recover very ſuddenly, ma'am, why, I thought you was dying, juſt now.'

'But the Count—you are ſure, is not come?'

'O yes, quite ſure of that, ma'amſelle. Why, I was looking out through the grate, in the north turret, when the carriages drove into the court-yard, and I never expected to ſee ſuch a goodly ſight in this

this diſmal old caſtle! but here are maſters and ſervants, too, enough to make the place ring again. O! I was ready to leap through the ruſty old bars for joy!—O! who would ever have thought of ſeeing a chriſtian face in this huge dreary houſe? I could have kiſſed the very horſes that brought them.

'Well, Annette, well, I am better now.'

'Yes, ma'amſelle, I ſee you are. O! all the ſervants will lead merry lives here, now; we ſhall have ſinging and dancing in the little hall, for the Signor cannot hear us there—and droll ſtories—— Ludovico's come, ma'am; yes, there is Ludovico come with them! You remember Ludovico, ma'am —a tall, handſome, young man---Signor Cavigni's lacquey---who always wears his cloak with ſuch a grace, thrown round on his left arm, and his hat ſet on ſo ſmartly, all on one ſide, and——

'No,' ſaid Emily, who was wearied by her loquacity.

'What, ma'amſelle! don't you remember Ludovico---who rowed the Cavaliero's gondola, at the laſt regatta and won the prize? And who uſed to ſing ſweet verſes about Orlandos and about the Black-a-moors, too; and about Charly---Charly---magne, yes, that was the name, all under my lattice, in the weſt portico, on the moon-light nights at Venice? O! I have liſtened to him!'——

'I fear, to thy peril, my good Annette,' ſaid Emily; for it ſeems his verſes have ſtolen thy heart. But let me adviſe you, if it is ſo, keep the ſecret; never let him know it.'

'Ah---ma'amſelle! how can one keep ſuch a ſecret as that?'

'Well, Annette, I am now ſo much better, that you may leave me.'

'O! but

'O, but, ma'amſelle, I forgot to aſk---how did you ſleep in this dreary old chamber laſt night?'---'As well as uſual.'---'Did you hear no noiſes?'---'None.'---'Nor ſee any thing?'---'Nothing!---'Well, that is ſurpriſing!'---'Not in the leaſt: and now tell me, why you aſk theſe queſtions.'

'O, ma'amſelle!' I would not tell you for the world, nor all I have heard about this chamber, either; it would frighten you ſo.'

'If that is all, you have frightened me already, and may therefore tell me what you know, without hurting your conſcience.'

'O Lord! they ſay the room is haunted, and has been ſo theſe many years.'

'Is it by a ghoſt, then, who can draw bolts,' ſaid Emily, endeavouring to laugh away her apprehenſions; 'for I left that door open laſt night, and found it faſtened this morning.'

Annette looked pale, and ſaid not a word.

'Do you know whether any of the ſervants faſtened this door in the morning before I roſe?'

'No,' ma'am, that I will be bound they did not; but I don't know: ſhall I go and aſk, ma'amſelle?' ſaid Annette, moving haſtily towards the corridor.

'Stay, Annette, I have other queſtions to aſk; tell me what you have heard concerning this room, and whither that ſtair-caſe leads.'

'I will go and aſk it all directly, ma'am; beſides, I am ſure my lady wants me. I cannot ſtay now, indeed, ma'am.'

She hurried from the room, without waiting Emily's reply, whoſe heart, lightened by the certainty, that Morano was not arrived, allowed her to ſmile at the ſuperſtitious terror, which had ſeized on Annette; for, though ſhe ſometimes felt its influence

fluence herſelf, ſhe could ſmile at it, when apparent in other perſons.

Montoni having refuſed Emily another chamber, ſhe determined to bear with patience the evil ſhe could not remove, and, in order to make the room as comfortable as poſſible, unpacked her books, her ſweet delight in happier days, and her ſoothing reſource in the hours of moderate ſorrow; but there were hours when even theſe failed of their effect; when the genius, the taſte, the enthuſiaſm of the ſublimeſt writers were felt no longer.

Her little library being arranged on a high cheſt, part of the furniture of the room, ſhe took out her drawing utenſils, and was tranquil enough to be pleaſed with the thought of ſketching the ſublime ſcenes, beheld from her windows; but ſhe ſuddenly checked this pleaſure, remembering how often ſhe had ſoothed herſelf by the intention of obtaining amuſement of this kind, and had been prevented by ſome new circumſtance of misfortune.

'How can I ſuffer myſelf to be deluded by hope,' ſaid ſhe, 'and, becauſe Count Morano is not yet arrived, feel a momentary happineſs? Alas! what is it to me, whether he is here to-day, or to-morrow, if he comes at all?—and that he will come—it were weakneſs to doubt.'

To withdraw her thoughts, however, from the ſubject of her misfortunes, ſhe attempted to read, but her attention wandered from the page, and, at length, ſhe threw aſide the book, and determined to explore the adjoining chambers of the caſtle. Her imagination was pleaſed with the view of ancient grandeur, and an emotion of melancholy awe awakened all its powers, as ſhe walked through rooms, obſcure and deſolate, where no footſteps had paſſed probably for many years, and remembered the ſtrange hiſtory of the former poſſeſſor of the edifice. This brought to her recollection the veiled

veiled picture, which had attracted her curioſity on the preceding night, and ſhe reſolved to examine it. As ſhe paſſed through the chambers, that led to this, ſhe found herſelf ſomewhat agitated; its connection with the late lady of the caſtle, and the converſation of Annette, together with the circumſtance of the veil, throwing a myſtery over the ſubject, that excited a faint degree of terror. But a terror of this nature, as it occupies and expands the mind, and elevates it to a high expectation, is purely ſublime, and leads us, by a kind of faſcination, to ſeek even the object, from which we appear to ſhrink.

Emily paſſed on with faltering ſteps, and having paused a moment at the door, before ſhe attempted to open it, ſhe then haſtily entered the chamber, and went towards the picture, which appeared to be encloſed in a frame of uncommon ſize, that hung in a dark part of the room. She paused again, and then, with a timid hand, lifted the veil; but inſtantly let it fall—perceiving that what it had concealed was no picture, and, before ſhe could leave the chamber, ſhe dropped ſenſeleſs on the floor.

When ſhe recovered her recollection, the remembrance of what ſhe had ſeen, had nearly deprived her of it a ſecond time. She had ſcarcely ſtrength to remove from the room, and regain her own; and, when arrived there, wanted courage to remain alone. Horror occupied her mind, and excluded, for a time, all ſenſe of paſt, and dread of future misfortune: ſhe ſeated herſelf near the caſement, becauſe from thence ſhe heard voices, though diſtant, on the terrace, and might ſee people paſs, and theſe, trifling as they were, were reviving circumſtances. When her ſpirits had recovered their tone, ſhe conſidered whether ſhe ſhould mention what ſhe had ſeen to Ma-

dame

dame Montoni, and various and important motives urged her to do ſo, among which the leaſt was the hope of the relief, which an overburdened mind finds in ſpeaking of the ſubject of its intereſt. But ſhe was aware of the terrible conſequences, which ſuch a communication might lead to; and, dreading the indiſcretion of her aunt, at length endeavoured to arm herſelf with reſolution to obſerve a profound ſilence, on the ſubject. Montoni and Verezzi ſoon after paſſed under the caſement, ſpeaking cheerfully, and their voices revived her. Preſently the Signors Bertolini and Cavigni joined the party on the terrace, and Emily ſuppoſing that Madame Montoni was then alone, went to ſeek her; for the ſolitude of her chamber, and its proximity to that where ſhe had received ſo ſevere a ſhock, again affected her ſpirits.

She found her aunt in her dreſſing-room, preparing for dinner. Emily's pale and affrighted countenance alarmed even Madame Montoni; but ſhe had ſufficient ſtrength of mind to be ſilent on the ſubject, that ſtill made her ſhudder, and which was ready to burſt from her lips. In her aunt's apartment ſhe remained, till they both deſcended to dinner. There ſhe met the gentlemen lately arrived, who had a kind of buſy ſerioufneſs in their looks, which was ſomewhat unuſual with them, while their thought ſeemed too much occupied by ſome deep intereſt, to ſuffer them to beſtow much attention either on Emily, or Madame Montoni. They ſpoke little, and Montoni leſs. Emily, as ſhe now looked on him, ſhuddered. The horror of the chamber ruſhed on her mind. Several times the colour faded from her cheeks, and ſhe feared, that illneſs would betray her emotions, and compel her to leave the room; but the ſtrength of her reſolution remedied

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the weakneſs of her frame; ſhe obliged herſelf to converſe, and even tried to look cheerful.

Montoni evidently laboured under ſome vexation, ſuch as would probably have agitated a weaker mind, or a more ſuſceptible heart, but which appeared, from the ſternneſs of his countenance, only to bend up his faculties to energy and fortitude.

It was a comfortleſs and ſilent meal. The gloom of the caſtle ſeemed to have ſpread its contagion even over the gay countenance of Cavigni, and with this gloom was mingled a fierceneſs, ſuch as ſhe had ſeldom ſeen him indicate. Count Morano was not named, and what converſation there was, turned chiefly upon the wars, which at that time agitated the Italian ſtates, the ſtrength of the Venetian armies, and the characters of their generals.

After dinner, when the ſervants had withdrawn, Emily learned, that the cavalier, who had drawn upon himſelf the vengeance of Orſino, had ſince died of his wounds, and that ſtrict ſearch was ſtill making for his murderer. The intelligence ſeemed to diſturb Montoni, who muſed, and then enquired, where Orſino had concealed himſelf. His gueſts, who all, except Cavigni, were ignorant that Montoni had himſelf aſſiſted him to eſcape from Venice, replied, that he had fled in the night with ſuch precipitation and ſecrecy, that his moſt intimate companions knew not whither. Montoni blamed himſelf for having aſked the queſtion, for a ſecond thought convinced him, that a man of Orſino's ſuſpicious temper was not likely to truſt any of the perſons preſent with the knowledge of his aſylum. He conſidered himſelf, however, as entitled to his utmoſt confidence, and did not doubt, that he ſhould ſoon hear of him.

Emily

Emily retired with Madame Montoni, ſoon after the cloth was withdrawn, and left the cavaliers to their ſecret councils, but not before the ſignificant frowns of Montoni had warned his wife to depart, who paſſed from the hall to the ramparts, and walked for ſome time, in ſilence, which Emily did not interrupt, for her mind was alſo occupied by intereſts of its own. It required all her reſolution, to forbear communicating to Madame Montoni the terrible ſubject, which ſtill thrilled her every nerve with horror; and ſometimes ſhe was on the point of doing ſo, merely to obtain the relief of a moment; but ſhe knew how wholly ſhe was in the power of Montoni, and, conſidering that the indiſcretion of her aunt might prove fatal to them both, ſhe compelled herſelf to endure a preſent and an inferior evil, rather than to tempt a future and heavier one. A ſtrange kind of preſentiment frequently on this day, occurred to her;—it ſeemed as if her fate reſted here, and was by ſome inviſible means connected with this caſtle.

'Let me not accelerate it,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf: 'for whatever I may be reſerved, let me at leaſt, avoid ſelf-reproach.'

As ſhe looked on the maſſy walls of the edifice, her melancholy ſpirits repreſented it to be her priſon; and ſhe ſtarted as at a new ſuggeſtion, when ſhe conſidered how far diſtant ſhe was from her native country, from her little peaceful home, and from her only friend—how remote was her hope of happineſs, how feeble the expectation of again ſeeing him! Yet the idea of Valancourt, and her confidence in his faithful love, had hitherto been her only ſolace, and ſhe ſtruggled hard to retain them. A few tears of agony ſtarted to her eyes, which ſhe turned aſide to conceal.

While

While ſhe afterwards leaned on the wall of the rampart, ſome peaſants, at a little diſtance, were ſeen examining a breach, before which lay a heap of ſtones, as if to repair it, and a ruſty old cannon, that appeared to have fallen from its ſtation above. Madame Montoni ſtopped to ſpeak to the men, and enquired what they were going to do. 'To repair the fortifications, your ladyſhip,' ſaid one of them; a labour which ſhe was ſomewhat ſurpriſed, that Montoni ſhould think neceſſary, particularly ſince he had never ſpoken of the caſtle, as of a place, at which he meant to reſide for any conſiderable time; but ſhe paſſed on towards a lofty arch, that led from the ſouth to the eaſt rampart, and which adjoined the caſtle, on one ſide, while, on the other it ſupported a ſmall watch-tower, that entirely commanded the deep valley below. As ſhe approached this arch, ſhe ſaw, beyond it, winding along the woody deſcent of a diſtant mountain, a long troop of horſe and foot, whom ſhe knew to be ſoldiers, only by the glitter of their pikes and other arms, for the diſtance did not allow her to diſcover the colour of their liveries. As ſhe gazed, the vanguard iſſued from the woods into the valley, but the rain ſtill continued to pour over the remote ſummit of the mountain, in endleſs ſucceſſion; while, in front the military uniform became diſtinguiſhable, and the commanders, riding firſt, and ſeeming, by their geſtures, to direct the march of thoſe that followed, at length, approached very near to the caſtle.

Such a ſpectacle, in theſe ſolitary regions, both ſurpriſed and alarmed Madame Montoni, and ſhe haſtened towards ſome peaſants, who were employed in raiſing baſtions before the ſouth rampart, where the rock was leſs abrupt than elſewhere. Theſe men could give no ſatisfactory anſwers to her enquiries,

enquiries, but, being rouſed by them, gazed in ſtupid aſtoniſhment upon the long cavalcade. Madame Montoni, then thinking it neceſſary to communicate farther the ſubject of her alarm, ſent Emily to ſay, that ſhe wiſhed to ſpeak to Montoni; an errand her niece did not approve, for ſhe dreaded his frowns, which ſhe knew this meſſage would provoke; but ſhe obeyed in ſilence.

As ſhe drew near the apartment, in which he ſat with his gueſts, ſhe heard them in earneſt and loud diſpute, and ſhe pauſed a moment, trembling at the diſpleaſure, which her ſudden interruption would occaſion. In the next, their voices ſunk all together; ſhe then ventured to open the door, and, while Montoni turned haſtily and looked at her, without ſpeaking, ſhe delivered her meſſage.

'Tell Madam Montoni I am engaged,' ſaid he.

Emily then thought it proper to mention the ſubject of her alarm. Montoni and his companions roſe inſtantly and went to the windows, but, theſe not affording them a view of the troops, they at length proceeded to the ramparts, where Cavigni conjectured it to be a legion of *Condottieri*, on their march towards Modena.

One part of the cavalcade now extended along the valley, and another wound among the mountains towards the north, while ſome troops ſtill lingered on the woody precipices, where the firſt had appeared, ſo that the great length of the proceſſion ſeemed to include an whole army. While Montoni and his family watched its progreſs, they heard the ſound of trumpets and the claſh of cymbals in the vale, and then others anſwering from the heights. Emily liſtened with emotion to the ſhrill blaſt, that woke the echoes of the mountains, and Montoni explained the ſignals, with which he appeared to be well acquainted, and

which meant nothing hoſtile. The uniforms of the troops, and the kind of arms they bore, confirmed to him the conjecture of Cavigni, and he had the ſatisfaction to ſee them paſs by, without even ſtopping to gaze upon his caſtle. He did not, however, leave the rampart, till the baſes of the mountains had ſhut them from his view, and the laſt murmur of the trumpet floated away on the wind. Cavigni and Verezzi were inſpirited by this ſpectacle, which ſeemed to have rouſed all the fire of their temper; Montoni turned into the caſtle in thoughtful ſilence.

Emily's mind had not yet ſufficiently recovered from its late ſhock, to endure the lonelineſs of her chamber, and ſhe remained upon the ramparts; for Madame Montoni had not invited her to her dreſſing room, whither ſhe had gone evidently in low ſpirits, and Emily, from her late experience, had loſt all wiſh to explore the gloomy and myſterious receſſes of the caſtle. The ramparts, therefore, were almoſt her only retreat, and here ſhe lingered, till the gray haze of evening was again ſpread over the ſcene.

The cavaliers ſupped by themſelves, and Madame Montoni remained in her apartment, whither Emily went, before ſhe retired to her own. She found her aunt weeping, and in much agitation. The tenderneſs of Emily was naturally ſo ſoothing, that it ſeldom failed to give comfort to the drooping heart:—but Madame Montoni's was torn, and the ſofteſt accents of Emily's voice were loſt upon it. With her uſual delicacy, ſhe did not appear to obſerve her aunt's diſtreſs, but it gave an involuntary gentleneſs to her manners, and an air of ſolicitude to her countenance, which Madame Montoni was vexed to perceive, who ſeemed to feel the pity of her niece to be an inſult to her pride,

pride, and dismissed her as soon as she properly could. Emily did not venture to mention again the reluctance she felt to her gloomy chamber, but she requested that Annette might be permitted to remain with her till she retired to rest; and the request was somewhat reluctantly granted. Annette, however, was now with the servants, and Emily withdrew alone.

With light and hasty steps she passed through the long galleries, while the feeble glimmer of the lamp she carried only shewed the gloom around her, and the passing air threatened to extinguish it. The lonely silence, that reigned in this part of the castle, awed her; now and then, indeed, she heard a faint peal of laughter rise from a remote part of the edifice, where the servants were assembled, but it was soon lost, and a kind of breathless stillness remained. As she passed the suite of rooms which she had visited in the morning, her eyes glanced fearfully on the door, and she almost fancied she heard murmuring sounds within, but she paused not a moment to enquire.

Having reached her own apartment, where no blazing wood on the hearth dissipated the gloom, she sat down with a book, to enliven her attention, till Annette should come, and a fire could be kindled. She continued to read till her light was nearly expired, but Annette did not appear, and the solitude and obscurity of her chamber again affected her spirits, the more, because of its nearness to the scene of horror, that she had witnessed in the morning. Gloomy and fantastic images came to her mind. She looked fearfully towards the door of the stair-case, and then, examining whether it was still fastened, found that it was so. Unable to conquer the uneasiness she felt at the prospect of sleeping again in this remote and insecure

cure apartment, which ſome perſon ſeemed to have entered during the preceding night, her impatience to ſee Annette, whom ſhe had bidden to enquire concerning this circumſtance, became extremely painful. She wiſhed alſo to queſtion her, as to the object, which had excited ſo much horror in her own mind, and which Annette on the preceding evening had appeared to be in part acquainted with, though her words were very remote from the truth, and it appeared plainly to Emily, that the girl had been purpoſely miſled by a falſe report: above all ſhe was ſurpriſed, that the door of the chamber, which contained it, ſhould be left unguarded. Such an inſtance of negligence almoſt ſurpaſſed belief. But her light was now expiring; the faint flaſhes it threw upon the walls called up all the terrors of fancy, and ſhe roſe to find her way to the habitable part of the caſtle, before it was quite extinguiſhed.

As ſhe opened the chamber door, ſhe heard remote voices, and, ſoon after, ſaw a light iſſue upon the further end of the corridor, which Annette and another ſervant approached. 'I am glad you are come,' ſaid Emily: 'what has detained you ſo long? Pray light me a fire immediately.'

'My lady wanted me, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette in ſome confuſion; 'I will go and get the wood.'

'No,' ſaid Caterina, 'that is my buſineſs,' and left the room inſtantly, while Annette would have followed; but, being called back, ſhe began to talk very loud, and laugh, and ſeemed afraid to truſt a pauſe of ſilence.

Caterina ſoon returned with the wood, and then, when the cheerful blaze once more animated the room, and this ſervant had withdrawn, Emily aſked Annette, whether ſhe had made the enquiry ſhe

bade her. 'Yes, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'but not a ſoul knows any thing about the matter: and old Carlo,—I watched him well, for they ſay he knows ſtrange things—old Carlo looked ſo as I don't know how to tell, and he aſked me again and again, if I was ſure the door was ever unfaſtened. Lord, ſays I—am I ſure I am alive? And as for me, ma'am, I am all aſtounded, as one may ſay, and would no more ſleep in this chamber, than I would on the great cannon at the end of the eaſt rampart.' 'And what objection have you to that cannon, more than to any of the reſt?' ſaid Emily ſmiling: 'the beſt would be rather a hard bed.'

'Yes, ma'amſelle, any of them would be hard enough for that matter; but they do ſay, that ſomething has been ſeen in the dead of night, ſtanding beſide the great cannon, as if to guard it.'

'Well! my good Annette, the people who tell ſuch ſtories, are happy in having you for an auditor, for I perceive you believe them all.'

'Dear ma'amſelle! I will ſhew you the very cannon; you can ſee it from theſe windows!'

'Well,' ſaid Emily, 'but that does not prove that an apparition guards it.'

'What! not if I ſhew you the very cannon! Dear ma'am, you will believe nothing.'

'Nothing probably upon this ſubject, but what I ſee,' ſaid Emily.——'Well, ma'am, but you ſhall ſee it, if you will only ſtep this way to the caſement.'---Emily could not forbear laughing, and Annette looked ſurpriſed. Perceiving her extreme aptitude to credit the marvellous, Emily forbore to mention the ſubject ſhe intended, leſt it ſhould overcome her with ideal terrors, and ſhe began to ſpeak on a lively topic---the regattas of Venice.

'Aye,

'Aye, ma'amſelle, thoſe rowing matches,' ſaid Annette, 'and the fine moon-light nights, are all, that are worth ſeeing in Venice. To be ſure that moon is brighter than any I ever ſaw; and then to hear ſuch ſweet muſic, too, as Ludovico has often and often ſung under the lattice by the weſt portico! Ma'amſelle, it was Ludovico, that told me about that picture, which you wanted ſo to look at laſt night, and—'

'What picture?" ſaid Emily, wiſhing Annette to explain herſelf.

'O! that terrible picture with the black veil over it.'

'You never ſaw it, then?' ſaid Emily.

'Who, I!---No, ma'amſelle, I never did. But this morning,' continued Annette, lowering her voice, and looking round the room, 'this morning, as it was broad day-light, do you know, ma'am, I took a ſtrange fancy to ſee it, as I had heard ſuch odd hints about it, and I got as far as the door, and ſhould have opened it, if it had not been locked!'

Emily, endeavouring to conceal the emotion this circumſtance occaſioned, enquired at what hour ſhe went to the chamber, and found, that it was ſoon after herſelf had been there. She alſo aſked further queſtions, and the anſwers convinced her, that Annette, and probably her informer, were ignorant of the terrible truth, though in Annette's account ſomething very like the truth, now and then, mingled with the falſehood. Emily now began to fear, that her viſit to the chamber had been obſerved, ſince the door had been cloſed, ſo immediately after her departure; and dreaded leſt this ſhould draw upon her the vengeance of Montoni. Her anxiety, alſo, was excited to know whence, and for what purpoſe, the deluſive report, which had

been impoſed upon Annette, had originated, ſince Montoni could only have wiſhed for ſilence and ſecrecy; but ſhe felt, that the ſubject was too terrible for this lonely hour, and ſhe compelled herſelf to leave it, to converſe with Annette, whoſe chat, ſimple as it was, ſhe preferred to the ſtillneſs of total ſolitude.

Thus they ſat, till near midnight, but not without many hints from Annette, that ſhe wiſhed to go. The embers were now nearly burnt out; and Emily heard, at a diſtance, the thundering ſound of the hall-doors, as they were ſhut for the night. She, therefore, prepared for reſt, but was ſtill unwilling that Annette ſhould leave her. At this inſtant, the great bell of the portal ſounded. They liſtened in fearful expectation, when after a long pauſe of ſilence, it ſounded again. Soon after, they heard the noiſe of carriage wheels in the court-yard. Emily ſunk almoſt lifeleſs in her chair; 'It is the Count,' ſaid ſhe.

'What, at this time of night, ma'am!' ſaid Annette: 'no, my dear lady. But, for that matter, it is a ſtrange time of night for any body to come!'

'Nay, pr'ythee, good Annette, ſtay not talking,' ſaid Emily in a voice of agony---'Go, pr'ythee, go, and ſee who it is.'

Annette left the room, and carried with her the light, leaving Emily in darkneſs, which a few moments before would have terrified her in this room, but was now ſcarcely obſerved by her. She liſtened and waited, in breathleſs expectation, and heard diſtant noiſes, but Annette did not return. Her patience, at length, exhauſted, ſhe tried to find her way to the corridor, but it was long before ſhe could touch the door of the chamber, and, when ſhe had opened it, the total darkneſs without made her fear to proceed. Voices were now heard, and

Emily

Emily even thought ſhe diſtinguiſhed thoſe of Count Morano, and Montoni. Soon after, ſhe heard ſteps approaching, and then a ray of light ſtreamed through the darkneſs, and Annette appeared, whom Emily went to meet.

'Yes, ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe, 'you was right, it is the Count ſure enough.'

'It is he!' exclaimed Emily, lifting her eyes towards heaven, and ſupporting herſelf by Annette's arm.

'Good Lord! my dear lady, don't be in ſuch a *fluſter*, and look ſo pale, we ſhall ſoon hear more.'

'We ſhall, indeed!' ſaid Emily, moving as faſt as ſhe was able towards her apartment. 'I am not well: give me air.' Annette opened a caſement, and brought water. The faintneſs ſoon left Emily, but ſhe deſired Annette would not go till ſhe heard from Montoni.

'Dear ma'amſelle! he ſurely will not diſturb you at this time of night; why he muſt think you are aſleep.'

'Stay with me till I am ſo, then,' ſaid Emily, who felt temporary relief from this ſuggeſtion, which appeared probable enough, though her fears had prevented its occurring to her. Annette, with ſecret reluctance, conſented to ſtay, and Emily was now compoſed enough to aſk her ſome queſtions; among others, whether ſhe had ſeen the Count?

'Yes, ma'am, I ſaw him alight, for I went from hence to the grate in the north turret, that overlooks the inner court-yard, you know. There I ſaw the Count's carriage, and the Count in it, waiting at the great door,---for the porter was juſt gone to bed---with ſeveral men on horſeback, all by the light of the torches they carried.'---Emily was compelled to ſmile. 'When the door was opened, the Count ſaid ſomething, that I could not make out, and then

got

got out, and another gentleman with him. I thought, to be ſure, the Signor was gone to bed, and I haſtened away to my lady's dreſſing room, to ſee what I could hear. But in the way I met Ludovico, and he told me that the Signor was up, counſelling with his maſter and the other Signors, in the room at the end of the north gallery; and Ludovico held up his finger, and laid it on his lips, as much as to ſay---There is more going on than you think of, Annette, but you muſt hold your tongue. And ſo I did hold my tongue, ma'amſelle, and came away to tell you directly.'

Emily enquired who the cavalier was, that accompanied the Count, and how Montoni received them; but Annette could not inform her.

'Ludovico,' ſhe added, 'had juſt been to call Signor Montoni's valet, that he might tell him they were arrived, when I met him.'

Emily ſat muſing, for ſome time, and then her anxiety was ſo much increaſed, that ſhe deſired Annette would go to the ſervants' hall, where it was poſſible ſhe might hear ſomething of the Count's intention, reſpecting his ſtay at the caſtle.

'Yes, ma'am,' ſaid Annette with readineſs; 'but how am I to find the way, if I leave the lamp with you?'

Emily ſaid ſhe would light her, and they immediately quitted the chamber. When they had reached the top of the great ſtaircaſe, Emily recollected, that ſhe might be ſeen by the Count, and, to avoid the great hall, Annette conducted her through ſome private paſſages to a back ſtair-caſe, which led directly to that of the ſervants.

As ſhe returned towards her chamber, Emily began to fear, that ſhe might again loſe herſelf, in the intricacies of the caſtle, and again be ſhocked by ſome myſterious ſpectacle; and, though ſhe was already

already perplexed by the numerous turnings, ſhe feared to open one of the many doors, that offered. While ſhe ſtepped thoughtfully along, ſhe fancied that ſhe heard a low moaning at no great diſtance, and, having pauſed a moment, ſhe heard it again and diſtinctly. Several doors appeared on the right hand of the paſſage. She advanced, and liſtened. When ſhe came to the ſecond, ſhe heard a voice, apparently in complaint, within, to which ſhe continued to liſten, afraid to open the door, and unwilling to leave it. Convulſive ſobs followed, and then the piercing accents of an agonizing ſpirit burſt forth. Emily ſtood appalled, and looked through the gloom, that ſurrounded her, in fearful expectation. The lamentations continued. Pity now began to ſubdue terror; it was poſſible ſhe might adminiſter comfort to the ſufferer, at leaſt, by expreſſing ſympathy, and ſhe laid her hand on the door. While ſhe heſitated, ſhe thought ſhe knew this voice diſguiſed as it was by tones of grief. Having, therefore, ſet down the lamp in the paſſage, ſhe gently opened the door, within which all was dark, except that from an inner apartment a partial light appeared; and ſhe ſtepped ſoftly on. Before ſhe reached it, Madame Montoni, leaning on her dreſſing-table, weeping, and with a handkerchief held to her eyes, ſtruck her, and ſhe pauſed.

Some perſon was ſeated in a chair by the fire, but who it was ſhe could not diſtinguiſh. He ſpoke, now and then, in a low voice, that did not allow Emily to hear what was uttered, but ſhe thought that Madame Montoni, at thoſe times, wept the more, who was too much occupied by her own diſtreſs, to obſerve Emily; while the latter, though anxious to know what occaſioned this, and who was the perſon admitted at ſo late an hour to her aunt's dreſſing-room, forbore to add to her ſufferings

ings by ſurpriſing her, or to take advantage of her ſituation, by liſtening to a private diſcourſe. She, therefore, ſtepped ſoftly back, and, after ſome further difficulty, found the way to her own chamber, where nearer intereſts, at length, excluded the ſurpriſe and concern ſhe had felt reſpecting Madame Montoni.

Annette, however, returned without ſatisfactory intelligence, for the ſervants, among whom ſhe had been, were either entirely ignorant, or affected to be ſo, concerning the Count's intended ſtay at the caſtle. They could talk only of the ſteep and broken road they had juſt paſſed, and of the numerous dangers they had eſcaped, and expreſs wonder how their lord could chooſe to encounter all theſe, in the darkneſs of night; for they ſcarcely allowed, that the torches had ſerved for any other purpoſe but that of ſhewing the drearineſs of the mountains. Annette, finding that ſhe could gain no information, left them, making noiſy petitions, for more wood on the fire and more ſupper on the table.

'And now, ma'amſelle,' added ſhe, 'I am ſo ſleepy!—I am ſure, if you was ſo ſleepy, you would not deſire me to ſit up with you.'

Emily, indeed, began to think it was cruel to wiſh it; ſhe had alſo waited ſo long, without receiving a ſummons from Montoni, that it appeared he did not mean to diſturb her, at this late hour, and ſhe determined to diſmiſs Annette. But when ſhe again looked round her gloomy chamber, and recollected certain circumſtances, fear ſeized her ſpirits, and ſhe heſitated.

'And yet it was cruel of me to aſk you to ſtay, till I am aſleep, Annette,' ſaid ſhe, 'for I fear it will be very long before I forget myſelf in ſleep.'

'I dare ſay it will be very long, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette.

'But

'But before you go,' rejoined Emily, 'let me aſk you—Had Signor Montoni left Count Morano, when you quitted the hall?'

'O no, ma'am, they were alone together.'

'Have you been in my aunt's dreſſing-room, ſince you left me?'

'No, ma'amſelle, I called at the door as I paſſed, but it was faſtened; ſo I thought my lady was gone to bed.'

'Who, then, was with your lady juſt now?' ſaid Emily, forgetting in ſurpriſe, her uſual prudence.

'Nobody, I believe, ma'am,' replied Annette, 'nobody has been with her, I believe, ſince I left you.'

Emily took no further notice of the ſubject, and, after ſome ſtruggle with imaginary fears, her good nature prevailed over them ſo far, that ſhe diſmiſſed Annette for the night. She then ſat, muſing upon her own circumſtances, and thoſe of Madame Montoni, till her eye reſted on the miniature picture, which ſhe had found, after her father's death, among the papers he had enjoined her to deſtroy. It was open upon the table before her, among ſome looſe drawings, having, with them, been taken out of the little box, by Emily, ſome hours before. The ſight of it called up many intereſting reflections, but the melancholy ſweetneſs of the countenance ſoothed the emotions, which theſe had occaſioned. It was the ſame ſtyle of countenance as that of her late father, and, while ſhe gazed on it with fondneſs on this account, ſhe even fancied a reſemblance in the features. But this tranquillity was ſuddenly interrupted, when ſhe recollected the words in the manuſcript, that had been found with this picture, and which had formerly occaſioned her ſo much doubt and horror. At length, ſhe

rouſed herſelf from the deep reverie, into which this remembrance had thrown her; but, when ſhe roſe to undreſs, the ſilence and ſolitude to which ſhe was left, at this midnight hour, for not even a diſtant ſound was now heard, conſpired with the impreſſion the ſubject ſhe had been conſidering had given to her mind, to appall her. Annette's hints, too, concerning this chamber, ſimple as they were, had not failed to affect her, ſince they followed a circumſtance of peculiar horror, which ſhe herſelf had witneſſed, and ſince the ſcene of this was a chamber nearly adjoining her own.

The door of the ſtair-caſe was, perhaps, a ſubject of more reaſonable alarm, and ſhe now began to apprehend, ſuch was the aptitude of her fears, that this ſtair-caſe had ſome private communication with the apartment, which ſhe ſhuddered even to remember. Determined not to undreſs, ſhe lay down aſleep in her clothes, with her late father's dog, the faithful *Manchon*, at the foot of the bed, whom ſhe conſidered as a kind of guard.

Thus circumſtanced, ſhe tried to baniſh reflection, but her buſy fancy would ſtill hover over the ſubjects of her intereſt, and ſhe heard the clock of the caſtle ſtrike two, before ſhe cloſed her eyes.

From the diſturbed ſlumber, into which ſhe then ſunk, ſhe was ſoon awakened by a noiſe, which ſeemed to ariſe within her chamber; but the ſilence, that prevailed, as ſhe fearfully liſtened, inclined her to believe, that ſhe had been alarmed by ſuch ſounds as ſometimes occur in dreams, and ſhe laid her head again upon the pillow.

A return of the noiſe again diſturbed her; it ſeemed to come from that part of the room, which communicated with the private ſtair-caſe, and ſhe inſtantly remembered the odd circumſtance of the door having been faſtened, during the preceding night,

night, by ſome unknown hand. Her late alarming ſuſpicion, concerning its communication, alſo occurred to her. Her heart became faint with terror. Half raiſing herſelf from the bed, and gently drawing aſide the curtain, ſhe looked towards the door of the ſtair-caſe, but the lamp that burned on the hearth, ſpread ſo feeble a light through the apartment, that the remote parts of it were loſt in ſhadow. The noiſe, however, which, ſhe was convinced, came from the door, continued. It ſeemed like that made by the undrawing of the ruſty bolts, and often ceaſed, and was then renewed more gently, as if the hand that occaſioned it, was reſtrained by a fear of diſcovery. While Emily kept her eyes fixed on the ſpot, ſhe ſaw the door move, and then ſlowly open, and perceive ſomething enter the room, but the extreme duſkineſs prevented her diſtinguiſhing what it was. Almoſt fainting with terror, ſhe had yet ſufficient command over herſelf, to check the ſhriek, that was eſcaping from her lips, and, letting the curtain drop from her hand, continued to obſerve in ſilence the form of the myſterious motion ſhe ſaw. It ſeemed to glide along the remote obſcurity of the apartment, then paufed, and, as it approached the hearth, ſhe perceived, in the ſtronger light, what appeared to be a human figure. Certain remembrances now ſtruck upon her heart, and almoſt ſubdued the feeble remains of her ſpirits; ſhe continued, however, to watch the figure, which remained for ſome time motionleſs, but then, advancing ſlowly towards the bed, ſtood ſilently at the feet, where the curtains, being a little open, allowed her ſtill to ſee it; terror, however, had now deprived her of the power of diſcrimination, as well as of that of utterance.

Having continued there a moment, the form retreated towards the hearth, when it took the lamp,

held

held it up, ſurveyed the chamber, for a few moments, and then again advanced towards the bed. The light at that inſtant awakening the dog, that had ſlept at Emily's feet, he barked loudly, and, jumping on the floor, flew at the ſtranger, who ſtruck the animal ſmartly with a ſheathed ſword, and, ſpringing towards the bed, Emily diſcovered—Count Morano! She gazed at him for a moment in ſpeechleſs affright, while he, throwing himſelf on his knee at the bed-ſide, beſought her to fear nothing; and, having thrown down his ſword, would have taken her hand, when the faculties that terror had ſuſpended, ſuddenly returned, and ſhe ſprung from the bed, in the dreſs, which ſurely a kind of prophetic apprehenſion had prevented her, on this night, from throwing aſide.

Morano roſe, followed her to the door, through which he had entered and caught her hand, as ſhe reached the top of the ſtair-caſe, but not before ſhe had diſcovered by the gleam of a lamp, another man half-way down the ſteps. She now ſcreamed in deſpair, and, believing herſelf given up by Montoni, ſaw, indeed, no poſſibility of eſcape.

The Count, who ſtill held her hand, led her back into the chamber.

'Why all this terror?' ſaid he, in a tremulous voice. 'Hear me, Emily: I come not to alarm you; no, by Heaven! I love you too—too well for my own peace.'

Emily looked at him for a moment, in fearful doubt.

'Then leave me, ſir, ſaid ſhe, 'leave me inſtantly.'

'Hear me, Emily, reſumed Morano, 'hear me! I love, and am in deſpair—yes in deſpair. How can I gaze upon you, and know, that it is, perhaps, for the laſt time, without ſuffering all the phrenzy of

of deſpair? But it ſhall not be ſo; you ſhall be mine in ſpite of Montoni and all his villainy."

'In ſpite of Montoni!' cried Emily eagerly: 'what is it I hear?'

'You hear, that Montoni is a villain, exclaimed Morano with vehemence—'a villain who would have ſold you to my love!—Who—'

'And is he leſs, who would have bought me,' ſaid Emily, fixing on the Count an eye of calm contempt. 'Leave the room, ſir, inſtantly,' ſhe continued in a voice, trembling between joy and fear, 'or I will alarm the family, and you may receive that from Signor Montoni's vengeance, which I have vainly ſupplicated from his pity.'—But Emily knew, that ſhe was beyond the hearing of thoſe, who might protect her.

'You can never hope any thing from his pity.' ſaid Morano,' 'he has uſed me infamouſly, and my vengeance ſhall purſue him. And for you, Emily, for you, he has new plans more profitable than the laſt, no doubt.' The gleam of hope which the Count's former ſpeech had revived, was now nearly extinguiſhed by the latter; and, while Emily's countenance betrayed the emotions of her mind, he endeavoured to take advantage of the diſcovery.

'I loſe time,' ſaid he: 'I came not to exclaim againſt Montoni; I came to ſolicit, to plead—to Emily; to tell her all I ſuffer, to entreat her to ſave me from deſpair, and herſelf from deſtruction. Emily! the ſchemes of Montoni are inſearchable, but, I warn you, they are terrible; he has no principle, when intereſt, or ambition leads. Can I love you and abandon you to his power? Fly, then, fly then from this gloomy priſon, with a lover who adores you! I have bribed a ſervant of the caſtle to open the gates, and before to-morrow's dawn, you ſhall be far on the way to Venice.'

Emily

Emily, overcome by the ſudden ſhock ſhe had received, at the moment, too, when ſhe began to hope for better days, now thought ſhe ſaw deſtruction ſurround her on every ſide. Unable to reply, and almoſt to think, ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, pale and breathleſs. That Montoni had formerly ſold her to Morano, was very probable; that he had now withdrawn his conſent to the marriage, was evident from the Count's preſent conduct; and it was nearly certain, that a ſcheme of ſtronger intereſt only could have induced the ſelfiſh Montoni to forego a plan, which he had hitherto ſo ſtrenuouſly purſued. Theſe reflections made her tremble at the hints which Morano had juſt given, which ſhe no longer heſitated to believe; and, while ſhe ſhrunk from the new ſcenes of miſery and oppreſſion, that might await her in the caſtle of Udolpho, ſhe was compelled to obſerve, that almoſt her only means of eſcaping them was by ſubmitting herſelf to the protection of this man, with whom evils more certain and not leſs terrible appeared,---evils, upon which ſhe could not endure to pauſe for an inſtant.

Her ſilence, though it was that of agony, encouraged the hopes of Morano, who watched her countenance with impatience, took again the reſiſting hand ſhe had withdrawn, and, as he preſſed it to his heart, again conjured her to determine immediately. 'Every moment we loſe will make our departure more dangerous,' ſaid he: 'theſe few moments loſt may enable Montoni to overtake us.'

'I beſeech you, ſir, be ſilent,' ſaid Emily faintly: 'I am indeed very wretched, and wretched I muſt remain. Leave me---I command you, leave me to my fate.'

'Never!' cried the Count vehemently: 'let me periſh firſt! But forgive my violence! the thought

of

of losing you is madness. You cannot be ignorant of Montoni's character, you may be ignorant of his schemes---nay, you must be so, or you would not hesitate between my love and his power.'

'Nor do I hesitate,' said Emily.

Let us go, then,' said Morano, eagerly kissing her hand, and rising, 'my carriage waits below the castle walls.'

'You may mistake me, sir,' said Emily. 'Allow me to thank you for the interest you express in my welfare, and to decide by my own choice. I shall remain under the protection of Signor Montoni.'

'Under his protection!' exclaimed Morano, proudly, 'his *protection!* Emily, why will you suffer yourself to be thus deluded? I have already told you what you have to expect from his *protection*.'

'And pardon me, sir, if in this instance, I doubt mere assertion, and, to be convinced, require something approaching to proof.'

'I have now neither the time, or the means of adducing the proof,' replied the Count.

'Nor have I, Sir, the inclination to listen to it, if you had.'

'But you trifle with my patience and my distress,' continued Morano. 'Is a marriage with a man who adores you, so very terrible in your eyes, that you would prefer to it all the misery, to which Montoni may condemn you in this remote prison? Some wretch must have stolen those affections, which ought to be mine, or you could not thus obstinately persist in refusing an offer, that would place you beyond the reach of oppression.' Morano walked about the room with quick steps, and a disturbed air.

'This discourse, Count Morano, sufficiently proves, that my affections ought not to be your's,' said

ſaid Emily, mildly, and this conduct, that I ſhould not be placed beyond the reach of oppreſſion, ſo long as I remained in your power. If you wiſh me to believe otherwiſe, ceaſe to oppreſs me any longer by your preſence. If you refuſe this, you will compel me to expoſe you to the reſentment of Signor Montoni.

'Yes, let him come,' cried Morano furiouſly, 'and brave *my* reſentment! Let him dare to face once more the man he has ſo outrageouſly injured; danger ſhall teach him morality, and vengeance juſtice---let him come and receive my ſword in his heart!'

The vehemence with which this was uttered gave Emily new cauſe of alarm, who roſe from her chair, but her trembling frame refuſed to ſupport her, and ſhe reſumed her ſeat; the words died on her lips, and when ſhe looked wiſtfully towards the door of the corridor, which was locked, ſhe conſidered it was impoſſible for her to leave the apartment before Morano would be appriſed of, and able to counteract, her intention.

Without obſerving her agitation, he continued to pace the room in the utmoſt perturbation of ſpirits. His darkened countenance expreſſed all the rage of jealouſy and revenge; and a perſon, who had ſeen his features under the ſmile of ineffable tenderneſs, which he ſo lately aſſumed, would now ſcarcely have believed them to be the ſame.

'Count Morano,' ſaid Emily, at length recovering her voice, 'calm, I entreat you, theſe tranſports, and liſten to reaſon, if you will not to pity. You have equally miſplaced your love, and your hatred. I never could have returned the affection, with which you honour me, and certainly have never encouraged it; neither has Signor Montoni injured you, for you muſt have known, that he had no right

to

to diſpoſe of my hand, had he even poſſeſſed the power to do ſo. Leave then, leave the caſtle, while you may with ſafety. Spare yourſelf the dreadful conſequences of an unjuſt revenge, and the remorſe of having prolonged to me theſe moments of ſuffering.'

'Is it for mine, or for Montoni's ſafety, that you are thus alarmed?' ſaid Morano, coldly, and turning towards her with a look of acrimony.

'For both,' replied Emily, in a trembling voice.

'Unjuſt revenge!' cried the Count, reſuming the abrupt tones of paſſion. 'Who, that looks upon that face, can imagine a puniſhment adequate to the injury he would have done me? Yes, I will leave the caſtle; but it ſhall not be alone. I have trifled too long. Since my prayers and my ſufferings cannot prevail, force ſhall. I have people in waiting, who ſhall convey you to my carriage. Your voice will bring no ſuccour, it cannot be heard from this remote part of the caſtle; ſubmit, therefore, in ſilence to go with me.'

This was an unneceſſary injunction at preſent; for Emily was too certain, that her call would avail her nothing; and terror had ſo entirely diſordered her thoughts, that ſhe knew not how to plead to Morano, but ſat, mute, and trembling, in her chair, till he advanced to lift her from it, when, ſhe ſuddenly raiſed herſelf, and, with a repulſive geſture, and a countenance of forced ſerenity, ſaid, 'Count Morano! I am now in your power; but you will obſerve that this is not the conduct which can win the eſteem you appear ſo ſolicitous to obtain, and that you are preparing for yourſelf a load of remorſe, in the miſeries of a friendleſs orphan, which can never leave you. Do you believe your heart to be, indeed, ſo hardened, that you can look without

emotion

emotion on the ſuffering, to which you would condemn me?'

Emily was interrupted by the growling of the dog, who now came again from the bed, and Morano looked towards the door of the ſtair-caſe, where no perſon appearing, he called aloud, 'Ceſario!'

'Emily,' ſaid the Count, 'why will you reduce me to adopt this conduct? How much more willingly would I perſuade, than compel you to become my wife! but, by Heaven! I will not leave you to be ſold by Montoni. Yet a thought glances acroſs my mind, that brings madneſs with it. I know not how to name it. It is prepoſterous—it cannot be.—Yet you tremble—you grow pale! it is! it is ſo;—you—you love Montoni!' cried Morano graſping Emily's wriſt, and ſtamping his foot on the floor.

An involuntary air of ſurpriſe appeared on her countenance. 'If you have indeed believed ſo,' ſaid ſhe, 'believe ſo ſtill.'

'That look, thoſe words confirm it,' exclaimed Morano, furiouſly. 'No, no, no, Montoni had a richer prize in view, than gold. But he ſhall not live to triumph over me!---This very inſtant---'

He was interrupted by the loud barking of the dog.

'Stay, Count Morano,' ſaid Emily, terrified by his words, and by the fury expreſſed in his eyes, 'I will ſave you from this error.——Of all men, Signor Montoni is not your rival; though if I find all other means of ſaving myſelf vain, I will try whether my voice may not arouſe his ſervants to my ſuccour.'

'Aſſertion,' replied Morano, 'at ſuch a moment, is not to be depended upon. How could I ſuffer myſelf

ſelf to doubt, even for an inſtant, that he could ſee you, and not love?—But my firſt care ſhall be to convey you from the caſtle. Ceſario! ho,—Ceſario!'

A man now appeared at the door of the ſtair-caſe, and other ſteps were heard aſcending. Emily uttered a loud ſhriek, as Morano hurried her acroſs the chamber, and at the ſame moment ſhe heard a noiſe at the door, that opened upon the corridor. The Count pauſed an inſtant, as if his mind was ſuſpended between love and the deſire of vengeance; and, in that inſtant, the door gave way, and Montoni, followed by the old ſteward and ſeveral other perſons, burſt into the room.

'Draw!' cried Montoni to the Count, who did not pauſe for a ſecond bidding, but, giving Emily into the hands of the people, that appeared from the ſtair-caſe, turned fiercely round. 'This is in thine heart, villain!' ſaid he, as he made a thruſt at Montoni with his ſword, who parried the blow, and aimed another, while ſome of the perſons who had followed him into the room, endeavoured to part the combatants, and others reſcued Emily from the hands of Morano's ſervants.

'Was it for this, Count Morano,' ſaid Montoni in a cool ſarcaſtic tone of voice, 'that I received you under my roof, and permitted you, though my declared enemy, to remain under it for the night? Was it, that you might repay my hoſpitality with the treachery of a fiend, and rob me of my niece?'

'Who talks of treachery?' ſaid Montano, in a tone of unreſtrained vehemence. 'Let him that does, ſhew an unbluſhing face of innocence. Montoni, you are a villain! If there is treachery in this affair, look to yourſelf as the author of it. *If*—do I ſay? *I*—whom you have wronged with unexampled baſeneſs, whom you have injured almoſt

almoſt beyond redreſs! But why do I uſe words? —Come on, coward, and receive juſtice at my hands!'

'Coward!' cried Montoni, burſting from the people who held him, and ruſhing on the Count, when they both retreated into the corridor, where the fight continued ſo deſperately that none of the ſpectators dared approach them, Montoni ſwearing, that the firſt who interfered, ſhould fall by his ſword.

Jealouſy and revenge lent all their fury to Morano, while the ſuperior ſkill and the temperance of Montoni enabled him to wound his adverſary, whom his ſervants now attempted to ſeize, but he would not be reſtrained, and, regardleſs of his wound, continued to fight. He ſeemed to be inſenſible both of pain and loſs of blood, and alive only to the energy of his paſſions. Montoni, on the contrary, perſevered in the combat, with a fierce, yet wary, valour; he received the point of Morano's ſword on his arm, but, almoſt in the ſame inſtant, ſeverely wounded and diſarmed him. The Count then fell back into the arms of his ſervant, while Montoni held his ſword over him, and bade him aſk his life. Morano, ſinking under the anguiſh of his wound, had ſcarcely replied by a geſture, and by a few words, feebly articulated, that he would not—when he fainted; and Montoni was then going to have plunged the ſword into his breaſt, as he lay ſenſeleſs, but his arm was arreſted by Cavigni. To the interruption he yielded without much difficulty, but his complexion changed almoſt to blackneſs, as he looked upon his fallen adverſary, and ordered, that he ſhould be carried inſtantly from the caſtle.

In the mean time, Emily, who had been withheld from leaving the chamber during the affray, now

now came forward into the corridor, and pleaded a cauſe of common humanity, with the feelings of the warmeſt benevolence, when ſhe entreated Montoni to allow Morano the aſſiſtance in the caſtle, which his ſituation required. But Montoni, who had ſeldom liſtened to pity, now ſeemed rapacious of vengeance, and, with a monſter's cruelty, again ordered his defeated enemy to be taken from the caſtle, in his preſent ſtate, though there were only the woods, or a ſolitary neighbouring cottage, to ſhelter him from the night.

The Count's ſervants having declared, that they would not move him till he revived, Montoni's ſtood inactive, Cavigni remonſtrating, and Emily, ſuperior to Montoni's menaces, giving water to Morano, and directing the attendants to bind up wound. At length, Montoni had leiſure to feel pain from his own hurt, and he withdrew to examine it.

The Count, meanwhile, having ſlowly recovered, the firſt object he ſaw, on raiſing his eyes, was Emily, bending over him with a countenance ſtrongly expreſſive of ſolicitude. He ſurveyed her with a look of anguiſh.

'I have deſerved this,' ſaid he, 'but not from Montoni. It is from you, Emily, that I have deſerved puniſhment, yet I receive only pity!' He paused, for he had ſpoken with difficulty. After a moment, he proceeded. 'I muſt reſign you, but not to Montoni. Forgive me the ſufferings I have already occaſioned you! But for *that* villain —his infamy ſhall not go unpuniſhed. Carry me from this place,' ſaid he to his ſervants. 'I am in no condition to travel: you muſt, therefore, take me to the nearest cottage, for I will not paſs the night under a roof, although I may expire on the way from it.'

Ceſario

Ceſario propoſed to go out, and enquire for a cottage, that might receive his maſter, before he attempted to remove him: but Morano was impatient to be gone; the anguiſh of his mind ſeemed to be even greater than that of his wound, and he rejected, with diſdain, the offer of Cavigni to entreat Montoni, that he might be ſuffered to paſs the night in the caſtle. Ceſario was now going to call up the carriage to the great gate, but the Count forbade him.——'I cannot bear the motion of a carriage,' ſaid he: 'call ſome others of my people, that they may aſſiſt in bearing me in their arms.'

At length, however, Morano ſubmitted to reaſon, and conſented, that Ceſario ſhould firſt prepare ſome cottage to receive him. Emily, now that he had recovered his ſenſes, was about to withdraw from the corridor, when a meſſage from Montoni commanded her to do ſo, and alſo that the Count, if he was not already gone, ſhould quit the caſtle immediately. Indignation flaſhed from Morano's eyes, and fluſhed his cheeks.

'Tell Montoni,' ſaid he, that I ſhall go when it ſuits my own convenience; that I quit the caſtle, he dares to call his, as I would the neſt of a ſerpent, and that this is not the laſt he ſhall hear from me. Tell him, I will not leave *another* murder on his conſcience, if I can help it.'

'Count Morano! do you know what you ſay?' ſaid Cavigni.

'Yes, Signor, I know well what I ſay, and he will underſtand well what I mean. His conſcience will aſſiſt his underſtanding, on this occaſion.'

'Count Morano,' ſaid Verezzi, who had hitherto ſilently obſerved him, 'dare again to inſult my friend, and I will plunge this ſword in your body.'

'It

'It would be an action worthy the friend of a villain!' said Morano, as the ſtrong impulſe of his indignation enabled him to raiſe himſelf from the arms of his ſervants; but the energy was momentary, and he ſunk back, exhauſted by the effort. Montoni's people, meanwhile, held Verezzi, who ſeemed inclined, even in this inſtant, to execute his threat; and Cavigni, who was not ſo depraved as to abet the cowardly malignity of Verezzi, endeavoured to withdraw him from the corridor; and Emily, whom a compaſſionate intereſt had thus long detained, was now quitting it in new terror, when the ſupplicating voice of Morano arreſted her, and, by a feeble geſture, he beckoned her to draw nearer. She advanced with timid ſteps, but the fainting languor of his countenance again awakened her pity, and overcame her terror.

'I am going from hence for ever,' ſaid he: perhaps, I ſhall never ſee you again. I would carry with me your forgiveneſs, Emily; nay more —I would alſo carry your good wiſhes.'

'You have my forgiveneſs, then,' ſaid Emily, and my ſincere wiſhes for your recovery.'

'And only for my recovery?' ſaid Morano, with a ſigh. 'For your general welfare,' added Emily.

'Perhaps I ought to be contented with this,' he reſumed; 'I certainly have not deſerved more; but I would aſk you, Emily, ſometimes to think of me, and, forgetting my offence, to remember only the paſſion which occaſioned it. I would aſk, alas! impoſſibilities: I would aſk you to love me! At this moment, when I am about to part with you, and that, perhaps for ever, I am ſcarcely myſelf. Emily—may you never know the torture of a

paſſion

paſſion like mine! What do I ſay? O, that, for me, you might be ſenſible of ſuch a paſſion!'

Emily looked impatient to be gone. 'I entreat you, Count, to conſult your own ſafety,' ſaid ſhe, 'and linger here no longer. I tremble for the conſequences of Signor Verezzi's paſſion, and of Montoni's reſentment, ſhould he learn that you are ſtill here.'

Morano's face was overſpread with a momentary crimſon, his eyes ſparkled, but he ſeemed endeavouring to conquer his emotion, and replied in a calm voice, 'Since you are intereſted for my ſafety, I will regard it and be gone. But, before I go, let me again hear you ſay, that you wiſh me well,' ſaid he, fixing on her an earneſt and mournful look.

Emily repeated her aſſurances. He took her hand, which ſhe ſcarcely attempted to withdraw, and put it to his lips. 'Farewel, Count Morano!' ſaid Emily, and ſhe turned to go, when a ſecond meſſage arrived from Montoni, and ſhe again conjured Morano, as he valued his life, to quit the caſtle immediately. He regarded her in ſilence, with a look of fixed deſpair. But ſhe had not time to enforce her compaſſionate entreaties, and, not daring to diſobey the ſecond command of Montoni, ſhe left the corridor, to attend him.

He was in the cedar parlour, that adjoined the great hall, laid upon a couch, and ſuffering a degree of anguiſh from his wound, which few perſons could have diſguiſed, as he did. His countenance which was ſtern, but calm, expreſſed the dark paſſion of revenge, but no ſymptom of pain; bodily pain, indeed, he had always deſpiſed, and had yielded only to the ſtrong and terrible energies of the ſoul. He was attended by old Carlo and by Signor Bertolini, but Madame Montoni was not with him.

Emily

Emily trembled, as she approached and received his severe rebuke, for not having obeyed his first summons; and perceived, also, that he attributed her stay in the corridor to a motive, that had not even occurred to her artless mind.

'This is an instance of female caprice,' said he, 'which I ought to have foreseen. Count Morano, whose suit you absolutely rejected, so long as it was countenanced by me, you favour, it seems, since you find I have dismissed him.'

Emily looked astonished. 'I do not comprehend you, sir,' said she: you certainly do not mean to imply, that the designs of the Count to visit the double-chamber was founded upon any approbation of mine.'

'To that I reply nothing,' said Montoni; 'but it must certainly be a more than common interest, that made you plead so warmly in his cause, and that could detain you thus long in his presence, contrary to my express order—in the presence of a man, whom you have hitherto, on all occasions, most scrupulously shunned.'

'I fear, sir, it was a more than common interest, that detained me,' said Emily calmly; 'for of late I have been inclined to think, that of compassion is an uncommon one. But how could I, could *you*, sir, witness Count Morano's deplorable condition, and not wish to relieve it?'

'You add hypocrisy to caprice,' said Montoni, frowning, 'and an attempt at satire, to both; but, before you undertake to regulate the morals of other persons, you should learn and practise the virtues, which are indispensable to a woman—sincerity, uniformity of conduct and obedience.'

Emily, who had always endeavoured to regulate her conduct by the nicest laws, and whose mind was finely sensible, not only of what is just in morals, but of whatever is beautiful in the female character,

was ſhocked by theſe words; yet, in the next moment, her heart ſwelled with the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved praiſe, inſtead of cenſure, and ſhe was proudly ſilent. Montoni, acquainted with the delicacy of her mind, knew how keenly ſhe would feel his rebuke; but he was a ſtranger to the luxury of conſcious worth, and, therefore, did not foreſee the energy of that ſentiment, which now repelled his ſatire. Turning to a ſervant who had lately entered the room, he aſked whether Morano had quitted the caſtle. The man anſwered, that his ſervants were then removing him, on a couch, to a neighbouring cottage. Montoni ſeemed ſomewhat appeaſed on hearing this; and, when Ludovico appeared, a few moments after, and ſaid, that Morano was gone, he told Emily ſhe might retire to her apartment.

She withdrew willingly from his preſence, but the thought of paſſing the remainder of the night in a chamber, which the door from the ſtair-caſe made liable to the intruſion of any perſon, now alarmed her more than ever, and ſhe determined to call at Madame Montoni's room, and requeſt that Annette might be permitted to be with her.

On reaching the great gallery, ſhe heard voices ſeemingly in diſpute, and her ſpirits now apt to take alarm, ſhe pauſed, but ſoon diſtinguiſhed ſome words of Cavigni and Verezzi, and went towards them, in the hope of conciliating their difference. They were alone. Verezzi's face was ſtill fluſhed with rage; and, as the firſt object of it was now removed from him, he appeared willing to transfer his reſentment to Cavigni, who ſeemed to be expoſtulating, rather than diſputing, with him.

Verezzi was proteſting, that he would inſtantly inform Montoni of the inſult, which Morano had thrown out againſt him, and above all, that, wherein he had accuſed him of murder.

'There

'There is no anſwering,' ſaid Cavigni, 'for the words of a man in a paſſion; little ſerious regard ought to be paid to them. If you perſiſt in your reſolution, the conſequences may be fatal to both. We have now more ſerious intereſts to purſue, than thoſe of a petty revenge.'

Emily joined her entreaties to Cavigni's arguments, and they at length prevailed ſo far, as that Verezzi conſented to retire, without ſeeing Montoni.

On calling at her aunt's apartment, ſhe found it faſtened. In a few minutes, however, it was opened by Madame Montoni herſelf.

It may be remembered, that it was by a door leading into the bed-room from a back paſſage, that Emily had ſecretly entered, a few hours preceding. She now conjectured, by the calmneſs of Madame Montoni's air, that ſhe was not appriſed of the accident, which had befallen her huſband, and was beginning to inform her of it, in the tendereſt manner ſhe could, when her aunt interrupted her, by ſaying, ſhe was acquainted with the whole affair.

Emily knew indeed, that ſhe had little reaſon to love Montoni, but could ſcarcely have believed her capable of ſuch apathy, as ſhe now diſcovered towards him; having obtained permiſſion, however, for Annette to ſleep in her chamber, ſhe went thither immediately.

A track of blood appeared along the corridor, leading to it; and on the ſpot, where the Count and Montoni had fought, the whole floor was ſtained. Emily ſhuddered, and leaned on Annette, as ſhe paſſed. When ſhe reached her apartment, ſhe inſtantly determined, ſince the door of the ſtair-caſe had been left open, and that Annette was now with her, to explore whither it led,---a circumſtance now materially connected with her own

ſafety. Annette accordingly, half curious and half afraid, propoſed to deſcend the ſtairs; but, on approaching the door they perceived, that it was already faſtened without, and their care was then directed to the ſecuring it on the inſide alſo, by placing againſt it as much of the heavy furniture of the room, as they could lift. Emily then retired to bed, and Annette continued on the chair by the hearth, where ſome feeble embers remained.

CHAP. III.

" Of aëry tongues, that ſyllable men's names
On ſands and ſhores and deſart wilderneſſes."

MILTON.

IT is now neceſſary to mention ſome circumſtances, which could not be related amidſt the events of Emily's haſty departure from Venice, or together with thoſe, which ſo rapidly ſucceeded to her arrival in the caſtle.

On the morning of her journey, Count Morano had gone at the appointed hour to the manſion of Montoni, to demand his bride. When he reached it, he was ſomewhat ſurpriſed by the ſilence and ſolitary air of the portico, where Montoni's lacqueys uſually loitered; but ſurpriſe was ſoon changed to aſtoniſhment, and aſtoniſhment to the rage of diſappointment, when the door was opened by an old woman, who told his ſervants, that her maſter and his family had left Venice early in the morning for *Terra-firma*. Scarcely believing what his ſervants had told, he left his gondola, and ruſhed into the hall to enquire further. The old woman, who was the only perſon left in care of the manſion, perſiſted in her ſtory, which the ſilent and deſerted apartments ſoon convinced him was no fiction. He then ſeized her with a menacing air, as if he meant to wreak all his vengeance upon her, at the ſame time, aſking her twenty queſtions in a breath, and all theſe with a geſticulation ſo furious, that ſhe

was

was deprived of the power of anſwering them; then ſuddenly letting her go, he ſtamped about the hall, like a madman, curſing Montoni and his own folly.

When the good woman was at liberty, and had ſomewhat recovered from her fright, ſhe told him all ſhe knew of the affair, which was, indeed, very little, but enough to enable Morano to diſcover, that Montoni was gone to his caſtle on the Apennine. Thither he followed, as ſoon as his ſervants could complete the neceſſary preparation for the journey, accompanied by a friend, and attended by a number of his people, determined to obtain Emily, or a full revenge on Montoni. When his mind had recovered from the firſt effervescence of rage, and his thoughts became leſs obſcured, his conſcience hinted to him certain circumſtances, which in ſome meaſure explained the conduct of Montoni: but how the latter could have been led to ſuſpect an intention, which, he had believed, was known only to himſelf, he could not even gueſs, on this occaſion, however, he had been partly betrayed by that ſympathetic intelligence, which may be ſaid to exiſt between bad minds, and which teaches one man to judge what another will do in the ſame circumſtances. Thus it was with Montoni, who had now received indiſputable proof of a truth, which he had ſome time ſuſpected—that Morano's circumſtances, inſtead of being affluent, as he had been bidden to believe, were greatly involved. Montoni had been intereſted in his ſuit, by motives entirely ſelfiſh, thoſe of avarice and pride; the laſt of which would have been gratified by an alliance with a Venetian nobleman, the former by Emily's eſtate in Gaſcony, which he had ſtipulated, as the price of his favour, ſhould be delivered up to him from the day of her marriage. In the mean time he had been led to ſuſpect the conſequence of the Count's boundleſs extravagance; but it was not till the

ning,

evening, preceding the intended nuptials, that he obtained certain information of his diſtreſſed circumſtances. He did not heſitate then to infer, that Morano deſigned to defraud him of Emily's eſtate; and in this ſuppoſition he was confirmed, and with apparent reaſon, by the ſubſequent conduct of the Count, who, after having appointed to meet him on that night, for the purpoſe of ſigning the inſtrument, which was to ſecure to him his reward, failed in his engagement. Such a circumſtance indeed, in a man of Morano's gay and thoughtleſs character, and at a time when his mind was engaged by the buſtle of preparation for his nuptials, might have been attributed to a cauſe leſs deciſive, than deſign; but Montoni did not heſitate an inſtant to interpret it his own way, and, after vainly waiting the Count's arrival, for ſeveral hours, he gave orders for his people to be in readineſs to ſet off at a moment's notice. By haſtening to Udolpho he intended to remove Emily from the reach of Morano, as well as to break off the affair, without ſubmitting himſelf to uſeleſs altercation: and, if the Count meant what he called honourably, he would doubtleſs follow Emily, and ſign the writings in queſtion. If this was done, ſo little conſideration had Montoni for her welfare, that he would not have ſcrupled to ſacrifice her to a man of ruined fortune, ſince by that means he could enrich himſelf; and he forbore to mention to her the motive of his ſudden journey, leſt the hope it might revive ſhould render her more intractable, when ſubmiſſion would be required.

With theſe conſiderations, he had left Venice; and, with others totally different, Morano had, ſoon after, purſued his ſteps acroſs the rugged Apennines. When his arrival was announced at the caſtle, Montoni did not believe, that he would have preſumed to ſhew himſelf, unleſs he had meant to

fulfil

fulfil his engagement, and he, therefore, readily admitted him; but the enraged countenance and expreſſions of Morano, as he entered the apartment, inſtantly undeceived him; and, when Montoni had explained, in part, the motives of his abrupt departure from Venice, the Count ſtill perſiſted in demanding Emily, and reproaching Montoni, without even naming the former ſtipulation.

Montoni, at length, weary of the diſpute, deferred the ſettling of it till the morrow, and Morano retired with ſome hope, ſuggeſted by Montoni's apparent indeciſion. When, however, in the ſilence of his own apartment, he began to conſider the paſt converſation, the character of Montoni, and ſome former inſtances of his duplicity, the hope, which he had admitted, vaniſhed, and he determined not to neglect the preſent poſſibility of obtaining Emily by other means. To his confidential valet he told his deſign of carrying away Emily, and ſent him back to Montoni's ſervants to find out one among them, who might enable him to execute it. The choice of this perſon he entruſted to the fellow's own diſcernment, and not imprudently; for he diſcovered a man, whom Montoni had, on ſome former occaſion, treated harſhly, and who was now ready to betray him. This man conducted Ceſario round the caſtle, through a private paſſage, to the ſtair-caſe, that led to Emily's chamber; then ſhewed him a ſhort way out of the building, and afterwards procured him the keys, that would ſecure his retreat. The man was well rewarded for his trouble; how the Count was rewarded for his treachery, has already appeared.

Meanwhile, old Carlo had overheard two of Morano's ſervants, who had been ordered to be in waiting with the carriage, beyond the caſtle walls, expreſſing their ſurpriſe at their maſter's ſudden, and ſecret departure, for the valet had entruſted them with no more of Morano's deſigns, than it was

neceſſary

neceſſary for them to execute. They, however, indulged themſelves in ſurmiſes, and in expreſſing them to each other; and from theſe Carlo had drawn a juſt concluſion. But, before he ventured to diſcloſe his apprehenſions to Montoni, he endeavoured to obtain further confirmation of them, and, for this purpoſe, placed himſelf, with one of his fellow-ſervants, at the door of Emily's apartment, that opened upon the corridor. He did not watch long in vain, though the growling of the dog had once nearly betrayed him. When he was convinced, that Morano was in the room, and had liſtened long enough to his converſation, to underſtand his ſcheme, he immediately alarmed Montoni, and thus reſcued Emily from the deſigns of the Count.

Montoni, on the following morning, appeared as uſual, except that he wore his wounded arm in a ſling; he went out upon the ramparts; overlooked the men employed in repairing them: gave orders for additional workmen, and then came into the caſtle to give audience to ſeveral perſons, who were juſt arrived, and who were ſhewn into a private apartment, where he communicated with them, for near an hour. Carlo was then ſummoned, and ordered to conduct the ſtrangers to a part of the caſtle, which, in former times, had been occupied by the upper ſervants of the family, and to provide them with every neceſſary refreſhment.—When he had done this, he was bidden to return to his maſter.

Meanwhile, the Count remained in a cottage in the ſkirts of the woods below, ſuffering under bodily and mental pain, and meditating deep revenge againſt Montoni. His ſervant, whom he had diſpatched for a ſurgeon to the neareſt town, which was, however, at a conſiderable diſtance, did not return till the following day, when, his wounds being examined and dreſſed, the practitioner refuſed to deliver any poſitive opinion, concerning the degree of danger

attending them; but, giving his patient a compoſing draught and ordering him to be kept quiet, remained at the cottage to watch the event.

Emily, for the remainder of the late eventful night, had been ſuffered to ſleep, undiſturbed; and, when her mind recovered from the confuſion of ſlumber, and ſhe remembered, that ſhe was now releaſed from the addreſſes of Count Morano, her ſpirits were ſuddenly relieved from a part of the terrible anxiety, that had long oppreſſed them; that which remained, aroſe chiefly from a recollection of Morano's aſſertions, concerning the ſchemes of Montoni. He had ſaid, that plans of the latter, concerning Emily, were inſearchable, yet that he knew them to be terrible. At the time he uttered this, ſhe almoſt believed it to be deſigned for the purpoſe of prevailing with her to throw herſelf into his protection, and ſhe ſtill thought it might be chiefly ſo accounted for; but his aſſertions had left an impreſſion on her mind, which a conſideration of the character and former conduct of Montoni did not contribute to efface. She, however, checked her propenſity to anticipate evil; and, determined to enjoy this reſpite from actual misfortune, tried to diſmiſs thought, took her inſtruments for drawing, and placed herſelf at a window, to ſelect into a landſcape ſome features of the ſcenery without.

As ſhe was thus employed ſhe ſaw, walking on the rampart below, the men, who had ſo lately arrived at the caſtle. The ſight of ſtrangers ſurpriſed her, but ſtill more, of ſtrangers ſuch as theſe. There was a ſingularity in their dreſs, and a certain fierceneſs in their air, that fixed all her attention. She withdrew from the caſement, while they paſſed, but ſoon returned to obſerve them further. Their figures ſeemed ſo well ſuited to the wildneſs of the ſurrounding objects, that, as they ſtood ſurveying the caſtle, ſhe ſketched them for banditti, amid the mountain-

mountain-view of her picture, when ſhe had finiſhed which, ſhe was ſurpriſed to obſerve the ſpirit of her group. But ſhe had copied from nature.

Carlo, when he had placed refreſhment before theſe men in the apartment aſſigned to them, returned, as he was ordered, to Montoni, who was anxious to diſcover by what ſervant the keys of the caſtle had been delivered to Morano, on the preceding night. But this man, though he was too faithful to his maſter quietly to ſee him injured, would not betray a fellow-ſervant even to juſtice; he, therefore, pretended to be ignorant who it was, that had conſpired with Count Morano, and related, as before, that he had only overheard ſome of the ſtrangers deſcribing the plot.

Montoni's ſuſpicions naturally fell upon the porter, whom he ordered now to attend. Carlo heſitated, and then with ſlow ſteps went to ſeek him.

Barnardine, the porter, denied the accuſation with a countenance ſo ſteady and undaunted, that Montoni could ſcarcely believe him guilty, though he knew not how to think him innocent. At length, the man was diſmiſſed from his preſence, and, though the real offender, eſcaped detection.

Montoni then went to his wife's apartment, whither Emily followed ſoon after, but, finding them in high diſpute, was inſtantly leaving the room, when her aunt called her back, and deſired her to ſtay.——'You ſhall be a witneſs,' ſaid ſhe, 'of my oppoſition. Now, ſir, repeat the command, I have ſo often refuſed to obey.'

Montoni turned, with a ſtern countenance, to Emily, and bade her quit the apartment, while his wife perſiſted in deſiring, that ſhe would ſtay.—— Emily was eager to eſcape from this ſcene of contention, and anxious, alſo, to ſerve her aunt; but ſhe deſpaired of conciliating Montoni, in whoſe eyes the riſing tempeſt of his ſoul flaſhed terribly.

'Leave

'Leave the room,' ſaid he, in a voice of thunder. Emily obeyed, and, walking down to the rampart, which the ſtrangers had now left, continued to meditate on the unhappy marriage of her father's ſiſter, and on her own deſolate ſituation, occaſioned by the ridiculous imprudence of her, whom ſhe had always wiſhed to reſpect and love. Madame Montoni's conduct had, indeed, rendered it impoſſible for Emily to do either; but her gentle heart was touched by her diſtreſs, and, in the pity thus awakened, ſhe forgot the injurious treatment ſhe had received from her.

As ſhe ſauntered on the rampart, Annette appeared at the hall door, looked cautiouſly round, and then advanced to meet her.

'Dear ma'amſelle, I have been looking for you all over the caſtle,' ſaid ſhe. 'If you will ſtep this way, I will ſhew you a picture.'

'A picture!' exclaimed Emily, and ſhuddered.

'Yes, ma'am, a picture of the late lady of this place. Old Carlo juſt now told me it was her, and I thought you would be curious to ſee it. As to my lady, you know, ma'amſelle, one cannot talk about ſuch things to her.'—

'And ſo,' ſaid Emily ſmiling, 'as you muſt talk of them to ſomebody'—

'Why, yes, ma'amſelle; what can one do in ſuch a place as this, if one muſt not talk? If I was in a dungeon, if they would let me talk—it would be ſome comfort; nay, I would talk, if it was only to the walls. But come, ma'amſelle, we loſe time—let me ſhew you to the picture.'

'Is it veiled?' ſaid Emily, pauſing.

'Dear ma'amſelle?' ſaid Annette, fixing her eyes on Emily's face, 'what makes you ſo pale?—are you ill?'

'No, Annette, I am well enough, but I have no deſire to ſee this picture; return into the hall.'

'What!

'What! ma'am, not to ſee the lady of this caſtle?' ſaid the girl—'the lady, who diſappeared ſo ſtrangely? Well! now, I would have run to the furtheſt mountain we can ſee, yonder, to have got a ſight of ſuch a picture; and, to ſpeak my mind, that ſtrange ſtory is all, that makes me care about this old caſtle, though it makes me thrill all over, as it were, whenever I think of it.'

'Yes, Annette, you love the wonderful; but do you know, that, unleſs you guard againſt this inclination, it will lead you into all the miſery of ſuperſtition?'

Annette might have ſmiled in her turn, at this ſage obſervation of Emily, who could tremble with ideal terrors, as much as herſelf, and liſtened almoſt as eagerly to the recital of a myſterious ſtory. Annette urged her requeſt.

'Are you ſure it is a picture?' ſaid Emily. 'Have you ſeen it?---Is it veiled?'

'Holy Maria! ma'amſelle, yes, no, yes. I am ſure it is a picture——I have ſeen it, and it is not veiled!'

The tone and look of ſurpriſe, with which this was uttered, recalled Emily's prudence; who concealed her emotion under a ſmile, and bade Annette lead her to the picture. It was in an obſcure chamber, adjoining the part of the caſtle, allotted to the ſervants. Several other portraits hung on the walls, covered, like this, with duſt and cobweb.

'That is it, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, in a low voice, and pointing. Emily advanced, and ſurveyed the picture. It repreſented a lady, in the flower of youth and beauty; her features were handſome and noble, full of ſtrong expreſſion, but had little of the captivating ſweetneſs, that Emily had looked for, and ſtill leſs of the penſive mildneſs ſhe loved. It was a countenance, which ſpoke the language of paſſion, rather than that of ſentiment: a haughty impatience

impatience of misfortune---not the placid melancholy of a ſpirit injured, yet reſigned.

'How many years have paſſed, ſince this lady diſappeared, Annette?' ſaid Emily.

'Twenty years, ma'amſelle, or thereabout, as they tell me; I know it is a long while ago.' Emily continued to gaze upon the portrait.

'I think,' reſumed Annette, 'the Signor would do well to hang it in a better place, than this old chamber. Now, in my mind, he ought to place the picture of a lady, who gave him all theſe riches, in the handſomeſt room in the caſtle. But he may have good reaſons for what he does: and ſome people do ſay, that he has loſt his riches, as well as his gratitude. But huſh, ma'am, not a word!' added Annette, laying her fingers on her lips. Emily was too much abſorbed in thought, to hear what ſhe ſaid.

''Tis a handſome lady, I am ſure,' continued Annette: 'the Signor need not be aſhamed to put her in the great apartment, where the veiled picture hangs.' Emily turned round ——'But for that matter, ſhe would be as little ſeen there, as here, for the door is always locked, I find.'

'Let us leave this chamber,' ſaid Emily, 'and let me caution you again, Annette; be guarded in your converſation, and never tell, that you know any thing of that picture.'

'Holy mother!' exclaimed Annette, 'it is no ſecret; why all the ſervants have ſeen it already!'

Emily ſtarted. 'How is this?' ſaid ſhe---'Have ſeen it! When?---how?'

'Dear, ma'amſelle, there is nothing ſurpriſing in that; we had all a little more *curioſneſs* than you had.'

'I thought you told me, the door was kept locked?' ſaid Emily.

'If

'If that was the caſe, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette, looking about her, 'how could we get here?'

'O! you mean *this* picture,' ſaid Emily, with returning calmneſs. 'Well, Annette, here is nothing more to engage my attention; we will go.'

Emily, as ſhe paſſed to her own apartment, ſaw Montoni go down to the hall, and ſhe turned into her aunt's dreſſing-room, whom ſhe found weeping and alone, grief and reſentment ſtruggling on her countenance. Pride had hitherto reſtrained complaint. Judging of Emily's diſpoſition from her own, and from a conſciouſneſs of what her treatment of her deſerved, ſhe believed that her griefs would be cauſe of triumph to her niece, rather than of ſympathy; that ſhe would deſpiſe, not pity her. But ſhe knew not the tenderneſs and benevolence of Emily's heart, that had always taught her to forget her own injuries in the misfortunes of her enemy. The ſufferings of others, whoever they might be, called forth her ready compaſſion, which diſſipated at once every obſcuring cloud to goodneſs, that paſſion or prejudice might have raiſed in her mind.

Madame Montoni's ſufferings, at length, roſe above her pride, and, when Emily had before entered the room, ſhe would have told them all, had not her huſband prevented her; now that ſhe was no longer reſtrained by his preſence, ſhe poured forth all her complaints to her niece.

'O Emily!' ſhe exclaimed, 'I am the moſt wretched of women---I am indeed cruelly treated! Who, with my proſpects of happineſs, could have foreſeen ſuch a wretched fate as this?---who could have thought when I married ſuch a man as the Signor, I ſhould ever have to bewail my lot? But there is no judging what is for the beſt---there is no knowing what is for our good! The moſt flattering

proſpects

proſpects often change—the beſt judgments may be deceived—who could have foreſeen, when I married the Signor, that I ſhould ever repent my *generoſity ?*'

Emily thought ſhe might have foreſeen it, but this was not a thought of triumph. She placed herſelf in a chair near her aunt, took her hand, and, with one of thoſe looks of ſoft compaſſion, which might characterize the countenance of a guardian angel, ſpoke to her in the tendereſt accents. But theſe did not ſooth Madame Montoni, whom impatience to talk made unwilling to liſten. She wanted to complain, not to be conſoled; and it was by exclamations of complaint only, that Emily learned the particular circumſtances of her affliction.

'Ungrateful man,' ſaid Madame Montoni, 'he has deceived me in every reſpect; and now he has taken me from my country and friends, to ſhut me up in this old caſtle; and, here he thinks he can compel me to do what he deſigns! But he ſhall find himſelf miſtaken, he ſhall find that no threats can alter——But who would have believed! who would have ſuppoſed, that a man of his family and apparent wealth had abſolutely no fortune?—no, ſcarcely a ſequin of his own! I did all for the beſt; I thought he was a man of conſequence, of great property, or I am ſure I would never have married him,—ungrateful, artful man!' She pauſed to take breath.

'Dear Madam, be compoſed,' ſaid Emily, 'the Signor may not be ſo rich as you had reaſon to expect, but ſurely he cannot be very poor, ſince this caſtle and the manſion at Venice are his. May I aſk what are the circumſtances that particularly affect you?

'What are the circumſtances!' exclaimed Madame Montoni with reſentment: 'why is it not ſufficient,

ficient, that he had long ago ruined his own fortune by play, and that he has ſince loſt what I brought him—and that now he would compel me to ſign away my ſettlement (it was well I had the chief of my property ſettled on myſelf) that he may loſe this alſo, or throw it away in wild ſchemes, which nobody can underſtand but himſelf? And, and——is not all this ſufficient?'

'It is, indeed,' ſaid Emily, 'but you muſt recollect, dear madam, that I knew nothing of all this."

'Well, and is it not ſufficient,' rejoined her aunt, 'that he is alſo abſolutely ruined, that he is ſunk deeply in debt, and that neither this caſtle, or the manſion at Venice, is his own, if all his debts, honourable and diſhonourable, were paid!'

'I am ſhocked by what you tell me, madam,' ſaid Emily.

'And is it not enough,' interrupted Madame Montoni, 'that he has treated me with neglect, with cruelty, becauſe I refuſe to relinquiſh my ſettlements, and, inſtead of being frightened by his menaces, reſolutely defied him, and upbraided him with his ſhameful conduct? But I bore all meekly,--you know, niece, I never uttered a word of complaint, till now; no! That ſuch a diſpoſition as mine ſhould be ſo impoſed upon! That I, whoſe only faults are too much kindneſs, too much generoſity, ſhould be chained for life to ſuch a vile, deceitful, cruel monſter!'

Want of breath compelled Madame Montoni to ſtop. If any thing could have made Emily ſmile in theſe moments, it would have been this ſpeech of her aunt, delivered in a voice very little below a ſcream, and with a vehemence of geſticulation and of countenance, that turned the whole into burleſque. Emily ſaw, that her misfortunes did not admit of real conſolation, and, contemning the common-

common-place terms of ſuperficial comfort, ſhe was ſilent; while Madame Montoni, jealous of her own conſequence, miſtook this for the ſilence of indifference and contempt, and reproached her with the want of duty and feeling.

'O! I ſuſpected what all this boaſted ſenſibility would prove to be!' rejoined ſhe: 'I thought it would not teach you to feel either duty, or affection, for your relations, who have treated you like their own daughter!'

'Pardon me, madam,' ſaid Emily, mildly, 'it is not natural to me to boaſt, and if it was, I am ſure I would not boaſt of ſenſibility---a quality, perhaps, more to be feared, than deſired.'

'Well, well, niece, I will not diſpute with you. But, as I ſaid, Montoni threatens me with violence, if I any longer refuſe to ſign away my ſettlements, and this was the ſubject of our conteſt, when you came into the room before. Now, I am determined no power on earth ſhall make me do this. Neither will I bear all this tamely. He ſhall hear his true character from me; I will tell him all he deſerves, in ſpite of his threats and cruel treatment.'

Emily ſeized a pauſe of Madame Montoni's voice, to ſpeak. 'Dear madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'but will not this ſerve to irritate the Signor unneceſſarily? will it not provoke the harſh treatment you dread?'

'I do not care,' replied Madame Montoni, 'if does not ſignify: I will not ſubmit to ſuch uſage. You would have me give up my ſettlements, too, I ſuppoſe!'

'No, madam, I do not exactly mean that.'

'What is it you do mean then?'

'You ſpoke of reproaching the Signor,'---ſaid Emily, with heſitation. 'Why, does he not deſerve reproaches?' ſaid her aunt.

'Certainly he does; but will it be prudent in you, madam, to make them?'

'Prudent!'

'Prudent!' exclaimed Madame Montoni. 'Is this a time to talk of prudence, when one is threatened with all ſorts of violence?'

'It is to avoid that violence, that prudence is neceſſary,' ſaid Emily.

'Of prudence!' continued Madame Montoni, without attending to her, 'of prudence towards a man, who does not ſcruple to break all the common ties of humanity in his conduct to me! and is it for me to conſider prudence in my behaviour towards him! I am not ſo mean.'

'It is for your own ſake, not for the Signor's, madam,' ſaid Emily modeſtly, 'that you ſhould conſult prudence. Your reproaches, however juſt, cannot puniſh him, but they may provoke him to further violence againſt you.'

'What! would you have me ſubmit, then, to whatever he commands—would you have me to kneel down at his feet, and thank him for his cruelties? Would you have me give up my ſettlements?'

'How much you miſtake me, madam!' ſaid Emily. 'I am unequal to adviſe you on a point ſo important as the laſt: but you will pardon me for ſaying, that, if you conſult your own peace, you will try to conciliate Signor Montoni, rather than irritate him by reproaches.'

'Conciliate indeed! I tell you, niece, it is utterly impoſſible; I diſdain to attempt it.'

Emily was ſhocked to obſerve the perverted underſtanding and obſtinate temper of Madame Montoni; but, not leſs grieved for her ſufferings, ſhe looked round for ſome alleviating circumſtance to offer her. 'Your ſituation is, perhaps, not ſo deſperate, dear madam,' ſaid Emily, 'as you may imagine. The Signor may repreſent his affairs to be worſe than they are, for the purpoſe of pleading a ſtronger neceſſity for his poſſeſſion of your

ſettlement.

ſettlement. Beſides, ſo long as you keep this, you may look forward to it as a reſource, at leaſt, that will afford you a competence, ſhould the Signor's future conduct compel you to ſue for ſeparation.'

Madame Montoni impatiently interrupted her. 'Unfeeling, cruel girl!' ſaid ſhe, 'and ſo you would perſuade me, that I have no reaſon to complain; that the Signor is in very flouriſhing circumſtances, that my future proſpects promiſe nothing but comfort, and that my griefs are as fanciful and romantic as your own! Is it the way to conſole me, to endeavour to perſuade me out of my ſenſes and feelings, becauſe you happen to have no feelings yourſelf? I thought I was opening my heart to a perſon, who could ſympathize in my diſtreſs, but I find, that your people of ſenſibility can feel for nobody but themſelves! you may retire to your chamber.'

Emily, without replying, immediately left the room, with a mingled emotion of pity and contempt, and haſtened to her own, where ſhe yielded to the mournful reflections, which a knowledge of her aunt's ſituation had occaſioned. The converſation of the Italian with Valancourt, in France, again occurred to her. His hints, reſpecting the broken fortunes of Montoni, were now completely juſtified; thoſe, alſo, concerning his character, appeared not leſs ſo, though the particular circumſtances, connected with his fame, to which the ſtranger had alluded, yet remained to be explained. Notwithſtanding, that her own obſervations and the words of Count Morano had convinced her, that Montoni's ſituation was not what it formerly appeared to be, the intelligence ſhe had juſt received from her aunt on this point, ſtruck her with all the force of aſtoniſhment, which was not weakened, when ſhe conſidered the preſent ſtyle of Montoni's living, the number of ſervants he maintained,

tained, and the new expences he was incurring, by repairing and fortifying his caſtle. Her anxiety for her aunt and for herſelf increaſed with reflection. Several aſſertions of Morano, which, on the preceding night, ſhe had believed were prompted either by intereſt, or by reſentment, now returned to her mind with the ſtrength of truth. She could not doubt, that Montoni had formerly agreed to give her to the Count, for a pecuniary reward;---his character, and his diſtreſſed circumſtances juſtified the belief; theſe, alſo, ſeemed to confirm Morano's aſſertion, that he now deſigned to diſpoſe of her, more advantageouſly for himſelf, to a richer ſuitor.

Amidſt the reproaches, which Morano had thrown out againſt Montoni, he had ſaid---he would not quit the caſtle *he dared to call his*, nor willingly leave *another* murder on his conſcience---hints, which might have no other origin than the paſſion of the moment: but Emily was now inclined to account for them more ſeriouſly, and ſhe ſhuddered to think that ſhe was in the hands of a man, to whom it was even poſſible they could apply. At length, conſidering, that reflection could neither releaſe her from her melancholy ſituation, or enable her to bear it with greater fortitude, ſhe tried to divert her anxiety, and took down from her little library a volume of her favourite Arioſto; but his wild imagery and rich invention could not long enchain her attention; his ſpells did not reach her heart, and over her ſleeping fancy they played, without awakening it.

She now put aſide the book, and took her lute, for it was ſeldom that her ſufferings refuſed to yield to the magic of ſweet ſounds; when they did ſo, ſhe was oppreſſed by ſorrow, that came from exceſs of tenderneſs and regret; and there were times, when muſic had increaſed ſuch ſorrow to a degree,

degree, that was ſcarcely endurable; when, if it had not ſuddenly ceaſed, ſhe might have loſt her reaſon. Such was the time, when ſhe mourned for her father, and heard the midnight ſtrains, that floated by her window near the convent in Languedoc, on the night that followed his death.

She continued to play, till Annette brought dinner into her chamber, at which Emily was ſurpriſed, and enquired whoſe order ſhe obeyed. 'My lady's, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette: 'the Signor ordered her dinner to be carried to her own apartment, and ſo ſhe has ſent you yours. There have been ſad doings between them, worſe than ever, I think.'

Emily, not appearing to notice what ſhe ſaid, ſat down to the little table, that was ſpread for her. But Annette was not to be ſilenced thus eaſily. While ſhe waited, ſhe told of the arrival of the men, whom Emily had obſerved on the ramparts, and expreſſed much ſurpriſe at their ſtrange appearance, as well as at the manner, in which they had been attended by Montoni's order. 'Do they dine with the Signor, then?' ſaid Emily.

'No, ma'amſelle, they dined long ago, in an apartment at the north end of the caſtle, but I know not when they are to go, for the Signor told old Carlo to ſee them provided with every thing neceſſary. They have been walking all about the caſtle, and aſking queſtions of the workmen on the ramparts. I never ſaw ſuch ſtrange-looking men in my life; I am frightened whenever I ſee them.'

Emily enquired, if ſhe had heard of Count Morano, and whether he was likely to recover: but Annette only knew, that he was lodged in a cottage in the wood below, and that every body ſaid he muſt die. Emily's countenance diſcovered her emotion.

'Dear

'Dear ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'to ſee how young ladies will diſguiſe themſelves, when they are in love! I thought you hated the Count, or I am ſure I would not have told you; and I am ſure you have cauſe enough to hate him.'

'I hope I hate nobody,' replied Emily, trying to ſmile; 'but certainly I do not love Count Morano. I ſhould be ſhocked to hear of any perſon dying by violent means.'

'Yes, ma'amſelle, but it is his own fault.'

Emily looked diſpleaſed; and Annette, miſtaking the cauſe of her diſpleaſure, immediately began to excuſe the Count, in her way. 'To be ſure, it was very ungenteel behaviour,' ſaid ſhe, 'to break into a lady's room, and then, when he found his diſcourſing was not agreeable to her, to refuſe to go; and then, when the gentleman of the caſtle comes to deſire him to walk about his buſineſs--- to turn round, and draw his ſword, and ſwear he'll run him through the body!——To be ſure it was very ungenteel behaviour, but then he was diſguiſed in love, and ſo did not know what he was about.

'Enough of this,' ſaid Emily, who now ſmiled without an effort; and Annette returned to a mention of the diſagreement between Montoni, and her lady. 'It is nothing new,' ſaid ſhe: 'we ſaw and heard enough of this at Venice, though I never told you of it, ma'amſelle.'

'Well, Annette, it was very prudent of you not to mention it then: be as prudent now; the ſubject is an unpleaſant one.'

'Ah dear, ma'amſelle!——to ſee now how conſiderate you can be about ſome folks, who care ſo little about you! I cannot bear to ſee you ſo deceived, and I muſt tell you. But it is all for your own good, and not to ſpite my lady, though, to ſpeak truth, I have little reaſon to love her; but---'

'You

'You are not ſpeaking thus of my aunt, I hope, Annette?' ſaid Emily, gravely.

'Yes, ma'amſelle, but I am, though; and if you knew as much as I do, you would not look ſo angry. I have often, and often, heard the Signor and her talking over your marriage with the Count, and ſhe always adviſed him never to give up to your fooliſh whims, as ſhe was pleaſed to call them, but to be reſolute, and compel you to be obedient, whether you would, or no. And I am ſure, my heart has ached a thouſand times, and I have thought, when ſhe was ſo unhappy herſelf, ſhe might have felt a little for other people, and—'

'I thank you for your pity, Annette,' ſaid Emily, interrupting her: 'but my aunt was unhappy then, and that diſturbed her temper perhaps, or I think—I am ſure———You may take away, Annette, I have done.'

'Dear ma'amſelle, you have eat nothing at all! Do try, and take a little bit more. Diſturbed her temper truly! why, her temper is always diſturbed, I think. And at Tholouſe too I have heard my lady talking of you and Monſ. Valancourt to Madame Merveille and Madame Vaiſon, often and often, in a very ill-natured way, as I thought, telling them what a deal of trouble ſhe had to keep you in order, and what a fatigue and diſtreſs it was to her, and that ſhe believed you would run away with Monſ. Valancourt, if ſhe was not to watch you cloſely; and that you connived at his coming about the houſe at night, and—'

'Good God!' exclaimed Emily, bluſhing deeply, 'it is ſurely impoſſible my aunt could thus have repreſented me!'

'Indeed, ma'am, I ſay nothing more than the truth, and not all of that. But I thought, myſelf, ſhe might have found ſomething better to diſcourſe about, than the faults of her own niece, even

even if you had been in fault, ma'amſelle; but I did not believe a word of what ſhe ſaid. But my lady does not care what ſhe ſays againſt any body, for that matter.'

'However that may be, Annette,' interrupted Emily, recovering her compoſure, 'it does not become you to ſpeak of the faults of my aunt to me. I know you have meant well, but—ſay no more.—I have quite dined.'

Annette bluſhed, looked down, and then began ſlowly to clear the table.

'Is this, then, the reward of my ingenuouſneſs?' ſaid Emily, when ſhe was alone; 'the treatment I am to receive from a relation—an aunt—who ought to have been the guardian, not the ſlanderer of my reputation,——who, as a woman, ought to have reſpected the delicacy of female honour, and, as a relation, ſhould have protected mine! But, to utter falſehoods on ſo nice a ſubject——to repay the openneſs, and, I may ſay with honeſt pride, the propriety of my conduct, with ſlanders—required a depravity of heart, ſuch as I could ſcarcely have believed exiſted, ſuch as I weep to find in a relation. O! what a contraſt does her character present to that of my beloved father; while envy and low cunning form the chief traits of hers, his was diſtinguiſhed by benevolence and philoſophic wiſdom! But now, let me only remember, if poſſible, that ſhe is unfortunate.'

Emily threw her veil over her, and went down to walk upon the ramparts, the only walk, indeed, which was open to her, though ſhe often wiſhed, that ſhe might be permitted to ramble among the woods below, and ſtill more, that ſhe might ſometimes explore the ſublime ſcenes of the ſurrounding country. But, as Montoni would not ſuffer her to paſs the gates of the caſtle, ſhe tried to be contented with the romantic views ſhe beheld from

the walls. The peaſants who had been employed on the fortifications, had left their work, and the ramparts were ſilent and ſolitary. Their lonely appearance, together with the gloom of a lowering ſky, aſſiſted the muſings of her mind, and threw over it a kind of melancholy tranquillity, ſuch as ſhe often loved to indulge. She turned to obſerve a fine effect of the ſun, as his rays, ſuddenly ſtreaming from behind a heavy cloud, lighted up the weſt towers of the caſtle, while the reſt of the edifice was in deep ſhade, except, that, through a lofty gothic arch, adjoining the tower, which led to another terrace, the beams darted in full ſplendour, and ſhewed the three ſtrangers ſhe had obſerved in the morning. Perceiving them, ſhe ſtarted, and a momentary fear came over her, as ſhe looked up the long rampart, and ſaw no other perſons. While ſhe heſitated, they approached. The gate at the end of the terrace, whither they were advancing ſhe knew, was always locked, and ſhe could not depart by the oppoſite extremity, without meeting them; but, before ſhe paſſed them, ſhe haſtily drew a thin veil over her face, which did, indeed, but ill conceal her beauty. They looked earneſtly at her, and ſpoke to each other in bad Italian, of which ſhe caught only a few words; but the fierceneſs of their countenances, now that ſhe was near enough to diſcriminate them, ſtruck her ſtill more than the wild ſingularity of their air and dreſs had formerly done. It was the countenance and figure of him, who walked between the other two, that chiefly ſeized her attention, which expreſſed a ſullen haughtineſs and a kind of dark watchful villany, that gave a thrill of horror to her heart. All this was ſo legibly written on his features, as to be ſeen by a ſingle glance, for ſhe paſſed the group ſwiftly, and her timid eyes ſcarcely reſted on them a moment. Having reached the terrace, ſhe ſtopped,

ped, and perceived the ſtrangers ſtanding in the ſhadow of one of the turrets, gazing after her, and ſeemingly, by their action, in earneſt converſation. She immediately left the rampart, and retired to her apartment.

In the evening Montoni ſat late, carouſing with his gueſts in the cedar chamber. His recent triumph over Count Morano, or, perhaps ſome other circumſtance, contributed to elevate his ſpirits to an unuſual height. He filled the goblet often, and gave a looſe to merriment and talk. The gaiety of Cavigni, on the contrary, was ſomewhat clouded by anxiety. He kept a watchful eye upon Verezzi, whom, with the utmoſt difficulty he had hitherto reſtrained from exaſperating Montoni further againſt Morano, by a mention of his late taunting words.

One of the company exultingly recurred to the event of the preceding evening. Verezzi's eyes ſparkled. The mention of Morano led to that of Emily, of whom they were all profuſe in the praiſe, except Montoni, who ſat ſilent, and then interrupted the ſubject.

When the ſervants had withdrawn, Montoni and his friends entered into cloſe converſation, which was ſometimes checked by the iraſcible temper of Verezzi, but in which Montoni diſplayed his conſcious ſuperiority, by that deciſive look and manner, which always accompanied the vigour of his thought, and to which moſt of his companions ſubmitted, as to a power, that they had no right to queſtion, though of each other's ſelf-importance they were jealouſly ſcrupulous. Amidſt this converſation one of them imprudently introduced again the name of Morano; and Verezzi, now more heated by wine, diſregarded the expreſſive looks of Cavigni, and gave ſome dark hints of what had paſſed on the preceding night. Theſe, however, Montoni did not appear to underſtand, for he con-

tinued ſilent in his chair, without diſcovering any emotion, while, the choler of Verezzi encreaſing with the apparent inſenſibility of Montoni, he at length told the ſuggeſtion of Morano, that this caſtle did not lawfully belong to him, and that he would not willingly leave another murder on his conſcience.

'Am I to be inſulted at my own table, and by my own friends?' ſaid Montoni, with a countenance pale in anger. 'Why are the words of that madman repeated to me?' Verezzi, who had expected to hear Montoni's indignation poured forth againſt Morano, and anſwered by thanks to himſelf, looked with aſtoniſhment at Cavigni, who enjoyed his confuſion. 'Can you be weak enough to credit the aſſertions of a madman?' rejoined Montoni, 'or what is the ſame thing, a man poſſeſſed by the ſpirit of vengeance? But he has ſucceeded too well; you believe what he ſaid.'

'Signor,' ſaid Verezzi, 'we believe only what we know.'—'How!' interrupted Montoni, ſternly: 'produce your proof.'

'We believe only what we know,' repeated Verezzi, 'and we know nothing of what Morano aſſerts.' Montoni ſeemed to recover himſelf. 'I am haſty, my friends,' ſaid he, 'with reſpect to my honour; no man ſhall queſtion it with impunity—you did not mean to queſtion it. Theſe fooliſh words are not worth your remembrance, or my reſentment. Verezzi, here is to your firſt exploit.'

'Succeſs to your firſt exploit,' re-echoed the whole company.

'Noble Signor,' replied Verezzi, glad to find he had eſcaped Montoni's reſentment, 'with my good will, you ſhall build your ramparts of gold.'

'Paſs the goblet,' cried Montoni. 'We will drink to Signora St. Aubert,' ſaid Cavigni. 'By your leave, we will firſt drink to the lady of the caſtle,'

caſtle,' ſaid Bertolini.—Montoni was ſilent. 'To the lady of the caſtle,' ſaid his gueſts. He bowed his head.

'It much ſurpriſes me, Signor,' ſaid Bertolini, 'that you have ſo long neglected this caſtle; it is a noble edifice.'

'It ſuits our purpoſe,' replied Montoni, 'and *is* a noble edifice. You know not, it ſeems, by what miſchance it came to me.'

'It was a lucky miſchance, be it what it may, Signor,' replied Bertolini, ſmiling. 'I would, that one ſo lucky had befallen me.'

Montoni looked gravely at him. 'If you will attend to what I ſay,' he reſumed, 'you ſhall hear the ſtory.'

'The countenances of Bertolini and Verezzi expreſſed ſomething more than curioſity; Cavigni, who ſeemed to feel none, had probably heard the relation before.

'It is now near twenty years,' ſaid Montoni, 'ſince this caſtle came into my poſſeſſion. I inherit it by the female line. The lady, my predeceſſor, was only diſtantly related to me; I am the laſt of her family. She was beautiful and rich; I wooed her: but her heart was fixed upon another, and ſhe rejected me. It is probable, however, that ſhe was herſelf rejected of the perſon, whoever he might be, on whom ſhe beſtowed her favour, for a deep and ſettled melancholy took poſſeſſion of her; and I have reaſon to believe, ſhe put a period to her own life. I was not at the caſtle at the time; but, as there are ſome ſingular and myſterious circumſtances attending that event, I ſhall repeat them.'

'Repeat them!' ſaid a voice.

Montoni was ſilent; the gueſts looked at each other, to know who ſpoke, but they perceived, that each was making the ſame enquiry. Montoni, at length,

length, recovering himself, 'we are overheard,' said he: 'we will finish this subject another time. Pass the goblet.'

The cavaliers looked round the wide chamber.

'Here is no person, but ourselves,' said Verezzi: 'pray, Signor, proceed.'

'Did you hear any thing?' said Montoni.

'We did,' said Bertolini.

'It could be only fancy,' said Verezzi, looking round again. 'We see no person besides ourselves; and the sound I thought I heard seemed within the room. Pray, Signor, go on.'

Montoni paused a moment, and then proceeded in a lowered voice, while the cavaliers drew nearer to attend.

'Ye are to know, Signors, that the Lady Laurentini had for some months shewn symptoms of a dejected mind, nay, of a disturbed imagination. Her mood was very unequal; sometimes she was sunk into calm melancholy, and, at others, as I have been told, she betrayed all the symptoms of frantic madness. It was one night in the month of October, after she had recovered from one of those fits of excess, and had sunk again into her usual melancholy, that she retired alone to her chamber, and forbade all interruption. It was the chamber at the end of the corridor, Signors, where we had the affray last night. From that hour, she was seen no more.'

'How! seen no more!' said Bertolini, 'was not her body found in the chamber?'

'Were her remains never found?' cried the rest of the company all together.

'Never!' replied Montoni.

'What reasons were there to suppose she destroyed herself, then?' said Bertolini.—'Aye, what reasons?' said Verezzi.—'How happened it, that her remains were never found? Although she killed

killed herſelf, ſhe could not bury herſelf.' Montoni looked indignantly at Verezzi, who began to apologize. 'Your pardon, Signor,' ſaid he: 'I did not conſider, that the lady was your relative, when I ſpoke of her ſo lightly.'

Montoni accepted the apology.

'But the Signor will oblige us with the reaſons, which urged him to believe, that the lady had committed ſuicide.

'Thoſe I will explain hereafter,' ſaid Montoni: 'at preſent let me relate a moſt extraordinary circumſtance. This converſation goes no further, Signors. Liſten, then, to what I am going to ſay.'

'Liſten!' ſaid a voice.

They were all again ſilent, and the countenance of Montoni changed. 'This is no illuſion of the fancy,' ſaid Cavigni, at length breaking the profound ſilence.---'No,' ſaid Bertolini; 'I heard it myſelf, now. Yet here is no perſon in the room but ourſelves!'

'This is very extraordinary,' ſaid Montoni, ſuddenly riſing. 'This is not to be borne; here is ſome deception, ſome trick. I will know what it means.'

All the company roſe from their chairs in confuſion.

'It is very odd!' ſaid Bertolini. 'Here is really no ſtranger in the room. If it is a trick, Signor, you will do well to puniſh the author of it ſeverely.'

'A trick! what elſe can it be?' ſaid Cavigni, affecting a laugh.

The ſervants were now ſummoned, and the chamber was ſearched, but no perſon was found. The ſurpriſe and conſternation of the company encreaſed. Montoni was diſcompoſed. 'We will leave this room,' ſaid he, 'and the ſubject of our converſation alſo; it is too ſolemn.' His

gueſts

gueſts were equally ready to quit the apartment; but the ſubject had rouſed their curioſity, and they entreated Montoni to withdraw to another chamber, and finiſh it; no entreaties could, however, prevail with him. Notwithſtanding his efforts to appear at eaſe, he was viſibly and greatly diſordered.

'Why, Signor, you are not ſuperſtitious,' cried Verezzi, jeeringly; 'you, who have ſo often laughed at the credulity of others!'

'I am not ſuperſtitious,' replied Montoni, regarding him with ſtern diſpleaſure, 'though I know how to deſpiſe the common-place ſentences, which are frequently uttered againſt ſuperſtition. I will enquire further into this affair.' He then left the room; and his gueſts, ſeparating for the night, retired to their reſpective apartments.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

'He wears the roſe of youth upon his cheek.'

SHAKESPEARE.

WE now return to Valancourt, who, it may be remembered, remained at Tholouſe, ſome time after the departure of Emily, reſtleſs and miſerable. Each morrow, that approached, he deſigned ſhould carry him from thence; yet to-morrow and to-morrow came, and ſtill ſaw him lingering in the ſcene of his former happineſs. He could not immediately tear himſelf from the ſpot, where he had been accuſtomed to converſe with Emily, or from the objects they had viewed together, which appeared to him memorials of her affection, as well as a kind of ſurety for its faithfulneſs; and, next to the pain of bidding her adieu, was that of leaving the ſcenes, which ſo powerfully awakened her image. Sometimes he had bribed a ſervant, who had been left in the care of Madame Montoni's chateau, to permit him to viſit the gardens, and there he would wander, for hours together, rapt in a melancholy, not unpleaſing. The terrace, and the pavilion at the end of it, where he had taken leave of Emily, on the eve of her departure from Tholouſe, were his moſt favourite haunts. There, as he talked, or leaned from the window of the building, he would endeavour to recollect all ſhe had ſaid, on that night; to catch the tones of her voice, as they faintly vibrated on his memory, and to remember the exact expreſſion of her countenance, which ſometimes came ſuddenly to his fancy, like a viſion; that beautiful countenance which awakened, as by inſtantaneous magic, all

the tenderneſs of his heart, and ſeemed to tell with irreſiſtible eloquence—that he had loſt her for ever!——At theſe moments, his hurried ſteps would have diſcovered to a ſpectator the deſpair of his heart. The character of Montoni, ſuch as he had received from hints, and ſuch as his fears repreſented it, would riſe to his view, together with all the dangers it ſeemed to threaten to Emily and to his love. He blamed himſelf, that he had not urged theſe more forcibly to her, while it might have been in his power to detain her, and that he had ſuffered an abſurd and criminal delicacy, as he termed it, to conquer ſo ſoon the reaſonable arguments he had oppoſed to his journey. Any evil, that might have attended their marriage, ſeemed ſo inferior to thoſe, which now threatened their love, or even to the ſufferings, that abſence occaſioned, that he wondered how he could have ceaſed to urge his ſuit, till he had convinced her of its propriety; and he would certainly now have followed her to Italy, if he could have been ſpared from his regiment for ſo long a journey. His regiment, indeed, ſoon reminded him, that he had other duties to attend, than thoſe of love.

A ſhort time after his arrival at his brother's houſe, he was ſummoned to join his brother officers, and he accompanied a battalion to Paris; where a ſcene of novelty and gaiety opened upon him, ſuch as, till then, he had only a faint idea of. But gaiety diſguſted, and company fatigued, his ſick mind; and he became an object of unceaſing raillery to his companions, from whom, whenever he could ſteal an opportunity, he eſcaped, to think of Emily. The ſcenes around him, however, and the company with whom he was obliged to mingle, engaged his attention, though they failed to amuſe his fancy, and thus gradually weakened the habit of yielding to lamentation, till it appeared leſs a duty

to

to his love to indulge it. Among his brother-officers were many, who added to the ordinary character of a French ſoldier's gaiety ſome of thoſe faſcinating qualities, which too frequently throw a veil over folly, and ſometimes even ſoften the features of vice into ſmiles. To theſe men the reſerved and thoughtful manners of Valancourt were a kind of tacit cenſure on their own, for which they rallied him when preſent, and plotted againſt him when abſent; they gloried in the thought of reducing him to their own level, and, conſidering it to be a ſpirited frolic, determined to accompliſh it.

Valancourt was a ſtranger to the gradual progreſs of ſcheme and intrigue, againſt which he could not be on his guard. He had not been accuſtomed to receive ridicule, and he could ill endure its ſting; he reſented it, and this only drew upon him a louder laugh. To eſcape from ſuch ſcenes, he fled into ſolitude, and there the image of Emily met him, and revived the pangs of love and deſpair. He then ſought to renew thoſe taſteful ſtudies, which had been the delight of his early years; but his mind had loſt the tranquillity, which is neceſſary for their enjoyment. To forget himſelf and the grief and anxiety, which the idea of her recalled, he would quit his ſolitude, and again mingle in the crowd—glad of a temporary relief, and rejoicing to ſnatch amuſement for the moment.

Thus paſſed weeks after weeks, time gradually ſoftening his ſorrow, and habit ſtrengthening his deſire of amuſement, till the ſcenes around him ſeemed to awaken into a new character, and Valancourt, to have fallen among them from the clouds.

His figure and addreſs made him a welcome viſitor, wherever he had been introduced, and he ſoon frequented the moſt gay and faſhionable circles of Paris. Among theſe, was the aſſembly of the Counteſs

Counteſs Lacleur, a woman of eminent beauty and captivating manners. She had paſſed the ſpring of youth, but her wit prolonged the triumph of its reign, and they mutually aſſiſted the fame of each other; for thoſe, who were charmed by her lovelineſs, ſpoke with enthuſiaſm of her talents; and others, who admired her playful imagination, declared, that her perſonal graces were unrivalled. But her imagination was merely playful, and her wit, if ſuch it could be called, was brilliant, rather than juſt; it dazzled, and its fallacy eſcaped the detection of the moment; for the accents, in which ſhe pronounced it, and the ſmile, that accompanied them, were a ſpell upon the judgment of the auditors. Her *petits ſoupers* were the moſt taſteful of any in Paris, and were frequented by many of the ſecond claſs of literati. She was fond of muſic, was herſelf a ſcientific performer, and had frequently concerts at her houſe.——Valancourt, who paſſionately loved muſic, and who ſometimes aſſiſted at theſe concerts, admired her execution, but remembered with a ſigh the eloquent ſimplicity of Emily's ſongs and the natural expreſſion of her manner, which waited not to be approved by the judgment, but found their way at once to the heart.

Madame *La Comteſſe* had often deep play at her houſe, which ſhe affected to reſtrain, but ſecretly encouraged; and it was well known among her friends, that the ſplendour of her eſtabliſhment was chiefly ſupplied from the profits of her tables. But her *petits ſoupers* were the moſt charming imaginable! Here were all the delicacies of the four quarters of the world, all the wit and the lighter efforts of genius, all the graces of converſation---the ſmiles of beauty, and the charms of muſic; and Valancourt paſſed his pleaſanteſt, as well as moſt dangerous hours in theſe parties.

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His brother, who remained with his family in Gaſcony, had contented himſelf with giving him letters of introduction to ſuch of his relations, reſiding at Paris, as the latter was not already known to. All theſe were perſons of ſome diſtinction; and, as neither the perſon, mind, or manners of Valancourt the younger threatened to diſgrace their alliance, they received him with as much kindneſs as their nature, hardened by uninterrupted proſperity, would admit of; but their attentions did not extend to acts of real friendſhip; for they were too much occupied by their own purſuits, to feel any intereſt in his; and thus he was ſet down in the midſt of Paris, in the pride of youth, with an open, unſuſpicious temper and ardent affections, without one friend, to warn him of the dangers, to which he was expoſed.——Emily, who, had ſhe been preſent, would have ſaved him from theſe evils by awakening his heart, and engaging him in worthy purſuits, now only increaſed his danger;—it was to loſe the grief, which the remembrance of her occaſioned, that he firſt ſought amuſement; and for this end he purſued it, till habit made it an object of abſtract intereſt.

There was alſo a Marchioneſs Champfort, a young widow, at whoſe aſſemblies he paſſed much of his time. She was handſome, ſtill more artful, gay and fond of intrigue. The ſociety, which ſhe drew round her, was leſs elegant and more vicious, than that of the Counteſs Lacleur: but, as ſhe had addreſs enough to throw a veil, though but a ſlight one, over the worſt parts of her character, ſhe was ſtill viſited by many perſons of what is called diſtinction. Valancourt was introduced to her parties by two of his brother officers, whoſe late ridicule he had now forgiven ſo far, that he could ſometimes join in the laugh, which a mention of his former manners would renew.

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The gaiety of the moſt ſplendid court in Europe, the magnificence of the palaces, entertainments, and equipages, that ſurrounded him—all conſpired to dazzle his imagination, and re-animate his ſpirits, and the examples and maxims of his military aſſociates to delude his mind. Emily's image, indeed, ſtill lived there; but it was no longer the friend, the monitor, that ſaved him from himſelf, and to which he retired to weep the ſweet, yet melancholy, tears of tenderneſs. When he had recourſe to it, it aſſumed a countenance of mild reproach, that wrung his ſoul, and called forth the tears of unmixed miſery; his only eſcape from which was to forget the object of it, and he endeavoured, therefore, to think of Emily as ſeldom as he could.

Thus dangerouſly circumſtanced was Valancourt, at the time, when Emily was ſuffering at Venice, from the perſecuted addreſſes of Count Morano, and the unjuſt authority of Montoni; at which period we leave him.

CHAP. V.

" The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast."

KING JOHN.

LEAVING the gay scenes of Paris, we return to those of the gloomy Apennine, where Emily's thoughts were still faithful to Valancourt. Looking to him as to her only hope, she recollected, with jealous exactness, every assurance and every proof she had witnessed of his affection; read again and again the letters she had received from him; weighed, with intense anxiety, the force of every word, that spoke of his attachment; and dried her tears, as she trusted in his truth.

Montoni, meanwhile, had made strict enquiry, concerning the strange circumstance of his alarm, without obtaining information; and was, at length, obliged to account for it by the reasonable supposition, that it was a mischievous trick played off by one of his domestics. His disagreements with Madame Montoni, on the subject of her settlements, were now more frequent than ever; he even confined her entirely to her own apartment, and did not scruple to threaten her with much greater severity, should she persevere in a refusal.

Reason, had she consulted it, would now have perplexed her in the choice of a conduct to be adopted. It would have pointed out the danger of irritating by further opposition a man, such as Montoni had proved himself to be, and to whose power she had so entirely committed herself; and

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it would alſo have told her, of what extreme importance to her future comfort it was, to reſerve for herſelf thoſe poſſeſſions, which would enable her to live independently of Montoni, ſhould ſhe ever eſcape from his immediate controul. But ſhe was directed by a more deciſive guide than reaſon—the ſpirit of revenge, which urged her to oppoſe violence to violence, and obſtinacy to obſtinacy.

Wholly confined to the ſolitude of her apartment, ſhe was now reduced to ſolicit the ſociety ſhe had ſo lately rejected; for Emily was the only perſon, except Annette, with whom ſhe was permitted to converſe.

Generouſly anxious for her peace, Emily, therefore, tried to perſuade, when ſhe could not convince, and ſought by every gentle means to induce her to forbear that aſperity of reply, which ſo greatly irritated Montoni. The pride of her aunt did ſometimes ſoften to the ſoothing voice of Emily, and there even were moments, when ſhe regarded her affectionate attentions with good-will.

The ſcenes of terrible contentions, to which Emily was frequently compelled to be witneſs, exhauſted her ſpirits more than any circumſtances, that had occurred ſince her departure from Thouloſe. The gentleneſs and goodneſs of her parents, together with the ſcenes of her early happineſs, often ſtole on her mind, like the viſions of a higher world; while the characters and circumſtances, now paſſing beneath her eye, excited both terror and ſurpriſe. She could ſcarcely have imagined, that paſſions ſo fierce and ſo various, as thoſe which Montoni exhibited, could have been concentrated in one individual; yet what more ſurpriſed her, was, that, on great occaſions, he could bend theſe paſſions, wild as they were, to the cauſe of his intereſt, and generally could diſguiſe in his countenance their operation on his mind; but ſhe had ſeen him too often,

often, when he had thought it unneceſſary to conceal his nature, to be deceived on ſuch occaſions.

Her preſent life appeared like the dream of a diſtempered imagination, or like one of thoſe frightful fictions, in which the wild genius of the poets ſometimes delighted. Reflection brought only regret, and anticipation terror. How often did ſhe wiſh to 'ſteal the lark's wing, and mount the ſwifteſt gale,' that Languedoc and repoſe might once more be her's!

Of Count Morano's health ſhe made frequent enquiry; but Annette heard only vague reports of his danger, and that his ſurgeon had ſaid he would never leave the cottage alive; while Emily could not but be ſhocked to think, that ſhe, however innocently, might be the means of his death; and Annette, who did not fail to obſerve her emotion, interpreted it her own way.

But a circumſtance ſoon occurred, which entirely withdrew Annette's attention from this ſubject, and awakened the ſurpriſe and curioſity ſo natural to her. Coming one day to Emily's apartment, with a countenance full of importance, 'What can all this mean, ma'amſelle, ſaid ſhe, 'Would I was once ſafe in Languedoc again, they ſhould never catch me going on my travels any more! I muſt think it a fine thing, truly, to come abroad, and ſee foreign parts! I little thought I was coming to be catched up in an old caſtle, among ſuch dreary mountains, with the chance of being murdered, or, what is as good, having my throat cut!'

'What can all this mean, indeed, Annette?' ſaid Emily, in aſtoniſhment.

'Aye, ma'amſelle, you may look ſurpriſed; but you won't believe it, perhaps, till they have murdered you, too. You would not believe about the ghoſt I told you of, though I ſhewed you the very place, where it uſed to appear!—You will believe nothing, ma'amſelle.'

'Not

'Not till you ſpeak more reaſonably, Annette; for Heaven's ſake, explain your meaning. You ſpoke of murder!'

'Aye, ma'amſelle, they are coming to murder us all, perhaps: but what ſignifies explaining?—— you will not believe.'

Emily again deſired her to relate what ſhe had ſeen, or heard.

'O, I have ſeen enough, ma'am, and heard too much, as Ludovico can prove. Poor ſoul! they will murder him, too! I little thought, when he ſung thoſe ſweet verſes under my lattice, at Venice!'—Emily looked impatient and diſpleaſed. 'Well, ma'amſelle, as I was ſaying, theſe preparations about the caſtle, and theſe ſtrange-looking people, that are calling here every day, and the Signor's cruel uſage of my lady, and his odd goings on——all theſe, as I told Ludovico, can bode no good. And he bid me hold my tongue. So, ſays I, the Signor's ſtrangely altered, Ludovico, in this gloomy caſtle, to what he was in France; there, all ſo gay! Nobody ſo gallant to my lady, then; and he could ſmile, too, upon a poor ſervant, ſometimes, and jeer her, too, good-naturedly enough. I remember once, when he ſaid to me, as I was going out of my lady's dreſſing-room—Annette, ſays he——'

'Never mind what the Signor ſaid,' interrupted Emily; 'but tell me, at once, the circumſtance, which has thus alarmed you.'

'Aye, ma'amſelle,' rejoined Annette, 'that is juſt what Ludovico ſaid: ſays he, Never mind what the Signor ſays to you. So I told him what I thought about the Signor. He is ſo ſtrangely altered, ſaid I: for now he is ſo haughty, and ſo commanding, and ſo ſharp with my lady; and, if he meets one, he'll ſcarcely look at one, unleſs it be to frown. So much the better, ſays Ludovico,

vico, ſo much the better. And to tell you the truth, ma'amſelle, I thought this was a very ill-natured ſpeech of Ludovico: but I went on. And then, ſays I, he is always knitting his brows; and if one ſpeaks to him, he does not hear; and then he ſits up counſelling ſo, of a night, with the other Signors---there they are, till long paſt midnight, diſcourſing together! Aye, but ſays Ludovico, you don't know what they are counſelling about. No, ſaid I, but I can gueſs---it is about my young lady. Upon that, Ludovico burſt out a-laughing, quite loud; ſo he put me in a huff, for I did not like that either I, or you, ma'amſelle, ſhould be laughed at; and I turned away quick, but he ſtopped me. 'Don't be affronted, Annette, ſaid he, 'but I cannot help laughing;' and with that he laughed again. 'What!' ſays he, 'do you think the Signors ſit up, night after night, only to counſel about thy young lady! No, no, there is ſomething more in the wind than that. And theſe repairs about the caſtle, and theſe preparations about the ramparts---they are not making about young ladies.' Why ſurely, ſaid I, the Signor, my maſter, is not going to make war? 'Make war?' ſaid Ludovico, 'what, upon the mountains and the woods? for here is no living ſoul to make war upon, that I ſee.'

'What are theſe preparations for, then? ſaid I; why ſurely nobody is coming to take away my maſter's caſtle!' 'Then there are ſo many ill-looking fellows coming to the caſtle every day,' ſays Ludovico, without anſwering my queſtion, and the Signor ſees them all, and talks with them all, and they all ſtay in the neighbourhood! By holy St. Marco! ſome of them are the moſt cut-throat-looking dogs I ever ſet my eyes upon.'

'I aſked Ludovico again, if he thought they were coming to take away my maſter's caſtle;' and he ſaid, 'No, he did not think they were, but he did not

not know for certain.' 'Then, yeſterday,' ſaid he, but you muſt not tell this, ma'amſelle, 'yeſterday, a party of theſe men came, and left all their horſes in the caſtle ſtables, where, it ſeems, they are to ſtay, for the Signor ordered them all to be entertained with the beſt provender in the manger; but the men are moſt of them, in the neighbouring cottages.'

'So, ma'amſelle, I came to tell you all this, for I never heard any thing ſo ſtrange in my life. But what can theſe ill-looking men be come about, if it is not to murder us? and the Signor knows this, or why ſhould he be ſo civil to them? And why ſhould he fortify the caſtle, and counſel ſo much with the other Signors, and be ſo thoughtful?'

'Is this all you have to tell, Annette?' ſaid Emily. 'Have you heard nothing elſe, that alarms you?'

'Nothing elſe, ma'amſelle!' ſaid Annette; 'why, is not this enough?' 'Quite enough for my patience, Annette, but not quite enough to convince me we are all to be murdered, though I acknowledge here is ſufficient food for curioſity.' She forbore to ſpeak her apprehenſions, becauſe ſhe would not encourage Annette's wild terrors, but the preſent circumſtances of the caſtle both ſurpriſed and alarmed her. Annette, having told her tale, left the chamber, on the wing for new wonders.

In the evening, Emily had paſſed ſome melancholy hours with Madame Montoni, and was retiring to reſt, when ſhe was alarmed by a ſtrange and loud knocking at her chamber door, and then a heavy weight fell againſt it, that almoſt burſt it open. She called to know who was there, and receiving no anſwer, repeated the call; but a chilling ſilence followed. It occurred to her—for at this moment, ſhe could not reaſon on the probability of circumſtances—that ſome one of the ſtrangers, lately

lately arrived at the caſtle, had diſcovered her apartment, and was come with ſuch intent, as their looks rendered too poſſible---to rob, perhaps to murder, her. The moment ſhe admitted this poſſibility, terror ſupplied the place of conviction, and a kind of inſtinctive remembrance of her remote ſituation from the family heightened it to a degree, that almoſt overcame her ſenſes. She looked at the door, which led to the ſtair-caſe, expecting to ſee it open, and liſtening, in fearful ſilence, for a return of the noiſe, till ſhe began to think it had proceeded from this door, and a wiſh of eſcaping through the oppoſite one ruſhed upon her mind. She went to the gallery door, and then fearing to open it leſt ſome perſon might be ſilently lurking for her without, ſhe ſtopped, but with her eyes fixed in expectation upon the oppoſite door of the ſtair-caſe. As thus ſhe ſtood, ſhe heard a faint breathing near her, and became convinced, that ſome perſon was on the other ſide of the door, which was already locked. She ſought for other faſtening, but there was none.

While ſhe yet liſtened, the breathing was diſtinctly heard, and her terror was not ſoothed, when, looking round her wide and lonely chamber, ſhe again conſidered her remote ſituation. As ſhe ſtood heſitating whether to call for aſſiſtance, the continuance of the ſtillneſs ſurpriſed her; and her ſpirits would have revived, had ſhe not continued to hear the faint breathing, that convinced her, the perſon, whoever it was, had not quitted the door.

At length, worn out with anxiety, ſhe determined to call loudly for aſſiſtance from her caſement, and was advancing to it, when, whether the terror of her mind gave her ideal ſounds, or that real ones did come, ſhe thought footſteps were aſcending the private ſtair-caſe; and expecting to ſee its door uncloſe, ſhe forgot all other cauſe of alarm,

alarm, and retreated towards the corridor. Here ſhe endeavoured to make her eſcape, but, on opening the door, was very near falling over a perſon, who lay on the floor without. She ſcreamed, and would have paſſed, but her trembling frame refuſed to ſupport her; and the moment, in which ſhe leaned againſt the wall of the gallery, allowed her leiſure to obſerve the figure before her, and to recognize the features of Annette. Fear inſtantly yielded to ſurpriſe. She ſpoke in vain to the poor girl, who remained ſenſeleſs on the floor, and then, loſing all conſciouſneſs of her own weakneſs, hurried to her aſſiſtance.

When Annette recovered, ſhe was helped by Emily into the chamber, but was ſtill unable to ſpeak, and looked round her, as if her eyes followed ſome perſon in the room. Emily tried to ſooth her diſturbed ſpirits, and forbore, at preſent, to aſk her any queſtions; but the faculty of ſpeech was never long withheld from Annette, and ſhe explained in broken ſentences, and in her tedious way, the occaſion of her diſorder. She affirmed, and with a ſolemnity of conviction, that almoſt ſtaggered the incredulity of Emily, that ſhe had ſeen an apparition as ſhe was paſſing to her bedchamber, through the corridor.

'I had heard ſtrange ſtories of that chamber before,' ſaid Annette: 'but as it was ſo near your's, ma'amſelle, I would not tell them to you, becauſe they would frighten you. The ſervants had told me, often and often, that it was haunted, and that was the reaſon why it was ſhut up: nay, for that matter, why the whole ſtring of theſe rooms, here, are ſhut up. I quaked whenever I went by, and I muſt ſay, I did ſometimes think I heard odd noiſes within it. But as I ſaid, as I was paſſing along the corridor, and not thinking a word about the matter; or even of the ſtrange voice that the Signors heard

heard the other night, all of a ſudden comes a great light, and, looking behind me, there was a tall figure, (I ſaw it as plainly, ma'amſelle, as I ſee you at this moment) a tall figure gliding along (Oh! I cannot deſcribe how!) into the room, that is always ſhut up, and nobody has the key of it but the Signor, and the door ſhut directly.'

'Then it doubtleſs was the Signor,' ſaid Emily.

'O no, ma'amſelle, it could not be him, for I left him buſy a quarrelling in my lady's dreſſing-room!'

'You bring me ſtrange tales, Annette,' ſaid Emily: 'it was but this morning, that you would have terrified me with the apprehenſion of murder; and now you would perſuade me, you have ſeen a ghoſt! Theſe wonderful ſtories come too quickly.'

'Nay, ma'amſelle, I will ſay no more, only, if I had not been frightened, I ſhould not have fainted dead away ſo. I ran as faſt as I could to get to your door; but, what was worſt of all I could not call out; then I thought ſomething ſtrangely muſt be the matter with me, and I directly dropt down.

'Was it the chamber where the black veil hangs?' ſaid Emily. 'O! no, ma'amſelle, it was one nearer to this. What ſhall I do to get to my room? I would not go out into the corridor again, for the whole world!' Emily, whoſe ſpirits had been ſeverely ſhocked, and, who, therefore, did not like the thought of paſſing the night alone, told her ſhe might ſleep where ſhe was. 'O, no, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette, 'I would not ſleep in the room now, for a thouſand ſequins!'

Wearied and diſappointed Emily at firſt ridiculed, though ſhe ſhared her fears, and then tried to ſooth them; but neither attempt ſucceeded, and the girl perſiſted in believing and affirming, that what ſhe had ſeen was nothing human. It was not until ſome time after Emily had recovered her compoſure,

ſure, that ſhe had recollected the ſteps ſhe had heard on the ſtair-caſe---a remembrance however which made her inſiſt that Annette ſhould paſs the night with her, and, with much difficulty, ſhe, at length, prevailed, aſſiſted by that part of the girl's fear, which concerned the corridor.

Early on the following morning, as Emily croſſed the hall to the ramparts, ſhe heard a noiſy buſtle in the court-yard, and the clatter of horſes' hoofs. Such unuſual ſounds excited her curioſity; and, inſtead of going to the ramparts ſhe went to an upper caſement, from whence ſhe ſaw, in the court below, a large party of horſemen, dreſſed in a ſingular, but uniform, habit, and completely, though variouſly, armed. They wore a kind of ſhort jacket, compoſed of black and ſcarlet, and ſeveral of them had a cloak, of plain black, which, covering the perſon entirely, hung to the ſtirrups. As one of theſe cloaks glanced aſide, ſhe ſaw beneath, daggers, apparently of different ſizes, tucked into the horſeman's belt. She further obſerved, that theſe were carried, in the ſame manner, by many of the horſemen with cloaks, moſt of whom bore alſo pikes, or javelins. On their heads, were the ſmall Italian caps, ſome of which were diſtinguiſhed by black feathers. Whether theſe caps gave a fierce air to the countenance, or that the countenance they ſurmounted had naturally ſuch an appearance, Emily thought ſhe had never, till then, ſeen an aſſemblage of faces ſo ſavage and terrific. While ſhe gazed, ſhe almoſt fancied herſelf ſurrounded by banditti; and a vague thought glanced athwart her fancy---that Montoni was the captain of the group before her, and that the caſtle was to be the place of rendezvous. The ſtrange and horrible ſuppoſition was but momentary, though her reaſon could ſupply none more probable, and though ſhe diſcovered among the band, the ſtrangers ſhe had formerly noticed

ticed with ſo much alarm, who were now diſtinguiſhed by the black plume.

While ſhe continued gazing, Cavigni, Verezzi, and Bertolini, came forth from the hall, habited like the reſt, except that they wore hats, with a mixed plume of black and ſcarlet, and that their arms differed from thoſe of the reſt of the party. As they mounted their horſes, Emily was ſtruck with the exulting joy, expreſſed on the viſage of Verezzi, while Cavigni was gay, yet with a ſhade of thought on his countenance; and, as he managed his horſe with dexterity, his graceful and commanding figure, which exhibited the majeſty of a hero, had never appeared to more advantage. Emily, as ſhe obſerved him, thought he ſomewhat reſembled Valancourt, in the ſpirit and dignity of his perſon; but ſhe looked in vain for the noble, benevolent countenance—the ſoul's intelligence, which overſpread the features of the latter.

As ſhe was hoping, ſhe ſcarcely knew why, that Montoni would accompany the party, he appeared at the hall door, but unaccoutred. Having carefully obſerved the horſemen, converſed awhile with the cavaliers, and bidden them farewel, the band wheeled round the court, and, led by Verezzi, iſſued forth under the portcullis; Montoni following to the portal, and gazing after them for ſome time. Emily then retired from the caſement, and, now certain of being unmoleſted, went to walk on the ramparts, from whence ſhe ſoon after ſaw the party winding among the mountains to the weſt, appearing and diſappearing between the woods, till diſtance confuſed their figures, conſolidated their numbers, and only a dingy maſs appeared moving along the heights.

Emily obſerved, that no workmen were on the ramparts, and that the repairs of the fortifications ſeemed to be completed. While ſhe ſauntered

thoughtfully on, ſhe heard diſtant footſteps, and, raiſing her eyes, ſaw ſeveral men lurking under the caſtle walls, who were evidently not workmen, but looked, as if they would have accorded well with the party, which was gone. Wondering where Annette had hid herſelf ſo long, who might have explained ſome of the late circumſtances, and then conſidering that Madame Montoni was probably riſen, ſhe went to her dreſſing-room, where ſhe mentioned what had occurred; but Madame Montoni either would not, or could not, give any explanation of the event. The Signor's reſerve to his wife, on this ſubject, was probably nothing more than uſual; yet, to Emily, it gave an air of myſtery to the whole affair, that ſeemed to hint, there was danger, if not villany, in his ſchemes.

Annette preſently came, and, as uſual, was full of alarm; to her lady's eager enquiries of what ſhe had heard among the ſervants, ſhe replied:

'Ah, Madam! nobody knows what it is all about, but old Carlo; he knows well enough, I dare ſay, but he is as cloſe as his maſter. Some ſay the Signor is going out to frighten the enemy, as they call it: but where is the enemy? Then others ſay, he is going to take away ſome body's caſtle: but I am ſure he has room enough in his own, without taking other people's; and I am ſure I ſhould like it a great deal better, if there were more people to fill it.'

'Ah! you will ſoon have your wiſh, I fear,' replied Madame Montoni.

'No, madam, but ſuch ill-looking fellows are not worth having. I mean ſuch gallant, ſmart, merry fellows as Ludovico, who is always telling droll ſtories, to make one laugh. It was but yeſterday, he told me ſuch a *humourſome* tale! I can't help laughing at it now—ſays he—'

'Well,

'Well, we can diſpenſe with the ſtory,' ſaid her lady. 'Ah!' continued Annette, 'he ſees a great way, a great way further than other people! Now he ſees into all the Signor's meaning, without knowing a word about the matter.'

'How is that? ſaid Madame Montoni.

'Why he ſays—but he made me promiſe not to tell, and I would not diſoblige him for the world.'

'What is it he made you promiſe not to tell?' ſaid her lady, ſternly. 'I inſiſt upon knowing immediately—— what is it he made you promiſe?'

'O Madam,' cried Annette, 'I would not tell for the univerſe!' I inſiſt upon your telling this inſtant,' ſaid Madame Montoni. 'O dear Madam! I would not tell for an hundred ſequins! You would not have me forſwear myſelf, madam!' exclaimed Annette.

'I will not wait another moment,' ſaid Madame Montoni. Annette was ſilent.

'The Signor ſhall be informed of this directly,' rejoined her miſtreſs: 'he will make you diſcover all.'

'It is Ludovico who has diſcovered,' ſaid Annette: 'but for mercy's ſake, madam, don't tell the Signor, and you ſhall know all directly.' Madame Montoni ſaid, that ſhe would not.

'Well then, madam, Ludovico ſays, that the Signor, my maſter, is—is—that is, he only thinks ſo, and any body, you know, madam, is free to think—that the Signor, my maſter, is—is—'

'Is what?' ſaid her lady, impatiently.

'That the Signor, my maſter, is going to be—a great robber—that is—he is going to rob on his own account;—to be, (but I am ſure I don't underſtand what he means) to be a—captain of—robbers.'

'Art thou in thy ſenſes, Annette?' ſaid Madame Montoni; 'or is it a trick to deceive me? Tell me, this inſtant, what Ludovico *did* ſay to thee;—no equivocation;—this inſtant.'

'Nay, madam,' cried Annette, 'if this is all I am to get for having told you the ſecret'—Her miſtreſs thus continued to inſiſt, and Annette to proteſt, till Montoni himſelf appeared, who bade the latter leave the room, and ſhe withdrew, trembling for the fate of her ſtory. Emily alſo was retiring, but her aunt deſired ſhe would ſtay; and Montoni had ſo often made her a witneſs of their contention, that he no longer had ſcruples on that account.

'I inſiſt upon knowing this inſtant, Signor, what all this means:' ſaid his wife—"what are all theſe armed men, whom they tell me of, gone out about? Montoni anſwered her only with a look of ſcorn; and Emily whiſpered ſomething to her. 'It does not ſignify,' ſaid her aunt: 'I will know; and I will know, too, what the caſtle has been fortified for.'

'Come, come,' ſaid Montoni, 'other buſineſs brought me here. I muſt be triſled with no longer. I have immediate occaſion for what I demand—thoſe eſtates muſt be given up, without further contention; or I may find a way——'

'They never ſhall be given up,' interrupted Madame Montoni: 'they never ſhall enable you to carry on your wild ſchemes,—but what are theſe? I will know. Do you expect the caſtle to be attacked? Do you expect enemies? Am I to be ſhut up here, to be killed in a ſiege?'

'Sign the writings,' ſaid Montoni, 'and you ſhall know more.'

'What enemy can be coming?' continued his wife. 'Have you entered into the ſervice of the ſtate? Am I to be blocked up here to die?'

'That may poſſibly happen,' ſaid Montoni, 'unleſs you yield to my demand: for, come what may, you ſhall not quit the caſtle till then.'—Madame Montoni burſt into loud lamentations, which

which ſhe as ſuddenly checked, conſidering, that her huſband's aſſertions might be only artifices, employed to extort her conſent. She hinted this ſuſpicion, and, in the next moment, told him alſo, 'that his deſigns were not ſo honourable as to ſerve the ſtate, and that ſhe believed he had only commenced a captain of banditti, to join the enemies of Venice, in plundering and laying waſte the ſurrounding country.'

Montoni looked at her for a moment with a ſteady and ſtern countenance; while Emily trembled, and his wife, for once, thought ſhe had ſaid too much. 'You ſhall be removed, this night, ſaid he, 'to the eaſt turret: there, perhaps, you may underſtand the danger of offending a man who has an unlimited power over you.'

Emily now fell at his feet, and, with tears of terror, ſupplicated for her aunt, who ſat, trembling with fear and indignation; now ready to pour forth execrations, and now to join the interceſſions of Emily. Montoni, however, ſoon interrupted theſe entreaties with an horrible oath; and, as he burſt from Emily, leaving his cloak in her hand, ſhe fell to the floor, with a force, that occaſioned her a ſevere blow on the forehead. But he quitted the room, without attempting to raiſe her, whoſe attention was called from herſelf, by a deep groan from Madame Montoni, who continued otherwiſe unmoved in her chair, and had not fainted. Emily, haſtening to her aſſiſtance, ſaw her eyes rolling, and her features convulſed.

Having ſpoken to her, without receiving an anſwer, ſhe brought water, and ſupported her head, while ſhe held it to her lips; but the increaſing convulſions ſoon compelled Emily to call for aſſiſtance. On her way through the hall, in ſearch of of Annette, ſhe met Montoni, whom ſhe told what had happened, and conjured to return and comfort her aunt; but he turned ſilently away, with a look

a look of indifference, and went out upon the ramparts. At length she found old Carlo and Annette, and they hastened to the dressing-room, where Madame Montoni had fallen on the floor, and was lying in strong convulsions. Having lifted her into the adjoining room, and laid her on the bed, the force of her disorder still made all their strength necessary to hold her, while Annette trembled and sobbed, and old Carlo looked silently and piteously on, as his feeble hand grasped those of his mistress, till, turning his eyes upon Emily, he exclaimed, 'Good God, Signora, what is the matter?'

Emily looked calmly at him, and saw his enquiring eyes fixed on her: and Annette, looking up, screamed loudly; for Emily's face was stained with blood, which continued to fall slowly from her forehead: but her attention had been so entirely occupied by the scene before her, that she had felt no pain from the wound. She now held an handkerchief to her face, and, notwithstanding her faintness continued to watch Madame Montoni, the violence of whose convulsions was abating, till at length they ceased, and left her in a kind of stupor.

'My aunt must remain quiet,' said Emily. 'Go, good Carlo; if we should want your assistance, I will send for you. In the mean time, if you have an opportunity, speak kindly of your mistress to your master.'

'Alas, said Carlo, 'I have seen too much! I have little influence with the Signor. But do, dear young lady, take some care of yourself; that is an ugly wound, and you look sadly.'

'Thank you, my friend, for your consideration,' said Emily, smiling kindly. 'the wound is trifling, it came by a fall.'

Carlo shook his head, and left the room; and Emily, with Annette, continued to watch by her aunt. 'Did my lady tell the Signor what Ludovico said,

ſaid, ma'amſelle ?' aſked Annette in a whiſper; but Emily quieted her fears on the ſubject.

'I thought what this quarrelling would come to,' continued Annette: 'I ſuppoſe the Signor has been beating my lady.'

'No, no, Annette, you are totally miſtaken, nothing extraordinary has happened.'

'Why extraordinary things happen here ſo often, ma'amſelle, that there is nothing in them. Here is another legion of thoſe ill-looking fellows come to the caſtle this morning.

'Huſh! Annette, you will diſturb my aunt; we will talk of that by and bye.'

They continued watching ſilently, till Madame Montoni uttered a low ſigh, when Emily took her hand, and ſpoke ſoothingly to her; but the former gazed with unconſcious eyes, and it was long before ſhe knew her niece. Her firſt words then enquired for Montoni; to which Emily replied by an entreaty that ſhe would compoſe her ſpirits, and conſent to be kept quiet, adding, that, if ſhe wiſhed any meſſage to be conveyed to him, ſhe would herſelf deliver it. 'No,' ſaid her aunt faintly, 'no—I have nothing now to tell him. Does he perſiſt in ſaying I ſhall be removed from my chamber ?'

Emily replied, that he had ſpoken on the ſubject, ſince Madame Montoni heard him; and then ſhe tried to divert her attention to ſome other topic; but her aunt ſeemed to be inattentive to what ſhe ſaid, and loſt in ſecret thought. Emily, having brought her ſome refreſhment, now left her to the care of Annette, and went in ſearch of Montoni, whom ſhe found on a remote part of the rampart, converſing among a group of the men deſcribed by Annette. They ſtood round him with fierce, yet ſubjugated looks, while he, ſpeaking earneſtly, and pointing to the walls, did not perceive Emily, who remained at ſome diſtance, waiting till he ſhould be at leiſure,

and

and obſerving involuntarily the appearance of one man, more ſavage than his fellows who ſtood reſting on his pike, and looking over the ſhoulders of a comrade, at Montoni, to whom he liſtened with uncommon earneſtneſs. This man was apparently of low condition; yet his looks appeared not to acknowledge the ſuperiority of Montoni, as did thoſe of his companions; and ſometimes they even aſſumed an air of authority, which the deciſive manner of the Signor could not repreſs. Some few words of Montoni then paſſed in the wind: and, as the men were ſeparating, ſhe heard him ſay, 'This evening, then, begin the watch at ſun-ſet.'

'At ſun-ſet, Signor,' replied one or two of them, and walked away; while Emily approached Montoni, who appeared deſirous of avoiding her: but, though ſhe obſerved this, ſhe had courage to proceed. She endeavoured to intercede once more for her aunt, repreſented to him her ſufferings, and urged the danger of expoſing her to a cold apartment in her preſent ſtate. 'She ſuffers by her own folly,' ſaid Montoni, 'and is not to be pitied;—ſhe knows how ſhe may avoid theſe ſufferings in future—if ſhe is removed to the turret, it will be her own fault. Let her be obedient, and ſign the writings you heard of, and I will think no more of it.'

When Emily ventured ſtill to plead, he ſternly ſilenced and rebuked her for interfering in his domeſtic affairs, but, at length, diſmiſſed her with this conceſſion—That he would not remove Madame Montoni, on the enſuing night, but allow her to the next to conſider, whether ſhe would reſign her ſettlements, or be impriſoned in the eaſt turret of the caſtle, 'where ſhe ſhall find,' he added, 'a puniſhment ſhe may not expect.'

Emily then haſtened to inform her aunt of this ſhort reſpite, and of the alternative that awaited her,

her, to which the latter made no reply, but appeared thoughtful; while Emily, in consideration of her extreme languor, wished to sooth her mind by leading it to less interesting topics: and, though these efforts were unsuccessful, and Madame Montoni became peevish, her resolution, on the contended point, seemed somewhat to relax, and Emily recommended, as her only means of safety, that she should submit to Montoni's demand. 'You know not what you advise,' said her aunt. 'Do you understand, that these estates will descend to you at my death, if I persist in a refusal?'

'I was ignorant of that circumstance, madam,' replied Emily, 'but the knowledge of it cannot with-hold me from advising you to adopt the conduct, which not only your peace, but, I fear, your safety requires, and I entreat, that you will not suffer a consideration comparatively so trifling, to make you hesitate a moment in resigning them.'

'Are you sincere, niece?' 'Is it possible you can doubt it, madam?' Her aunt appeared to be affected. 'You are not unworthy of these estates, niece,' said she; 'I would wish to keep them for your sake---you shew a virtue I did not expect.'

'How have I deserved this reproof, madam?' said Emily sorrowfully.

'Reproof!' replied Madame Montoni: 'I meant to praise your virtue.'

'Alas! here is no exertion of virtue,' rejoined Emily, 'for here is no temptation to be overcome.'

'Yet Monsieur Valancourt'——said her aunt. 'O madam!' interrupted Emily, anticipating what she would have said, 'do not let me glance on that subject: do not let my mind be stained with a wish so shockingly self-interested.' She immediately changed the topic, and continued with Madame Montoni, till she withdrew to her apartment for the night.

At that hour, the caſtle was perfectly ſtill, and every inhabitant of it, except herſelf, ſeemed to have retired to reſt. As ſhe paſſed along the wide and lonely galleries, duſky and ſilent, ſhe felt forlorn and apprehenſive of—ſhe ſcarcely knew what; but when, entering the corridor, ſhe recollected the incident of the preceding night, a dread ſeized her leſt a ſubject of alarm, ſimilar to that, which had befallen Annette, ſhould occur to her, and which, whether real or ideal, would, ſhe felt, have an almoſt equal effect upon her weakened ſpirits. The chamber, to which Annette had alluded, ſhe did not exactly know, but underſtood it to be one of thoſe ſhe muſt paſs in the way to her own; and, ſending a fearful look forward into the gloom, ſhe ſtepped lightly and cautiouſly along, till, coming to a door, from whence iſſued a low ſound, ſhe heſitated and pauſed; and, during the delay of that moment her fears ſo much encreaſed, that ſhe had no power to move from the ſpot. Believing that ſhe heard a human voice within, ſhe was ſomewhat revived; but, in the next moment, the door was opened, and a perſon whom ſhe conceived to be Montoni, appeared, who inſtantly ſtarted back, and cloſed it, though not before ſhe had ſeen, by the light that burned in her chamber, another perſon, ſitting in a melancholy attitude by the fire. Her terror vaniſhed, but her aſtoniſhment only began, which was now rouſed by the myſterious ſecrecy of Montoni's manner, and by the diſcovery of a perſon whom he thus viſited at midnight, in an apartment, which had long been ſhut up, and of which ſuch extraordinary reports were propagated.

While ſhe thus continued heſitating, ſtrongly prompted to watch Montoni's motions, yet fearing to irritate him by appearing to notice them, the door was again opened cautiouſly, and as inſtantly cloſed as before. She then ſtepped ſoftly to her chamber

chamber, which was the next but one to this, but, having put down her lamp, returned to an obſcure corner of the corridor, to obſerve the proceedings of this half-ſeen perſon, and to aſcertain, whether it was indeed Montoni.

Having waited in ſilent expectation for a few minutes, with her eyes fixed on the door, it was again opened, and the ſame perſon appeared, whom ſhe now knew to be Montoni. He looked cautiouſly round, without perceiving her, then ſtepping forward, cloſed the door, and left the corridor. Soon after, Emily heard the door faſtened on the inſide, and ſhe withdrew to her chamber, wondering at what ſhe had witneſſed.

It was now twelve o'clock. As ſhe cloſed her caſement, ſhe heard footſteps on the terrace below, and ſaw imperfectly through the gloom, ſeveral perſons advancing, who paſſed under the caſement. She then heard the clink of arms, and in the next moment, the watch-word; when recollecting the command ſhe had overheard from Montoni, and the hour of the night, ſhe underſtood, that theſe men were for the firſt time, relieving guard in the caſtle. Having liſtened till all was again ſtill, ſhe retired to ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

"And ſhall no lay of death
With pleaſing murmur ſooth
Her parted ſoul?
Shall no tear wet her grave?"

SAYERS.

ON the following morning, Emily went early to the apartment of Madame Montoni, who had ſlept well, and was much recovered. Her ſpirits alſo had returned with her health, and her reſolution to oppoſe Montoni's demands revived, though it yet ſtruggled with her fears, which Emily, who trembled for the conſequence of further oppoſition, endeavoured to confirm.

Her aunt, as has been already ſhewn, had a diſpoſition which delighted in contradiction, and which taught her, when unpleaſant circumſtances were offered to her underſtanding, not to enquire into their truth, but to ſeek for arguments, by which ſhe might make them appear falſe. Long habit had ſo entirely confirmed this natural propenſity, that ſhe was not conſcious of poſſeſſing it. Emily's remonſtrances and repreſentations, therefore, rouſed her pride, inſtead of alarming, or convincing her judgment, and ſhe ſtill relied upon the diſcovery of ſome means, by which ſhe might yet avoid ſubmitting to the demand of her huſband. Conſidering, that, if ſhe could once eſcape from the caſtle, ſhe might defy his power, and, obtaining a deciſive ſeparation, live in comfort on the eſtates that yet remained for her, ſhe mentioned this to her niece, who accorded with her in the wiſh, but differed from her as to the probability of its completion.

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She repreſented the impoſſibility of paſſing the gates, ſecured and guarded as they were, and the extreme danger of committing her deſign to the diſcretion of a ſervant, who might either purpoſely betray, or accidentally diſcloſe it.—Montoni's vengeance would alſo diſdain reſtraint, if her intention was detected: and, though Emily wiſhed, as fervently as ſhe could do, to regain her freedom, and return to France, ſhe conſulted only Madame Montoni's ſafety, and perſevered in adviſing her to relinquiſh her ſettlement, without braving further outrage.

The ſtruggle of contrary emotions, however, continued to rage in her aunt's boſom, and ſhe ſtill brooded over the chance of effecting an eſcape. While ſhe thus ſat, Montoni entered the room, and, without noticing his wife's indiſpoſition, ſaid, that he came to remind her of the impolicy of trifling with him, and that he gave her only till the evening to determine, whether ſhe would conſent to his demand, or compel him, by a refuſal, to remove her to the eaſt turret. He added, that a party of cavaliers would dine with him, that day, and that he expected ſhe would ſit at the head of the table, where Emily alſo muſt be preſent. Madame Montoni was now on the point of uttering an abſolute refuſal, but, ſuddenly conſidering, that her liberty, during this entertainment, though circumſcribed, might favour her further plans, ſhe acquieſced, with ſeeming reluctance, and Montoni, ſoon after, left the apartments. His command ſtruck Emily with ſurpriſe and apprehenſion, who ſhrunk from the thought of being expoſed to the gaze of ſtrangers, ſuch as her fancy repreſented theſe to be, and the words of Count Morano, now again recollected, did not ſooth her fears.

When ſhe withdrew to prepare for dinner, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with even more ſimplicity than uſual,

uſual, that ſhe might eſcape obſervation—a policy, which did not avail her, for, as ſhe re-paſſed to her aunt's apartment, ſhe was met by Montoni, who cenſured what he called her prudiſh appearance, and inſiſted, that ſhe would wear the moſt ſplendid dreſs ſhe had, even that, which had been prepared for her intended nuptials with Count Morano, and which, it now appeared, her aunt had carefully brought with her from Venice. This was made, not in the Venetian, but, in the Neapolitan faſhion, ſo as to ſet off the ſhape and figure, to the utmoſt advantage. In it, her beautiful cheſnut treſſes were negligently bound up in pearls, and ſuffered to fall back again on her neck. The ſimplicity of a better taſte, than Madame Montoni's, was conſpicuous in this dreſs, ſplendid as it was, and Emily's unaffected beauty never had appeared more captivatingly. She had now only to hope, that Montoni's order was prompted, not by any extraordinary deſign, but by an oſtentation of diſplaying his family, richly attired, to the eyes of ſtrangers; yet nothing leſs than his abſolute command could have prevailed with her to wear a dreſs, that had been deſigned for ſuch an offenſive purpoſe, much leſs to have worn it on this occaſion. As ſhe deſcended to dinner, the emotion of her mind threw a faint bluſh over her countenance, and heightened its intereſting expreſſion; for timidity had made her linger in her apartment, till the utmoſt moment, and, when ſhe entered the hall, in which a kind of ſtate dinner was ſpread, Montoni and his gueſts were already ſeated at the table. She was then going to place herſelf by her aunt; but Montoni waved his hand, and two of the cavaliers roſe, and ſeated her between them.

The eldeſt of theſe was a tall man, with ſtrong Italian features, an aquiline noſe, and dark penetrating eyes, that flaſhed with fire, when his mind was

was agitated, and, even in its ſtate of reſt, retained ſomewhat of the wildneſs of the paſſions. His viſage was long and narrow, and his complexion of a ſickly yellow.

The other, who appeared to be about forty, had features of a different caſt, yet Italian, and his look was ſlow, ſubtle and penetrating; his eyes, of a dark grey, were ſmall, and hollow; his complexion was a ſun-burnt brown, and the contour of his face, though inclined to oval, was irregular and ill-formed.

Eight other gueſts ſat round the table, who were all dreſſed in an uniform, and had all an expreſſion, more or leſs, of wild fierceneſs, of ſubtle deſign, or of licentious paſſions. As Emily timidly ſurveyed them, ſhe remembered the ſcene of the preceding morning, and again almoſt fancied herſelf ſurrounded by banditti; then, looking back to the tranquillity of her early life, ſhe felt ſcarcely leſs aſtoniſhment, than grief, at her preſent ſituation. The ſcene, in which they ſat, aſſiſted the illuſion; it was an antient hall, gloomy from the ſtyle of its architecture, from its great extent, and becauſe almoſt the only light it received was from one large gothic window, and from a pair of folding doors, which, being open, admitted likewiſe a view of the weſt rampart, with the wild mountains of the Apennine beyond.

The middle compartment of this hall roſe into a vaulted roof, enriched with fret-work, and ſupported, on three ſides, by pillars of marble; beyond theſe, long colonnades retired in gloomy grandeur, till their extent was loſt in twilight. The lighteſt footſteps of the ſervants, as they advanced through theſe, were returned in whiſpering echoes, and their figures, ſeen at a diſtance imperfectly through the duſk, frequently awakened Emily's imagination. She looked alternately at Montoni,

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at his guests and on the surrounding scene; and then, remembering her dear native province, her pleasant home and the simplicity and goodness of the friends, whom she had lost, grief and surprise again occupied her mind.

When her thoughts could return from these considerations, she fancied she observed an air of authority towards his guests, such as she had never before seen him assume, though he had always been distinguished by an haughty carriage; there was something also in the manners of the strangers, that seemed perfectly, though not servilely, to acknowledge his superiority.

During dinner, the conversation was chiefly on war and politics. They talked with energy of the state of Venice, its dangers, the character of the reigning Doge and of the chief senators; and then spoke of the state of Rome. When the repast was over, they rose, and, each filling his goblet with wine from the gilded ewer, that stood beside him, drank 'Success to our exploits!' Montoni was lifting his goblet to his lips to drink this toast, when suddenly the wine hissed, rose to the brim, and, as he held the glass from him, it burst into a thousand pieces.

To him, who constantly used that sort of Venice glass, which had the quality of breaking, upon receiving poisoned liquor, a suspicion, that some of his guests had endeavoured to betray him, instantly occurred, and he ordered all the gates to be closed, drew his sword, and, looking round on them, who stood in silent amazement, exclaimed, 'Here is a traitor among us; let those, that are innocent, assist in discovering the guilty.'

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the cavaliers, who all drew their swords; and Madame Montoni, terrified at what might ensue, was hastening from the hall, when her husband commanded

manded her to ſtay; but his further words could not now be diſtinguiſhed, for the voice of every perſon roſe together. His order, that all the ſervants ſhould appear, was at length obeyed, and they declared their ignorance of any deceit—— a proteſtation which could not be believed; for it was evident, that, Montoni's liquor, and his only, had been poiſoned, a deliberate deſign had been formed againſt his life, which could not have been carried ſo far towards its accompliſhment, without the connivance of the ſervant, who had the care of the wine ewers.

This man, with another, whoſe face betrayed either the conſciouſneſs of guilt, or the fear of puniſhment, Montoni ordered to be chained inſtantly, and confined in a ſtrong room, which had formerly been uſed as a priſon. Thither, likewiſe, he would have ſent all his gueſts, had he not foreſeen the conſequence of ſo bold and unjuſtifiable a proceeding. As to thoſe, therefore, he contented himſelf with ſwearing, that no man ſhould paſs the gates, till this extraordinary affair had been inveſtigated, and then ſternly bade his wife retire to her apartment, whither he ſuffered Emily to attend her.

In about half an hour, he followed to the dreſſing-room; and Emily obſerved, with horror, his dark countenance and quivering lip, and heard him denounce vengeance on her aunt.

'It will avail you nothing,' ſaid he to his wife, 'to deny the fact; I have proof of your guilt. Your only chance of mercy reſts on a full confeſſion;—there is nothing to hope from ſullenneſs, or falſehood; your accomplice has confeſſed all.'

Emily's fainting ſpirits were roufed by aſtoniſhment, as ſhe heard her aunt accuſed of a crime ſo atrocious, and ſhe could not, for a moment, admit the

the poſſibility of her guilt. Meanwhile Madame Montoni's agitation did not permit her to reply; alternately her complexion varied from livid paleneſs to a crimſon fluſh; and ſhe trembled,—but, whether with fear, or with indignation, it were difficult to decide.

'Spare your words,' ſaid Montoni, ſeeing her about to ſpeak, 'your countenance makes full confeſſion of your crime.—You ſhall be inſtantly removed to the eaſt turret.'

'This accuſation,' ſaid Madame Montoni, ſpeaking with difficulty, 'is uſed only as an excuſe for your cruelty; I diſdain to reply to it. You do not believe me guilty.'

'Signor!' ſaid Emily ſolemnly, 'this dreadful charge, I would anſwer with my life, is falſe. Nay, Signor,' ſhe added, obſerving the ſeverity of his countenance, 'this is no moment for reſtraint on my part; I do not ſcruple to tell you, that you are deceived---moſt wickedly deceived, by the ſuggeſtion of ſome perſon, who aims at the ruin of my aunt:—it is impoſſible, that you could yourſelf have imagined a crime ſo hideous.'

Montoni, his lips trembling more than before, replied only, 'If you value your own ſafety,' addreſſing Emily, 'you will be ſilent. I ſhall know how to interpret your remonſtrances, ſhould you perſevere in them.'

Emily raiſed her eyes calmly to heaven. 'Here is, indeed, then, nothing to hope!' ſaid ſhe.

'Peace!' cried Montoni, 'or you ſhall find there is ſomething to fear.'

He turned to his wife, who had now recovered her ſpirits, and who vehemently and wildly remonſtrated upon this myſterious ſuſpicion: but Montoni's rage heightened with her indignation, and Emily, dreading the event of it, threw herſelf between them, and claſped his knees in ſilence, looking up in his

his face with an expreſſion, that might have ſoftened the heart of a fiend. Whether his was hardened by a conviction of Madame Montoni's guilt, or that a bare ſuſpicion of it made him eager to exerciſe vengeance, he was totally and alike inſenſible to the diſtreſs of his wife, and to the pleading looks of Emily, whom he made no attempt to raiſe, but was vehemently menacing both, when he was called out of the room by ſome perſon at the door. As he ſhut the door, Emily heard him turn the lock and take out the key; ſo that Madame Montoni and herſelf were now priſoners; and ſhe ſaw that his deſigns became more and more terrible. Her endeavours to explain his motives for this circumſtance were almoſt as ineffectual as thoſe to ſooth the diſtreſs of her aunt, whoſe innocence ſhe could not doubt; but ſhe, at length, accounted for Montoni's readineſs to ſuſpect his wife by his own conſciouſneſs of cruelty towards her, and for the ſudden violence of his preſent conduct againſt both, before even his ſuſpicions could be completely formed, by his general eagerneſs to effect ſuddenly whatever he was led to deſire and his careleſſneſs of juſtice, or humanity in accompliſhing it.

Madame Montoni, after ſome time, again looked round, in ſearch of a poſſibility of eſcape from the caſtle, and converſed with Emily on the ſubject, who was now willing to encounter any hazard, though ſhe forbore to encourage a hope in her aunt, which ſhe herſelf did not admit. How ſtrongly the edifice was ſecured, and how vigilantly guarded, ſhe knew too well; and trembled to commit their ſafety to the caprice of the ſervant, whoſe aſſiſtance they muſt ſolicit. Old Carlo was compaſſionate, but he ſeemed to be too much in his maſter's intereſt to be truſted by them; Annette could of herſelf do little, and Emily knew Ludovico only from her report. At preſent, however, theſe conſiderations

tions were uſeleſs, Madame Montoni and her niece being ſhut up from all intercourſe, even with the perſons, whom there might be theſe reaſons to reject.

In the hall, confuſion and tumult ſtill reigned: Emily, as ſhe liſtened anxiouſly to the murmur, that ſounded along the gallery, ſometimes fancied ſhe heard the claſhing of ſwords, and, when ſhe conſidered the nature of the provocation, given by Montoni, and his impetuoſity, it appeared probable, that nothing leſs than arms would terminate the contention. Madame Montoni, having exhauſted all her expreſſions of indignation, and Emily, hers of comfort, they remained ſilent, in that kind of breathleſs ſtillneſs, which, in nature, often ſucceeds to the uproar of conflicting elements; a ſtillneſs, like the morning, that dawns upon the ruins of an earthquake.

An uncertain kind of terror pervaded Emily's mind; the circumſtances of the paſt hour ſtill came dimly and confuſedly to her memory; and her thoughts were various and rapid, though without tumult.

From this ſtate of waking viſions ſhe was recalled by a knocking at the chamber-door, and, enquiring who was there, heard the whiſpering voice of Annette.

'Dear madam, let me come in, I have a great deal to ſay,' ſaid the poor girl.

'The door is locked,' anſwered her lady.

'Yes, ma'am, but do pray open it.'

'The Signor has the key,' ſaid Madame Montoni.

'O bleſſed Virgin! what will become of us?' exclaimed Annette.

'Aſſiſt us to eſcape,' ſaid her miſtreſs. 'Where is Ludovico?'

'Below

'Below in the hall, ma'am, amongſt them all, fighting with the beſt of them!'

'Fighting! Who are fighting?' cried Madame Montoni.

'Why the Signor, ma'am, and all the Signors, and a great many more.'

'Is any perſon much hurt?' ſaid Emily, in a tremulous voice. 'Hurt! Yes, ma'amſelle,—there they lie bleeding, and the ſwords are claſhing, and —O holy ſaints! Do let me in, ma'am, they are coming this way—I ſhall be murdered!'

'Fly!' cried Emily, 'fly! we cannot open the door.'

Annette repeated that they were coming, and in the ſame moment fled.

'Be calm, madam,' ſaid Emily, turning to her aunt, 'I entreat you be calm, I am not frightened—not frightened in the leaſt, do not you be alarmed.'

'You can ſcarcely ſupport yourſelf,' replied her aunt; 'Merciful God! what is it they mean to do with us?'

'They come, perhaps, to liberate us,' ſaid Emily. 'Signor Montoni perhaps is—is conquered.'

The belief of his death gave her ſpirits a ſudden ſhock, and ſhe grew faint as ſhe ſaw him in imagination, expiring at her feet.

'They are coming!' cried Madame Montoni—'I hear their ſteps—they are at the door.'

Emily turned her languid eyes to the door, but terror deprived her of utterrance. The key ſounded in the lock; the door opened, and Montoni appeared, followed by three ruffian-like men.—'Execute your order,' ſaid he, turning to them, and pointing to his wife, who ſhrieked, but was immediately carried from the room; while Emily ſunk, ſenſeleſs, on a couch, by which ſhe had endeavoured to ſupport herſelf. When ſhe recovered, ſhe was alone, and recollected only, that Madame Montoni had

had been there, together with ſome unconnected particulars of the preceding tranſaction, which were, however, ſufficient to renew all her terror. She looked wildly round the apartment, as if in ſearch of ſome means of intelligence, concerning her aunt, while neither her own danger, or an idea of eſcaping from the room, immediately occurred.

When her recollection was more complete, ſhe raiſed herſelf and went, but with only a faint hope, to examine whether the door was unfaſtened. It was ſo, and ſhe then ſtept timidly out into the gallery, but pauſed there, uncertain which way ſhe ſhould proceed. Her firſt wiſh was to gather ſome information, as to her aunt, and ſhe, at length, turned her ſteps to go to the leſſer hall, where Annette and the other ſervants uſually waited.

Every where as ſhe paſſed, ſhe heard from a diſtance, the uproar of contention, and the figures and faces, which ſhe met, hurrying along the paſſages, ſtruck her mind with diſmay. Emily might now have appeared, like an angel of light, encompaſſed by fiends. At length, ſhe reached the leſſer hall, which was ſilent and deſerted, but, panting for breath, ſhe ſat down to recover herſelf. The total ſtillneſs of this place was as awful as the tumult, from which ſhe had eſcaped: but ſhe had now time to recall her ſcattered thoughts, to remember her perſonal danger, and to conſider of ſome means of ſafety. She perceived that it was uſeleſs to ſeek Madame Montoni, through the wide extent and intricacies of the caſtle, now, too, when every avenue ſeemed to be beſet by ruffians; in this hall ſhe could not reſolve to ſtay, for ſhe knew not how ſoon it might become their place of rendezvous; and though ſhe wiſhed to go to her chamber, ſhe dreaded again to encounter them on the way.

Thus ſhe ſat, trembling and heſitating, when a diſtant murmur broke on the ſilence, and grew louder

louder and louder, till ſhe diſtinguiſhed voices and ſteps approaching. She then roſe to go, but the ſounds came along the only paſſage, by which ſhe could depart, and ſhe was compelled to await in the hall, the arrival of the perſons, whoſe ſteps ſhe heard. As theſe advanced, ſhe diſtinguiſhed groans, and then ſaw a man borne ſlowly along by four others. Her ſpirits faltered at the ſight, and ſhe leaned againſt the wall for ſupport. The bearers, meanwhile, entered the hall, and, being too buſily occupied to detain, or even notice Emily, ſhe attempted to leave it, but her ſtrength failed, and ſhe again ſat down on the bench. A damp chillneſs came over her; her ſight became confuſed; ſhe knew not what had paſſed, or where ſhe was, yet the groans of the wounded perſon ſtill vibrated on her heart. In a few moments, the tide of life ſeemed again to flow; ſhe began to breathe more freely, and her ſenſes revived. She had not fainted, nor had ever totally loſt her conſciouſneſs, but had contrived to ſupport herſelf on the bench; ſtill without courage to turn her eyes upon the unfortunate object, which remained near her, and about whom the men were yet too much engaged to attend to her.

When her ſtrength returned, ſhe roſe, and was ſuffered to leave the hall, though her anxiety, having produced ſome vain enquiries, concerning Madame Montoni, had thus made a diſcovery of herſelf. Towards her chamber ſhe now haſtened, as faſt as her ſteps would bear her, for ſhe ſtill perceived, upon her paſſage, the ſounds of confuſion at a diſtance, and ſhe endeavoured, by taking her way through ſome obſcure rooms, to avoid encountering the perſons, whoſe looks had terrified her before, as well as thoſe parts of the caſtle, where the tumult might ſtill rage.

At

At length, ſhe reached her chamber, and, having ſecured the door of the corridor, felt herſelf, for a moment, in ſafety. A profound ſtillneſs reigned in this remote apartment, which not even the faint murmur of the moſt diſtant ſounds now reached.—She ſat down near one of the caſements, and, as ſhe gazed on the mountain-view beyond, the deep repoſe of its beauty ſtruck her with all the force of contraſt, and ſhe could ſcarcely believe herſelf ſo near a ſcene of ſavage diſcord. The contending elements ſeemed to have retired from their natural ſpheres, and to have collected themſelves into the minds of men, for there alone the tempeſt now reigned.

Emily tried to tranquillize her ſpirits, but anxiety made her conſtantly liſten for ſome ſound, and often look out upon the ramparts, where all, however, was lonely and ſtill. As a ſenſe of her own immediate danger had decreaſed, her apprehenſion concerning Madame Montoni heightened, who, ſhe remembered had been fiercely threatened with confinement in the eaſt turret, and it was poſſible that her huſband had ſatisfied his preſent vengeance with this puniſhment. She, therefore, determined, when night ſhould return, and the inhabitants of the caſtle ſhould be aſleep, to explore the way to the turret, which, as the direction it ſtood in was mentioned, appeared not very difficult to be done. She knew, indeed, that although her aunt might be there, ſhe could afford her no effectual aſſiſtance, but it might give her ſome comfort even to know, that ſhe was diſcovered, and to hear the ſound of her niece's voice; for herſelf, any certainty, concerning Madame Montoni's fate, appeared more tolerable, than this exhauſting ſuſpenſe.

Meanwhile, Annette did not appear, and Emily was ſurpriſed, and ſomewhat alarmed for her, whom, in

in the confuſion of the late ſcene, various accidents might have befallen, and it was improbable, that ſhe would have failed to come to her apartment, unleſs ſomething unfortunate had happened.

Thus the hours paſſed in ſolitude, in ſilence, and in anxious conjecture. Being not once diſturbed by a meſſage, or a ſound, it appeared that Montoni had wholly forgotten her, and it gave her ſome comfort to find, that ſhe could be ſo unnoticed. She endeavoured to withdraw her thoughts from the anxiety that preyed upon them, but they refuſed controul; ſhe could neither read, or draw, and the tones of her lute were ſo utterly diſcordant with the preſent ſtate of her feelings, that ſhe could not endure them for a moment.

The ſun, at length, ſet behind the weſtern mountains; his fiery beams faded from the clouds, and then a dun melancholy purple drew over them, and gradually involved the features of the country below. Soon after, the ſentinels paſſed on the rampart to commence the watch.

Twilight had now ſpread its gloom over every object; the diſmal obſcurity of her chamber recalled fearful thoughts, but ſhe remembered, that to procure a light ſhe muſt paſs through a great extent of the caſtle, and above all, through the halls, where ſhe had already experienced ſo much horror. Darkneſs, indeed, in the preſent ſtate of her ſpirits, made ſilence and ſolitude terrible to her; it would alſo prevent the poſſibility of her finding her way to the turret, and condemn her to remain in ſuſpenſe, concerning the fate of her aunt; yet ſhe dared not to venture forth for a lamp.

Continuing at the caſement, that ſhe might catch the laſt lingering gleam of evening, a thouſand vague images of fear floated on her fancy. 'What if ſome of theſe ruffians,' ſaid ſhe, ſhould find out the private ſtair-caſe, and in the darkneſs of night

ſteal into my chamber!' Then, recollecting the myſterious inhabitants of the neighbouring apartment, her terror changed its object. 'He is not a priſoner,' ſaid ſhe, 'though he remains in one chamber, for Montoni did not faſten the door, when he left it; the unknown perſon himſelf did this; it is certain, therefore, he can come out when he pleaſes.'

She pauſed, for, notwithſtanding the terrors of darkneſs, ſhe conſidered it to be very improbable, whoever he was, that he could have any intereſt in intruding upon her retirement; and again the ſubject of her emotion changed, when remembering her nearneſs to the chamber where the veil had formerly diſcloſed a dreadful ſpectacle, ſhe doubted whether ſome paſſage might not communicate between it and the inſecure door of the ſtair-caſe.

It was now entirely dark, and ſhe left the caſement. As ſhe ſat with her eyes fixed on the hearth, ſhe thought ſhe perceived there a ſpark of light; it twinkled and diſappeared, and then again was viſible. At length, with much care, ſhe fanned the embers of a wood fire, that had been lighted in the morning into flame, and having communicated it to a lamp, which always ſtood in her room, felt a ſatisfaction not to be conceived, without a review of her ſituation. Her firſt care was to guard the door of the ſtair-caſe, for which purpoſe ſhe placed againſt it all the furniture ſhe could move, and ſhe was thus employed, for ſome time, at the end of which ſhe had another inſtance how much more oppreſſive misfortune is to the idle, than to the buſy; for, having then leiſure to think over all the circumſtances of her preſent afflictions, ſhe imagined a thouſand evils for futurity, and theſe real and ideal ſubjects of diſtreſs alike wounded her mind.

Thus heavily moved the hours till midnight, when ſhe counted the ſullen notes of the great clock,

clock, as they rolled along the rampart, unmingled with any ſound, except the diſtant foot-fall of a ſentinel, who came to relieve guard. She now thought ſhe might venture towards the turret, and having gently opened the chamber door to examine the corridor, and to liſten if any perſon was ſtirring in the caſtle, found all around in perfect ſtillneſs. Yet no ſooner had ſhe left the room, than ſhe perceived a light flaſh on the walls of the corridor, and without waiting to ſee by whom it was carried, ſhe ſhrunk back and cloſed her door. No one approaching, ſhe conjectured, that it was Montoni going to pay his midnight viſit to her unknown neighbour, and ſhe determined to wait, till he ſhould have retired to his own apartment.

When the chimes had tolled another half hour, ſhe once more opened the door, and perceiving that no perſon was in the corridor, haſtily croſſed into a paſſage, that led along the ſouth ſide of the caſtle towards the ſtair-caſe, whence ſhe believed ſhe could eaſily find her way to the turret. Often pauſing on her way, liſtening apprehenſively to the murmurs of the wind, and looking fearfully onward into the gloom of the long paſſages, ſhe at length reached the ſtair-caſe; but there her perplexity began. Two paſſages appeared, of which ſhe knew not how to prefer one, and was compelled, at laſt, to decide by chance, rather than by circumſtances. That ſhe entered, opened firſt into a wide gallery, along which ſhe paſſed lightly and ſwiftly; for the lonely aſpect of the place awed her, and ſhe ſtarted at the echo of her own ſteps.

On a ſudden, ſhe thought ſhe heard a voice, and, not diſtinguiſhing from whence it came, feared equally to proceed, or to return. For ſome moments, ſhe ſtood in an attitude of liſtening expectation, ſhrinking almoſt from herſelf, and ſcarcely daring to look round her. The voice came again,

but, though it was now near her, terror did not allow her to judge exactly whence it proceeded. She thought, however, that it was the voice of complaint, and her belief was soon confirmed by a low moaning sound, that seemed to proceed from one of the chambers, opening into the gallery. It instantly occurred to her, that Madame Montoni might be there confined, and she advanced to the door to speak, but was checked by considering, that she was, perhaps, going to commit herself to a stranger, who might discover her to Montoni; for though this person, whoever it was, seemed to be in affliction, it did not follow, that he was a prisoner.

While these thoughts passed over her mind, and left her still in hesitation, the voice spoke again, and calling, 'Ludovico,' she then perceived it to be that of Annette; on which, no longer hesitating, she went in joy to answer her.

'Ludovico!' cried Annette, sobbing—'Ludovico!'

'It is I!' said Emily, trying to open the door. 'How came you here? Who shut you up?'

'Ludovico!' repeated Annette—'O Ludovico!'

'It is not Ludovico, it is I—Mademoiselle Emily.'

Annette ceased sobbing, and was silent.

'If you can open the door let me in,' said Emily, 'here is no person to hurt you.'

'Ludovico!—O Ludovico!' cried Annette.

Emily now lost her patience, and her fear of being overheard encreasing, she was even nearly about to leave the door, when she considered, that Annette might, possibly, know something of the situation of Madame Montoni, or direct her to the turret. At length, she obtained a reply, though little satisfactory, to her questions, for Annette knew nothing of Madame Montoni, and only conjured Emily to tell her what

what was become of Ludovico. Of him ſhe had no information to give, and ſhe again aſked who had ſhut Annette up.

'Ludovico,' ſaid the poor girl, 'Ludovico ſhut me up. When I ran away from the dreſſing-room door to-day, I went I ſcarcely knew where, for ſafety; and, in this gallery, here, I met Ludovico, who hurried me into this chamber, and locked me up to keep me out of harm, as he ſaid. But he was in ſuch a hurry himſelf, he hardly ſpoke ten words, but he told me he would come, and let me out, when all was quiet, and took away the key with him. Now all theſe hours are paſſed, and I have neither ſeen, nor heard a word of him; they have murdered him—I know they have!'

Emily ſuddenly remembered the wounded perſon, whom ſhe had ſeen borne into the ſervants' hall, and ſhe ſcarcely doubted that was Ludovico, but ſhe concealed the circumſtance from Annette, and endeavoured to comfort her. Then, impatient to learn ſomething of her aunt, ſhe again enquired the way to the turret.

'O! you are not going, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'for heaven's ſake, do not go, and leave me here by myſelf.'

'Nay, Annette, you do not think I can wait in the gallery all night,' replied Emily. 'Direct me to the turret; in the morning I will endeavour to releaſe you.'

'O holy Mary!' exclaimed Annette, 'am I to ſtay here by myſelf all night! I ſhall be frightened out of my ſenſes, and I ſhall die of hunger; I have had nothing to eat ſince dinner!'

Emily could ſcarcely forbear ſmiling at the heterogeneous diſtreſſes of Annette, though ſhe ſincerely pitied them, and ſaid what ſhe could to ſooth her. At length, ſhe obtained ſomething like a direction to the eaſt turret, and quitted the door, from whence

after

after many intricacies and perplexities, ſhe reached the ſteep and winding ſtairs of the turret, at the foot of which ſhe ſtopped to reſt, and to re-animate her courage with a ſenſe of her duty. As ſhe ſurveyed this diſmal place, ſhe perceived a door on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtair-caſe, and anxious to know whether it would lead her to Madame Montoni, ſhe tried to undraw the bolts, which faſtened it. A freſher air came to her face, as ſhe uncloſed the door, which opened upon the eaſt rampart, and the ſudden current had nearly extinguiſhed her light, which ſhe now removed to a diſtance; and again, looking out upon the obſcure terrace, ſhe perceived only the faint outline of the walls and of ſome towers, while, above heavy clouds, borne along the wind, ſeemed to mingle with the ſtars, and wrap the night in thicker darkneſs. As ſhe gazed, now willing to defer the moment of certainty, from which ſhe expected only confirmation of evil, a diſtant footſtep reminded her, that ſhe might be obſerved by the men on watch, and, haſtily cloſing the door, ſhe took her lamp, and paſſed up the ſtair-caſe. Trembling came upon her, as ſhe aſcended through the gloom. To her melancholy fancy this ſeemed to be a place of death, and the chilling ſilence, that reigned, confirmed its character. Her ſpirits faltered. 'Perhaps,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am come hither only to learn a dreadful truth, or to witneſs ſome horrible ſpectacle; I feel that my ſenſes would not ſurvive ſuch an addition of horror.'

The image of her aunt murdered—murdered, perhaps by the hand of Montoni, roſe to her mind; ſhe trembled, gaſped for breath---repented that ſhe had dared to venture hither, and checked her ſteps. But, after ſhe had pauſed a few minutes, the conſciouſneſs of her duty returned, and ſhe went on. Still all was ſilent. At length a track of blood, upon a ſtair, caught her eye; and inſtantly ſhe perceived,

that

that the wall and ſeveral other ſteps were ſtained. She pauſed, again ſtruggled to ſupport herſelf, and the lamp almoſt fell from her trembling hand. Still no ſound was heard, no living being ſeemed to inhabit the turret; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed herſelf again in her chamber; dreaded to enquire father--- dreaded to encounter ſome horrible ſpectacle, and yet could not reſolve, now that ſhe was ſo near the termination of her efforts, to deſiſt from them. Having again recollected courage to proceed, after aſcending half way above the turret, ſhe came to another door, but here again ſhe ſtopped in heſitation; liſtened for ſounds within, and then, ſummoning all her reſolution, uncloſed it, and entered a chamber, which, as her lamp ſhot its feeble rays through the darkneſs, ſeemed to exhibit only dew-ſtained and deſerted walls. As ſhe ſtood examining it, in fearful expectation of diſcovering the remains of her unfortunate aunt, ſhe perceived ſomething lying in an obſcure corner of the room, and, ſtruck with an horrible conviction, ſhe became, for an inſtant, motionleſs, and nearly inſenſible. Then, with a kind of deſperate reſolution, ſhe hurried towards the object that excited her terror, when, perceiving the clothes of ſome perſon on the floor, ſhe caught hold of them, and found in her graſp the old uniform of a ſoldier, beneath which appeared a heap of pikes and other arms. Scarcely daring to truſt her ſight, ſhe continued, for ſome moments, to gaze on the object of her late alarm, and then left the chamber, ſo much comforted and occupied by the conviction that her aunt was not there, that ſhe was going to deſcend the turret, without enquiring farther; when, on turning to do ſo, ſhe obſerved upon ſome ſteps on the ſecond flight an appearance of blood, and remembering, that there was yet another chamber to be explored, ſhe again followed the windings of the aſcent. Still, as ſhe aſcended, the track of blood glared upon the ſtairs.

It led her to the door of a landing place, that terminated them, but ſhe was unable to follow it farther. Now that ſhe was ſo near a ſought-for certainty, ſhe dreaded to know it even more than before, and had not fortitude ſufficient to ſpeak, or to attempt opening the door.

Having liſtened, in vain, for ſome ſound, that might confirm, or deſtroy her fears, ſhe, at length, laid her hand on the lock, and, finding it faſtened, called on Madame Montoni; but only a chilling ſilence enſued.

'She is dead!' ſhe cried——'murdered!——her blood is on the ſtairs!'

Emily grew very faint; could ſupport herſelf no longer, and had ſcarcely preſence of mind to ſet down the lamp, and place herſelf on a ſtep.

When her recollection returned, ſhe ſpoke again at the door, and again attempted to open it, and, having lingered for ſome time without receiving any anſwer, or hearing a ſound, ſhe deſcended the turret, and, with all the ſwiftneſs her feebleneſs would permit, ſought her own apartment.

As ſhe turned into the corridor, the door of the chamber opened, from whence Montoni came forth; but Emily, more terrified than ever to behold him, ſhrunk back into the paſſage ſoon enough to eſcape being noticed, and heard him cloſe the door, which ſhe had perceived was the ſame ſhe formerly obſerved. Having here liſtened to his departing ſteps till their faint ſound was loſt in diſtance, ſhe ventured to her apartment, and, ſecuring it once again, retired to her bed, leaving the lamp burning on the hearth. But ſleep was fled from her haraſſed mind, to which images of horror alone occurred. She endeavoured to think it poſſible, that Madame Montoni had not been taken to the turret; but, when ſhe recollected the former menaces of her huſband and the terrible ſpirit of vengeance, which he had diſplayed

diſplayed on a late occaſion; when ſhe remembered his general character, the looks of the men, who had forced Madame Montoni from her apartment, and the written traces on the ſtairs of the turret—ſhe could not doubt, that her aunt had been carried thither, and could ſcarcely hope, that ſhe had not been carried to be murdered.

The grey of morning had long dawned through her caſements, before Emily cloſed her eyes in ſleep; when wearied nature, at length, yielded her a reſpite from ſuffering.

CHAP. VII.

'Who rears the bloody hand?'

SAYER.

EMILY remained in her chamber, on the following morning, without receiving any notice from Montoni, or seenig a human being, except the armed men, who sometimes passed on the terrace below. Having tasted no food since the dinner of the preceding day, extreme faintness made her feel the necessity of quitting the asylum of her apartment to obtain refreshment, and she was also very anxious to procure liberty for Annette. Willing, however, to defer venturing forth, as long as possible, and considering, whether she should apply to Montoni, or to the compassion of some other person, her excessive anxiety concerning her aunt, at length, overcame her abhorrence of his presence, and she determined to go to him, and to entreat, that he would suffer her to see Madame Montoni.

Meanwhile, it was too certain, from the absence of Annette, that some accident had befallen Ludovico, and she was still in confinement; Emily, therefore, resolved also to visit the chamber, where she had spoken to her, on the preceding night, and if the poor girl was yet there, to inform Montoni of her situation.

It was near noon, before she ventured from her apartment, and went first to the south gallery, whither she passed without meeting a single person, or hearing a sound, except, now and then, the echo of a distant footstep.

It was unnecessary to call Annette, whose lamentations were audible upon the first approach to the gallery,

gallery, and who, bewailing her own and Ludovico's fate, told Emily, that ſhe ſhould certainly be ſtarved to death, if ſhe was not let out immediately. Emily replied, that ſhe was going to beg her releaſe of Montoni; but the terrors of hunger now yielded to thoſe of the Signor, and when Emily left her ſhe was loudly entreating, that her place of refuge might be concealed from him.

As Emily drew near the great hall, the ſounds ſhe heard and the people ſhe met in the paſſages renewed her alarm. The latter, however, were peaceable, and did not interrupt her, tho' they looked earneſtly at her as ſhe paſſed, and ſometimes ſpoke. On croſſing the hall towards the cedar room, where Montoni uſually ſat, ſhe perceived, on the pavement, fragments of ſwords, ſome tattered garments ſtained with blood, and almoſt expected to have ſeen among them a dead body; but from ſuch a ſpectacle ſhe was, at preſent, ſpared. As ſhe approached the room, the ſound of ſeveral voices iſſued from within, and a dread of appearing before many ſtrangers, as well as of irritating Montoni by ſuch an intruſion, made her pauſe and falter from her purpoſe. She looked up through the long arcades of the hall, in ſearch of a ſervant, who might bear a meſſage, but no one appeared, and the urgency of what ſhe had to requeſt made her ſtill linger near the door. The voices within were not in contention, though ſhe diſtinguiſhed thoſe of ſeveral of the gueſts of the preceding day; but ſtill her reſolution failed, whenever ſhe would have tapped at the door, and ſhe had determined to walk in the hall, till ſome perſon ſhould appear, who might call Montoni from the room, when, as ſhe turned from the door, it was ſuddenly opened by himſelf. —Emily trembled, and was confuſed, while he almoſt ſtarted with ſurpriſe, and all the terrors of his countenance unfolded themſelves. She forgot all

ſhe

ſhe would have ſaid, and neither enquired for her aunt, or entreated for Annette, but ſtood ſilent and embarraſſed.

After cloſing the door he reproved her for a meanneſs, of which ſhe had not been guilty, and ſternly queſtioned her what ſhe had overheard; an accuſation, which revived her recollection ſo far, that ſhe aſſured him ſhe had not come thither with an intention to liſten to his converſation, but to entreat his compaſſion for her aunt, and for Annette. Montoni ſeemed to doubt this aſſertion, for he regarded her with a ſcrutinizing look; and the doubt evidently aroſe from no trifling intereſt. Emily then further explained herſelf, and concluded with entreating him to inform her where her aunt was placed, and to permit, that ſhe might viſit her; but he looked upon her only with a malignant ſmile, which inſtantaneouſly confirmed her worſt fears for her aunt, and, at that moment, ſhe had not courage to renew her entreaties.

'For Annette,' ſaid he,—'if you go to Carlo, he will releaſe the girl; the fooliſh fellow, who ſhut her up died yeſterday.' Emily ſhuddered.—'But my aunt, Signor'—ſaid ſhe, 'O tell me of my aunt!'

'She is taken care of,' replied Montoni haſtily. 'I have no time to anſwer idle queſtions.'

He would have paſſed on, but Emily, in a voice of agony, that could not be wholly reſiſted, conjured him to tell her, where Madame Montoni was; while he pauſed, and ſhe anxiouſly watched his countenance, a trumpet ſounded, and in the next moment, ſhe heard the heavy gates of the portal open, and then the clattering of horſes' hoofs in the court, with the confuſion of many voices. She ſtood for a moment heſitating whether ſhe ſhould follow Montoni, who, at the ſound of the trumpet, had paſſed through the hall, and, turning her eyes whence

whence it came, ſhe ſaw through the door, that opened beyond a long perſpective of arches into the courts, a party of horſemen, whom ſhe judged, as well as the diſtance and her embarraſſment would allow, to be the ſame ſhe had ſeen depart, a few days before. But ſhe ſtaid not to ſcrutinize, for, when the trumpet ſounded again, the chevaliers ruſhed out of the cedar room, and men came running into the hall from every quarter of the caſtle. Emily once more hurried for ſhelter to her own apartment. Thither ſhe was ſtill purſued by images of horror. She re-conſidered Montoni's manner and words, when he had ſpoken of his wife, and they ſerved only to confirm her moſt terrible ſuſpicions. Tears refuſed any longer to relieve her diſtreſs, and ſhe had ſat for a conſiderable time abſorbed in thought, when a knocking at the chamber door arouſed her, on opening which ſhe found old Carlo.

'Dear young lady,' ſaid he, 'I have been ſo flurried, I never once thought of you till juſt now. I have brought you ſome fruit and wine, and I am ſure you muſt ſtand in need of them by this time.'

'Thank you, Carlo,' ſaid Emily, 'this is very good of you. Did the Signor remind you of me?'

'No, Signora,' replied Carlo, 'his *Excellenza* has buſineſs enough on his hands.' Emily then renewed her enquiries, concerning Madame Montoni, but Carlo had been employed at the other end of the caſtle, during the time, that ſhe was removed, and had heard nothing ſince, concerning her.

While he ſpoke, Emily looked ſteadily at him, for ſhe ſcarcely knew whether he was really ignorant, or concealed his knowledge of the truth from a fear of offending his maſter. To ſeveral queſtions, concerning the contentions of yeſterday, he gave very limited anſwers; but told, that the diſputes were now amicably ſettled, and that the Signor believed himſelf to have been miſtaken in his ſuſpicions.

ons of his guests. 'The fighting was about that, Signora,' said Carlo; 'But I trust I shall never see such another day in this castle, though strange things are about to be done.'

On her enquiring his meaning, 'Ah, Signora!' added he, 'it is not for me to betray secrets, or tell all I think, but time will tell.'

She then desired him to release Annette, and, having described the chamber in which the poor girl was confined, he promised to obey her immediately, and was departing, when she remembered to ask who were the persons just arrived. Her late conjecture was right; it was Verezzi, with his party.

Her spirits were somewhat soothed, by this short conversation with Carlo: for, in her present circumstances, it afforded some comfort to hear the accents of compassion, and to meet the look of sympathy.

An hour passed before Annette appeared, who then came weeping and sobbing. 'O Ludovico—Ludovico!' cried she.

'My poor Annette!' said Emily, and made her sit down.

'Who could have foreseen this, ma'amselle? O miserable, wretched, day—that ever I should live to see it!' and she continued to moan and lament, till Emily thought it necessary to check her excess of grief. 'We are continually losing dear friends by death,' said she, with a sigh that came from her heart. 'We must submit to the will of heaven—our tears, alas! cannot recall the dead!'

Annette took the handkerchief from her face.

'You will meet Ludovico in a better world, I hope,' added Emily.

'Yes—yes,—ma'amselle, sobbed Annette, 'but I hope I shall meet him again in this—though he is so wounded!'

'Wounded!'

'Wounded!' exclaimed Emily, 'does he live?'

'Yes ma'am, but—but he has a terrible wound, and could not come to let me out. They thought him dead, at firſt, and he has not been rightly himſelf, till within this hour.'

'Well, Annette, I rejoice to hear he lives.'

'Lives! Holy Saints! why he will not die, ſurely!'

Emily ſaid ſhe hoped not, but this expreſſion of hope Annette thought implied fear, and her own increaſed in proportion, as Emily endeavoured to encourage her. To enquiries, concerning Madame Montoni, ſhe could give no ſatisfactory anſwers.

'I quite forgot to aſk among the ſervants, ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe, 'for I could think of nobody but poor Ludovico.'

Annette's grief was now ſomewhat aſſuaged, and Emily ſent her to make enquiries, concerning her lady, of whom, however, ſhe could obtain no intelligence, ſome of the people ſhe ſpoke with being really ignorant of her fate, and others having probably received orders to conceal it.

This day paſſed with Emily in continual grief and anxiety for her aunt; but ſhe was unmoleſted by any notice from Montoni: and, now that Annette was liberated, ſhe obtained food, without expoſing herſelf to danger or impertinence.

Two following days paſt in the ſame manner, unmarked by any occurrence, during which time ſhe obtained no information of Madame Montoni. On the evening of the ſecond, having diſmiſſed Annette, and retired to bed, her mind became haunted by the moſt diſmal images, ſuch as her long anxiety concerning her aunt, ſuggeſted; and, unable to forget herſelf, for a moment, or to vanquiſh the phantoms, that tormented her, ſhe roſe from her bed, and went to one of the caſements of her chamber, to breathe a freer air.

All

All without was ſilent and dark, unleſs that could be called light, which was only the faint glimmer of the ſtars, ſhewing imperfectly the outline of the mountains, the weſtern towers of the caſtle and the ramparts below, where a ſolitary ſentinel was pacing. What an image of repoſe did this ſcene preſent! The fierce and terrible paſſions, too, which ſo often agitated the inhabitants of this edifice, ſeemed now huſhed in ſleep——thoſe myſterious workings, that rouſe the elements of man's nature into tempeſt—were calm. Emily's heart was not ſo: but her ſufferings, though deep, partook of the gentle character of her mind. Hers was a ſilent anguiſh, weeping, yet enduring: not the wild energy of paſſion, inflaming imagination, bearing down the barriers of reaſon and living in a world of its own.

The air refreſhed her, and ſhe continued at the caſement, looking on the ſhadowy ſcene, over which the planets burned with a clear light amid the deep blue æther, as they ſilently moved in their deſtined courſe. She remembered how often ſhe had gazed on them with her dear father, how often he had pointed out their way in the heavens, and explained their laws; and theſe reflections led to others, which, in an almoſt equal degree, awakened her grief and aſtoniſhment.

They brought a retroſpect of all the ſtrange and mournful events, which had occurred ſince ſhe lived in peace with her parents. And to Emily who had been ſo tenderly educated, ſo tenderly loved, who once knew only goodneſs and happineſs—to her, the late events in her preſent ſituation—in a foreign land—in a remote caſtle—ſurrounded by vice and violence—ſeemed more like the viſions of a diſtempered imagination, than the circumſtances of truth. She wept to think of what her parents would have

ſuffered,

ſuffered, could they have foreſeen the events of her future life.

While ſhe raiſed her ſtreaming eyes to heaven, ſhe obſerved the ſame planet, which ſhe had ſeen in Languedoc, on the night preceding her father's death, riſe above the eaſtern towers of the caſtle, while ſhe remembered the converſation, which had paſſed, concerning the probable ſtate of departed ſouls; remembered, alſo, the ſolemn muſic ſhe had heard, and to which, the tenderneſs of her ſpirits had, in ſpite of her reaſon, given a ſuperſtitious meaning. At theſe recollections ſhe wept again, and continued muſing, when ſuddenly the notes of ſweet muſic paſſed on the air. A ſuperſtitious dread ſtole over her; ſhe ſtood liſtening, for ſome moments, in trembling expectation, and then endeavoured to recollect her thoughts, and to reaſon herſelf into compoſure; but human reaſon cannot eſtabliſh her laws on ſubjects, loſt in the obſcurity of imagination, any more than the eye can aſcertain the form of objects, that only glimmer through the dimneſs of night.

Her ſurpriſe, on hearing ſuch ſoothing and delicious ſounds, was, at leaſt, juſtifiable; for it was long—very long, ſince ſhe had liſtened to any thing like melody. The fierce trumpet and the ſhrill fife were the only inſtruments ſhe had heard ſince her arrival at Udolpho.

When her mind was ſomewhat more compoſed, ſhe tried to aſcertain from what quarter the ſounds proceeded, and thought they came from below; but whether from a room of the caſtle, or from the terrace, ſhe could not with certainty judge. Fear and ſurpriſe now yielded to the enchantment of a ſtrain, that floated on the ſilent night, with the moſt ſoft and melancholy ſweetneſs. Suddenly, it ſeemed removed to a diſtance, trembled faintly, and then entirely ceaſed.

She

She continued to liſten, ſunk in that pleaſing repoſe, which ſoft muſic leaves on the mind—but it came no more. Upon this ſtrange circumſtance her thoughts were long engaged, for ſtrange it certainly was to hear muſic at midnight, when every inhabitant of the caſtle had long ſince retired to reſt, and in a place where nothing like harmony had been heard before, probably, for many years. Long-ſuffering had made her ſpirits peculiarly ſenſible to terror, and liable to be affected by the illuſions of ſuperſtition.—It now ſeemed to her, as if her dead father had ſpoken to her in that ſtrain, to inſpire her with comfort and confidence, on the ſubject, which had then occupied her mind. Yet reaſon told her, that this was a wild conjecture, and ſhe was inclined to diſmiſs it; but with the inconſiſtency ſo natural, when the imagination guides the thoughts, ſhe then wavered towards a belief as wild. She remembered the ſingular event, connected with the caſtle, which had given it into the poſſeſſion of its preſent owner; and, when ſhe conſidered the myſterious manner, in which its late poſſeſſor had diſappeared, and that ſhe had never ſince been heard of, her mind was impreſſed with an high degree of ſolemn awe; ſo that, though there appeared no clue to connect that event with the late muſic, ſhe was inclined fancifully to think they had ſome relation to each other. At this conjecture, a ſudden chillneſs ran through her frame; ſhe looked fearfully upon the duſkineſs of her chamber, and the dead ſilence, that prevailed there, heightened to her fancy its gloomy aſpect.

At length, ſhe left the caſement, but her ſteps faltered, as ſhe approached the bed, and ſhe ſtopped and looked around. The ſingle lamp, that burned in her ſpacious chamber, was expiring; for a moment, ſhe ſhrunk from the darkneſs beyond; and then, aſhamed of the weakneſs, which, however, ſhe could not wholly conquer, went forward to the

bed,

bed, where her mind did not ſoon know the ſoothings of ſleep. She ſtill muſed on the late occurrence, and looked with anxiety to the next night, when, at the ſame hour, ſhe determined to watch whether the muſic returned. 'If thoſe ſounds were human,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhall probably hear them again.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

"Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, in ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance."

SHAKESPEARE.

ANNETTE came almoſt breathleſs to Emily's apartment in the morning. 'O ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe, in broken ſentences, 'what news I have to tell! I have found out who the priſoner is—but he was no priſoner, neither;—he that was ſhut up in the chamber I told you of. I muſt think him a ghoſt, forſooth!'

'Who was the priſoner?' enquired Emily, while her thoughts glanced back to the circumſtance of the preceding night.

'You miſtake, ma'am,' replied Annette; 'he was not a priſoner, after all.'

'Who is the perſon, then?'

'Holy ſaints!' rejoined Annette. 'How I was ſurpriſed! I met him juſt now, on the rampart below, there. I never was ſo ſurpriſed in my life! Ah! ma'amſelle! this is a ſtrange place! I ſhould never have done wondering, if I was to live here an hundred years. But, as I was ſaying, I met him juſt now on the rampart, and I was thinking of nobody leſs than him.'

'This trifling is inſupportable,' ſaid Emily, 'prythee, Annette, do not torture my patience any longer.'

'Nay, ma'amſelle, gueſs—gueſs, who it was; it was ſomebody you know very well.'

'I cannot gueſs,' ſaid Emily impatiently.

'Nay,

'Nay, ma'amſelle, I'll tell you ſomething to gueſs by—A tall Signor, with a longiſh face, who walks ſo ſtately, and uſed to wear ſuch a high feather in his hat; and uſed often to look down upon the ground, when people ſpoke to him; and to look at people from under his eye-brows, as it were, all ſo dark and frowning. You have ſeen him, often and often, at Venice, ma'am. Then he was ſo intimate with the Signor, too. And, now I think of it, I wonder what he could be afraid of in this lonely old caſtle, that he ſhould ſhut himſelf up for. But he is come abroad now, I met him on the rampart juſt this minute. I trembled when I ſaw him, for I always was afraid of him, ſomehow; but I determined I would not let him ſee it; ſo I went up to him, and made him a low courteſy; you are welcome to the caſtle, Signor Orſino, ſaid I.

'O, it was Signor Orſino, then!' ſaid Emily.

'Yes,' ma'amſelle, Signor Orſino, himſelf, who cauſed the Venetian gentleman to be killed, and has been popping about from place to place, ever ſince, as I hear.'

'Good God!' exclaimed Emily, recovering from the ſhock of this intelligence: 'and is *he* come to Udolpho! He does well to endeavour to conceal himſelf.'

'Yes, ma'amſelle, but if that was all, this deſolate place would conceal him, without his ſhutting himſelf up in one room. Who would think of coming to look for him here? I am ſure I ſhould as ſoon think of going to look for any body in the other world.'

'There is ſome truth in that,' ſaid Emily, who would now have concluded it was Orſino's muſic, which ſhe had heard on the preceding night, had ſhe not known that he had neither taſte, or ſkill in the art. But, though ſhe was unwilling to add to the number of Annette's ſurpriſes, by mentioning

the

the ſubject of her own, ſhe enquired, whether any perſon in the caſtle played on a muſical inſtrument?

'O yes, ma'amſelle! there is Benedetto plays the great drum to admiration; and then, there is Launcelot, the trumpeter; nay, for that matter, Ludovico himſelf can play on the trumpet;—but he is ill now. I remember once'——

Emily interrupted her; 'Have you heard no other muſic ſince you came to the caſtle—none laſt night?'

'Why, did *you* hear any laſt night, ma'amſelle?'

Emily evaded this queſtion, by repeating her own.

'Why, no, ma'am,' replied Annette; 'I never heard any muſic here, I muſt ſay, but the drums and the trumpet; and, as for laſt night, I did nothing but dream I ſaw my late lady's ghoſt.'

'Your *late* lady's,' ſaid Emily in a tremulous voice; 'you have heard more, then. Tell me—tell me all, Annette, I entreat; tell me the worſt at once.'

'Nay, ma'amſelle, you know the worſt already.'

'I know nothing,' ſaid Emily.

'Yes, you do, ma'amſelle; you know, that nobody knows any thing about her, and it is plain, therefore, ſhe is gone, the way of the firſt lady of the caſtle—nobody ever knew any thing about her.

Emily leaned her head upon her hand, and was for ſome time, ſilent; then, telling Annette ſhe wiſhed to be alone, the latter left the room.

The remark of Annette had revived Emily's terrible ſuſpicion, concerning the fate of Madame Montoni; and ſhe reſolved to make another effort to obtain certainty on this ſubject, by applying to Montoni once more.

When Annette returned, a few hours after, ſhe told Emily, that the porter of the caſtle wiſhed very much to ſpeak with her, for that he had

ſomething

ſomething of importance to ſay; her ſpirits had, however, of late been ſo ſubject to alarm, that any new circumſtance excited it; and this meſſage from the porter, when her firſt ſurpriſe was over, made her look round for ſome lurking danger, the more ſuſpiciouſly, perhaps, becauſe ſhe had frequently remarked the unpleaſant air and countenance of this man. She now heſitated, whether to ſpeak with him, doubting even, that this requeſt was only a pretext to draw her into ſome danger; but a little reflection ſhewed her the improbability of this, and ſhe bluſhed at her weak fears.

'I will ſpeak to him, Annette,' ſaid ſhe; 'deſire him to come to the corridor immediately.'

Annette departed, and ſoon after returned.

'Barnardine, ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe, 'dare not come to the corridor, leſt he ſhould be diſcovered, it is ſo far from his poſt; and he dare not even leave the gates for a moment now; but, if you will come to him at the portal, through ſome round-about paſſages he told me of, without croſſing the courts, he has that to tell, which will ſurpriſe you. But you muſt not come through the courts, leſt the Signor ſhould ſee you.'

Emily, neither approving theſe 'round-about paſſages,' nor the other part of the requeſt, now poſitively refuſed to go. 'Tell him,' ſaid ſhe, 'if he has any thing of conſequence to impart, I will hear him in the corridor, whenever he has an opportunity of coming thither.'

Annette went to deliver this meſſage, and was abſent a conſiderable time. When ſhe returned, 'It won't do, ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe. 'Barnardine has been conſidering all this time what can be done, for it is as much as his place is worth to leave his poſt now. But, if you will come to the eaſt rampart in the duſk of the evening, he can, perhaps, ſteal away, and tell you all he has to ſay.'

Emily

Emily was ſurpriſed and alarmed, at the ſecrecy which this man ſeemed to think ſo neceſſary, and heſitated whether to meet him, till, conſidering, that he might mean to warn her of ſome ſerious danger, ſhe reſolved to go.

'Soon after ſun-ſet, ſaid ſhe, 'I will be at the end of the eaſt rampart. But then the watch will be ſet,' ſhe added, recollecting herſelf, 'and how can Barnardine paſs unobſerved?'

'That is juſt what I ſaid to him, ma'am, and he anſwered me that he had the key of the gate, at the end of the rampart, that leads towards the courts, and could let himſelf through that way; and as for ſentinels, there were none at this end of the terrace, becauſe the place is guarded enough by the high walls of the caſtle, and the eaſt turret; and he ſaid thoſe at the other end were too far off to ſee him, if it was pretty duſkyiſh.'

'Well,' ſaid Emily, 'I muſt hear what he has to tell; and, therefore, deſire you will go with me to the terrace, this evening.'

'He deſired it might be pretty duſkyiſh, ma'amſelle,' repeated Annette, 'becauſe of the watch.'

Emily pauſed, and then ſaid ſhe would be on the terrace, an hour after ſun-ſet;——'and tell Barnardine,' ſhe added, 'to be punctual to the time; for that I alſo may be obſerved by Signor Montoni. Where is the Signor? I would ſpeak with him.'

He is in the cedar chamber, ma'am, counſelling with the other Signors. He is going to give them a ſort of treat to day, to make up for what paſſed at the laſt, I ſuppoſe; the people are all very buſy in the kitchen.'

Emily now enquired, if Montoni expected any new gueſts? and Annette believed that he did not. 'Poor Ludovico!' added ſhe, 'he would be as merry as the beſt of them, if he was well; but he may recover yet. Count Morano was wounded as bad.

bad, as he, and he is got well again, and is gone back to Venice.'

'Is he ſo?' ſaid Emily, 'when did you hear this?'

'I heard it, laſt night, ma'amſelle, but I forgot to tell it.'

Emily aſked ſome further queſtions, and then, deſiring Annette would obſerve and inform her, when Montoni was alone, the girl went to deliver her meſſage to Barnardine.

Montoni was, however, ſo much engaged, during the whole day, that Emily had no opportunity of ſeeking a releaſe from her terrible ſuſpenſe, concerning her aunt. Annette was employed in watching his ſteps, and in attending upon Ludovico, whom ſhe, aſſiſted by Caterina, nurſed with the utmoſt care; and Emily was, of courſe, left much alone. Her thoughts dwelt often on the meſſage of the porter, and were employed in conjecturing the ſubject, that occaſioned it, which ſhe ſometimes imagined concerned the fate of Madame Montoni; at others, that it related to ſome perſonal danger, which threatened herſelf. The cautious ſecrecy which Barnardine obſerved in his conduct, inclined her to believe the latter.

As the hour of appointment drew near, her impatience increaſed. At length, the ſun ſet; ſhe heard the paſſing ſteps of the ſentinels going to their poſts; and waited only for Annette to accompany her to the terrace, who, ſoon after, came, and they deſcended together. When Emily expreſſed apprehenſions of meeting Montoni, or ſome of his gueſts, 'O, there is no fear of that, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette,' they are all ſet in to feaſting yet, and that Barnardine knows.'

They reached the firſt terrace, where the ſentinels demanded who paſſed; and Emily, having anſwered, walked on to the eaſt rampart, at the en-

trance of which they were again ſtopped; and, having again replied, were permitted to proceed. But Emily did not like to expoſe herſelf to the diſcretion of theſe men, at ſuch an hour; and, impatient to withdraw from the ſituation, ſhe ſtepped haſtily on in ſearch of Barnardine. He was not yet come.—She leaned penſively on the wall of the rampart, and the ſurrounding objects, blending in ſoft confuſion the valley, the mountains, and the woods, whoſe tall heads, ſtirred by the evening breeze, gave the only ſounds, that ſtole on ſilence, except a faint, faint chorus of diſtant voices, that aroſe from within the caſtle.

'What voices are thoſe?' ſaid Emily, as ſhe fearfully liſtened.

'It is only the Signor and his gueſts, carouſing,' replied Annette.

'Good God!' thought Emily, 'can this man's heart be ſo gay, when he has made another ſo wretched; if, indeed, my aunt is yet ſuffered to feel her wretchedneſs? O! whatever are my own ſufferings, may my heart never, never be hardened againſt thoſe of others!'

She looked up, with a ſenſation of horror, to the eaſt turret, near which ſhe then ſtood; a light glimmered through the grates of the lower chamber, but thoſe of the upper one were dark. Preſently, ſhe perceived a perſon moving with a lamp acroſs the lower room; but this circumſtance revived no hope, concerning Madame Montoni, whom ſhe had vainly ſought in that apartment, which appeared to contain only ſoldiers' accoutrements. Emily, however, determined to attempt the outer door of the turret, as ſoon as Barnardine ſhould withdraw; and, if it was unfaſtened, to make another effort to diſcover her aunt.

The moments paſſed, but ſtill Barnardine did not appear; and Emily, becoming uneaſy, heſitated whether

whether to wait any longer. She would have ſent Annette to the portal to meet him, but feared to be left alone, for it was now almoſt dark, and a melancholy ſtreak of red, that ſtill lingered in the weſt, was the only veſtige of departed day. The ſtrong intereſt, however, which Barnardine's meſſage had awakened, overcame her apprehenſions, and ſtill detained her.

While ſhe was conjecturing with Annette what could thus occaſion his abſence, they heard a key turn in the lock of the gate near them, and preſently ſaw a man advancing. It was Barnardine, of whom Emily haſtily enquired what he had to communicate, and deſired, that he would tell her quickly, 'for I am chilled with this evening's air,' ſaid ſhe.

'You muſt diſmiſs your maid, lady,' ſaid the man in a voice, the deep tone of which ſhocked her, 'what I have to tell is to you only.'

Emily, after ſome heſitation, deſired Annette to withdraw to ſome little diſtance. 'Now, my friend, what would you ſay?'

He was ſilent a moment, as if conſidering, and then ſaid,——

'That which would coſt me my place, at leaſt, if it came to the Signor's ears. You muſt promiſe, lady, that nothing ſhall ever make you tell a ſyllable of the matter; I have been truſted in this affair, and, if it was known, that I betrayed my truſt, my life, perhaps, might anſwer it. But I was concerned for you, lady, and I reſolved to tell you.' He pauſed.——

Emily thanked him, aſſured him, that he might repoſe on her diſcretion, and entreated him to diſpatch.

'Annette told us in the hall how unhappy you was about Signora Montoni, and how much you wiſhed to know what was become of her.'

'Moſt true,' ſaid Emily eagerly, 'and you can inform me. I conjure you tell me the worſt, without heſitation.' She reſted her trembling arms upon the wall.

'I can tell you,' ſaid Barnardine, and pauſed.—Emily had no power to enforce her entreaties.

'I *can* tell you,' reſumed Barnardine,—'but'—

'But what?' exclaimed Emily, recovering her reſolution.

'Here I am, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, who, having heard the eager tone, in which Emily pronounced theſe words, came running towards her.

'Retire!' ſaid Barnardine, ſternly; 'you are not wanted;' and, as Emily ſaid nothing, Annette obeyed.

'I *can* tell you,' repeated the porter,—'but I know not how—you was afflicted before.'———

'I am prepared for the worſt, my friend,' ſaid Emily, in a firm and ſolemn voice. 'I can ſupport any certainty better than this ſuſpenſe.'

'Well,' Signora, if that is the caſe, you ſhall hear—You know, I ſuppoſe, that the Signor and his lady uſed ſometimes to diſagree. It is none of my concerns to enquire what it was about, but I believe you know it was ſo.'

'Well,' ſaid Emily, 'proceed.'

'The Signor, it ſeems, had lately been very wroth againſt her. I ſaw all, and heard all,—a great deal more than people thought for; but it was none of my buſineſs, ſo I ſaid nothing. A few days ago, the Signor ſent for me. 'Barnardine,' ſays he, 'you are—an honeſt man, I think I can truſt you.' I aſſured his *Excellenza* that he could. 'Then,' ſays he, as near as I can remember, 'I have an affair in hand, which I want you to aſſiſt me in.'—Then he told me what I was to do;

do; but that I ſhall ſay nothing about—it concerned only the Signora.'

'O Heavens!' exclaimed Emily——'what have you done?'

Barnardine heſitated, and was ſilent.

'What fiend could tempt him, or you, to ſuch an act!' cried Emily, chilled with horror, and ſcarcely able to ſupport her fainting ſpirits.

'It was a fiend,' ſaid Barnardine in a gloomy tone of voice. They were now both ſilent;—— Emily had not courage to enquire further, and Barnardine ſeemed to ſhrink from telling more. At length he ſaid, 'It is of no uſe to think of the paſt: the Signor was cruel enough, but he would be obeyed. What ſignified my refuſing? He would have found others, who had no ſcruples.'

'You have murdered her then!' ſaid Emily, in a hollow and inward voice—'I am talking with a murderer!' Barnardine ſtood ſilent, while Emily turned from him, and attempted to leave the place.

'Stay, lady,' ſaid he, 'You deſerve to think ſo ſtill—ſince you can believe me capable of ſuch a deed.'

'If you are innocent, tell me quickly,' ſaid Emily, in faint accents, 'for I feel I ſhall not be able to hear you long.'

'I will tell you no more,' ſaid he, and walked away. Emily had juſt ſtrength enough to bid him ſtay, and then to call Annette, on whoſe arm ſhe leaned, and they walked ſlowly up the rampart, till they heard ſteps behind them. It was Barnardine again.

'Send away the girl,' ſaid he, 'and I will tell you more.'

'She muſt not go,' ſaid Emily; 'what you have to ſay, ſhe may hear.'

'May

'May ſhe ſo, lady,' ſaid he. 'You ſhall know no more, then; and he was going, though ſlowly, when Emily's anxiety, overcoming her reſentment and fear, which the man's behaviour had rouſed, ſhe deſired him to ſtay, and bade Annette retire.

'The Signora is alive,' ſaid he, 'for me. She is my priſoner, though; his *Excellenza* has ſhut her up in the chamber over the great gates of the court, and I have the charge of her. I was going to have told you, you might ſee her—but now—'

'Emily, relieved from an unutterable load of anguiſh by this ſpeech, had now only to aſk Barnardine's forgiveneſs, and to conjure, that he would let her viſit her aunt.

He complied with leſs reluctance than ſhe expected, and told her, that, if ſhe would repair, on the following night, when the Signor was retired to reſt, to the poſtern-gate of the caſtle, ſhe ſhould, perhaps, ſee Madame Montoni.

Amid all the thankfulneſs, which Emily felt for this conceſſion, ſhe thought ſhe obſerved a malicious triumph in his manner, when he pronounced the laſt words; but, in the next moment, ſhe diſmiſſed the thought, and, having again thanked him, recommended her aunt to his pity, and aſſured him, that ſhe would herſelf reward him, and would be punctual to her appointment: ſhe bade him good night, and retired, unobſerved, to her chamber. It was a conſiderable time, before the tumult of joy, which Barnardine's unexpected intelligence had occaſioned, allowed Emily to think with clearneſs, or to be conſcious of the real dangers, that ſtill ſurrounded Madame Montoni and herſelf. When this agitation ſubſided, ſhe perceived, that her aunt was yet the priſoner of a man, to whoſe vengeance, or avarice, ſhe might fall a ſacrifice; and, when ſhe further conſidered the ſavage aſpect of the perſon, who was to guard Madame Montoni, her doom appeared

appeared to be already ſealed, for the countenance of Barnardine ſeemed to bear the ſtamp of a murderer; and, when ſhe had looked upon it, ſhe felt inclined to believe, that there was no deed, however black, which he might not be prevailed upon to execute. Theſe reflections brought to her remembrance the tone of voice, in which he had promiſed to grant her requeſt to ſee his priſoner; and ſhe muſed upon it long in uneaſineſs and doubt. Sometimes, ſhe even heſitated, whether to truſt herſelf with him at the lonely hour he had appointed; and once, and only once, it ſtruck her, that Madame Montoni might be already murdered, and that this ruffian was appointed to decoy herſelf to ſome ſecret place, where her life alſo was to be ſacrificed to the avarice of Montoni, who would then claim ſecurely the conteſted eſtates in Languedoc. The conſideration of the enormity of ſuch guilt did, at length, relieve her from the belief of its probability, but not from all the doubts and fears, which a recollection of Barnardine's manner had occaſioned. From theſe ſubjects, her thoughts, at length, paſſed to others; and, as the evening advanced, ſhe remembered, with ſomewhat more than ſurpriſe, the muſic ſhe had heard, on the preceding night, and now awaited its return, with more than curioſity.

She diſtinguiſhed, till a late hour, the diſtant carouſals of Montoni and his companions—the loud conteſt, the diſſolute laugh and the choral ſong, that made the halls re-echo. At length ſhe heard the heavy gates of the caſtle ſhut for the night, and thoſe ſounds inſtantly ſunk into a ſilence, which was diſturbed only by the whiſpering ſteps of perſons, paſſing through the galleries to the remote rooms. Emily now judging it to be about the time, when ſhe had heard the muſic, on the preceding night, diſmiſſed Annette, and gently opened the caſement to watch for its return. The planet ſhe had ſo particularly

cularly noticed, at the recurrence of the muſic, was not yet riſen; but, with ſuperſtitious weakneſs, ſhe kept her eyes fixed on that part of the hemiſphere, where it would riſe, almoſt expecting, that, when it appeared, the ſounds would return. At length, it came ſerenely bright, over the eaſtern towers of the caſtle. Her heart trembled, when ſhe perceived it, and ſhe had ſcarcely courage to remain at the caſement, leſt the returning muſic ſhould confirm her terror, and ſubdue the little ſtrength ſhe yet retained. The clock ſoon after ſtruck one, and knowing this to be about the time, when the ſounds had occurred, ſhe ſat down in a chair, near the caſement, and endeavoured to compoſe her ſpirits; but the anxiety of expectation yet diſturbed them. Every thing however remained ſtill; ſhe heard only the ſolitary ſtep of a ſentinel, and the lulling murmur of the woods below, and ſhe again leaned from the caſement, and again looked, as if for intelligence, to the planet, which was now riſen high above the towers.

Emily continued to liſten, but no muſic came. 'Thoſe were ſurely no mortal ſounds!' ſaid ſhe, recollecting their entrancing melody.——'No inhabitant of this caſtle could utter ſuch; and, where is the feeling that could modulate ſuch exquiſite expreſſions? We all know, that it has been affirmed celeſtial ſounds have ſometimes been heard on earth. Father Pierre and father Antoine declared, that they had ſometimes heard them in the ſtillneſs of night, when they alone were walking to offer their oriſons to heaven. Nay, my dear father himſelf, once ſaid, that, ſoon after my mother's death, as he lay watchful in grief, ſounds of uncommon ſweetneſs called him from his bed; and, on opening his window, he heard lofty muſic paſs along the midnight air. It ſoothed him, he ſaid; he looked

up

up with confidence to heaven, and reſigned her to his God.'

Emily pauſed to weep at this recollection. 'Perhaps,' reſumed ſhe, 'perhaps, thoſe ſtrains I heard were ſent to comfort, to encourage me! Never ſhall I forget thoſe I heard, at this hour, in Languedoc! Perhaps, my father watches over me, at this moment!' She wept again in tenderneſs. Thus paſſed the hour in watchfulneſs and ſolemn thought; but no ſounds returned; and, after remaining at the caſement, till the light tint of dawn began to edge the mountain-tops and ſteal upon the night-ſhade, ſhe concluded, that they would not return, and retired reluctantly to repoſe.

CHAP. IX.

" I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves;
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o'the time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to night."

MACBETH.

EMILY was ſomewhat ſurpriſed, on the following day, to find that Annette had heard of Madame Montoni's confinement in the chamber over the portal, as well as of her propoſed viſit there, on the approaching night. That the circumſtance, which Barnardine had ſo ſolemnly enjoined her to conceal, he had himſelf told to ſo indiſcreet an hearer as Annette, appeared very improbable, though he had now charged her with a meſſage concerning the intended interview. He requeſted, that Emily would meet him, unattended, on the terrace, at a little after midnight, when he himſelf would lead her to the place he had promiſed; a propoſal, from which ſhe immediately ſhrunk, for a thouſand vague fears darted athwart her mind, ſuch as had tormented her on the preceding night, and which ſhe neither knew how to truſt or to diſmiſs. It frequently occurred to her, that Barnardine might have deceived her concerning Madame Montoni, whoſe murderer, perhaps, he really was; and that he had deceived her by order of Montoni, the more eaſily to draw her into ſome of the deſperate deſigns of the latter. The terrible ſuſpicion, that Madame Montoni no longer lived, thus came, accompanied by one not leſs dreadful for herſelf. Unleſs the crime, by which the aunt had ſuffered, was inſtigated merely by reſentment, unconnected with profit, a motive upon which Montoni did not

not appear very likely to act, its object muſt be unattained, till the niece was alſo dead, to whom Montoni knew that his wife's eſtates muſt deſcend. Emily remembered the words, which had informed her, that the conteſted eſtates in France would devolve to her, if Madame Montoni died, without conſigning them to her huſband, and the former obſtinate perſeverance of her aunt made it too probable, that ſhe had, to the laſt, withheld them. At this inſtant, recollecting Barnardine's manner, on the preceding night, ſhe now believed, what ſhe had then fancied, that it expreſſed malignant triumph. She ſhuddered at the recollection, which confirmed her fears, and determined not to meet him on the terrace. Soon after, ſhe was inclined to conſider theſe ſuſpicions as the extravagant exaggerations of a timid and haraſſed mind, and could not believe Montoni liable to ſuch prepoſterous depravity as that of deſtroying, from one motive, his wife and her niece. She blamed herſelf for ſuffering her romantic imagination to carry her ſo far beyond the bounds of probability, and determined to endeavour to check its rapid flights, leſt they ſhould ſometimes extend into madneſs. Still, however, ſhe ſhrunk from the thought of meeting Barnardine, on the terrace, at midnight; and ſtill the wiſh to be relieved from this terrible ſuſpenſe, concerning her aunt, to ſee her, and to ſooth her ſufferings, made her heſitate what to do.

'Yet how is it poſſible, Annette, I can paſs to the terrace at that hour?' ſaid ſhe, recollecting herſelf, 'the ſentinels will ſtop me, and Signor Montoni will hear of the affair.'

'O ma'amſelle! that is well thought of,' replied Annette. 'That is what Barnardine told me about. He gave me this key, and bade me ſay it unlocks the door at the end of the vaulted gallery, that opens near the end of the eaſt rampart, ſo that you need not

not paſs any of the men on watch. He bade me ſay, too, that his reaſon for requeſting you to come to the terrace was, becauſe he could take you to the place you want to go to, without opening the great doors of the hall, which grate ſo heavily.'

Emily's ſpirits were ſomewhat calmed by this explanation, which ſeemed to be honeſtly given to Annette. 'But why did he deſire I would come alone, Annette?' ſaid ſhe.

'Why that was what I aſked him myſelf, ma'amſelle. Says I, why is my young lady to come alone?—Surely I may come with her!—What harm can I do? But he ſaid 'No—no—I tell you not,' in his gruff way. Nay, ſays I, I have been truſted in as great affairs as this, I warrant, and it's a hard matter if I can't keep a ſecret now. Still he would ſay nothing but—'No—no—no.' Well, ſays I, if you will only truſt me, I will tell you a great ſecret, that was told me a month ago, and I have never opened my lips about it yet---ſo you need not be afraid of telling me. But all would not do. Then, ma'amſelle, I went ſo far as to offer him a beautiful new ſequin, that Ludovico gave me for a keep-ſake, and I would not have parted with it for all St. Marco's Place; but even that would not do! Now what can be the reaſon of this? But I know, you know, ma'am, who you are going to ſee.'

'Pray did Barnardine tell you this?'

'He! No, ma'amſelle, that he did not.'

Emily enquired who did, but Annette ſhewed, that ſhe *could* keep a ſecret.

During the remainder of the day, Emily's mind was agitated with doubts and fears and contrary determinations, on the ſubject of meeting this Barnardine on the rampart, and ſubmitting herſelf to his guidance, ſhe ſcarcely knew whither. Pity for her aunt and anxiety for herſelf alternately ſwayed her determination, and night came, before ſhe had decided

decided upon her conduct. She heard the caſtle clock ſtrike eleven---twelve---and yet her mind wavered. The time, however, was now come, when ſhe could heſitate no longer: and then the intereſt ſhe felt for her aunt overcame other conſiderations, and, bidding Annette follow her to the outer door of the vaulted gallery, and there await her return, ſhe deſcended from her chamber. The caſtle was perfectly ſtill, and the great hall, where ſo lately ſhe had witneſſed a ſcene of dreadful contention, now returned only the whiſpering footſteps of the two ſolitary figures gliding fearfully between the pillars, and gleamed only to the feeble lamp they carried. Emily, deceived by the long ſhadows at the pillars and by the catching lights between, often ſtopped, imagining ſhe ſaw ſome perſon, moving in the diſtant obſcurity of the perſpective; and, as ſhe paſſed theſe pillars, ſhe feared to turn her eyes towards them, almoſt expecting to ſee a figure ſtart out from behind their broad ſhaft. She reached, however, the vaulted gallery, without interruption, but uncloſed its outer door with a trembling hand, and, charging Annette not to quit it and to keep it a little open, that ſhe might be heard if ſhe called, ſhe delivered to her the lamp, which ſhe did not dare to take herſelf becauſe of the men on watch, and, alone, ſtepped out upon the dark terrace. Every thing was ſo ſtill, that ſhe feared, leſt her own light ſteps ſhould be heard by the diſtant ſentinels, and ſhe walked cautiouſly towards the ſpot, where ſhe had before met Barnardine, liſtening for a ſound, and looking onward through the gloom in ſearch of him. At length, ſhe was ſtartled by a deep voice, that ſpoke near her, and ſhe pauſed, uncertain whether it was his, till it ſpoke again, and ſhe then recognized the hollow tones of Barnardine, who had been punctual to the moment, and was at the appointed place, reſting

reſting on the rampart wall. After chiding her for not coming ſooner, and ſaying, that he had been waiting nearly half an hour, he deſired Emily, who made no reply, to follow him to the door, through which he had entered the terrace.

While he unlocked it, ſhe looked back to that ſhe had left, and, obſerving the rays of the lamp ſtream through a ſmall opening, was certain, that Annette was ſtill there. But her remote ſituation could little befriend Emily, after ſhe had quitted the terrace; and, when Barnardine uncloſed the gate, the diſmal aſpect of the paſſage beyond, ſhewn by a torch burning on the pavement, made her ſhrink from following him alone, and ſhe refuſed to go unleſs Annette might accompany her. This, however, Barnardine abſolutely refuſed to permit, mingling at the ſame time with his refuſal ſuch artful circumſtances to heighten the pity and curioſity of Emily towards her aunt, that ſhe, at length, conſented to follow him alone to the portal.

He then took up the torch, and led her along the paſſage, at the extremity of which he unlocked another door, whence they deſcended, a few ſteps, into a chapel, which, as Barnardine held up the torch to light her, Emily obſerved to be in ruins, and ſhe immediately recollected a former converſation of Annette, concerning it, with very unpleaſant emotions. She looked fearfully on the almoſt roofleſs walls, green with damps, and on the gothic points of the windows, where the ivy and the briony had long ſupplied the place of glaſs, and ran mantling among the broken capitals of ſome columns, that had once ſupported the roof. Barnardine ſtumbled over the broken pavement, and his voice, as he uttered a ſudden oath, was returned in hollow echoes, that made it more terrific. Emily's heart ſunk; but ſhe ſtill followed him, and he turned out of what had been the principal

aiſle

aiſle of the chapel, 'Down theſe ſteps, lady,' ſaid Barnardine, as he aſcended a flight, which appeared to lead into the vaults; but, Emily pauſed on the top, and demanded, in a tremulous tone, whither he was conducting her.

'To the portal,' ſaid Barnardine.

'Cannot we go through the chapel to the portal?' ſaid Emily.

'No, Signora, that leads to the inner court, which I don't chooſe to unlock. This way, and we ſhall reach the outer court preſently.'

Emily ſtill heſitated; fearing not only to go on, but, ſince ſhe had gone thus far, to irritate Barnardine by refuſing to go further.

'Come, lady,' ſaid the man, who had nearly reached the bottom of the flight, 'make a little haſte; I cannot wait here all night.'

'Whither do theſe ſteps lead?' ſaid Emily, yet pauſing.

'To the portal,' repeated Barnardine, in an angry tone, 'I will wait no longer.' As he ſaid this, he moved on with the light, and Emily, fearing to provoke him by further delay, reluctantly followed. From the ſteps, they proceeded through a paſſage, adjoining the vaults, the walls of which were dropping with unwholeſome dews, and the vapours, that crept along the ground, made the torch burn ſo dimly, that Emily expected every moment to ſee it extinguiſhed, and Barnardine could ſcarcely find his way. As they advanced, theſe vapours thickened, and Barnardine, believing the torch was expiring, ſtopped for a moment to trim it. As he then reſted againſt a pair of iron gates, that opened from the paſſage, Emily ſaw, by uncertain flaſhes of light, the vaults beyond, and, near her, heaps of earth, that ſeemed to ſurround an open grave. Such an object, in ſuch a ſcene, would, at any time, have diſturbed her;

her; but now ſhe was ſhocked by an inſtantaneous preſentiment, that this was the grave of her unfortunate aunt, and that the treacherous Barnardine was leading herſelf to deſtruction. The obſcure and terrible place, to which he had conducted her, ſeemed to juſtify the thought; it was a place ſuited for murder, a receptacle for the dead, where a deed of horror might be committed, and no veſtige appear to proclaim it. Emily was ſo overwhelmed with terror, that, for a moment, ſhe was unable to determine what conduct to purſue. She then conſidered, that it would be vain to attempt an eſcape from Barnardine, by flight, ſince the length and the intricacy of the way ſhe had paſſed would ſoon enable him to overtake her, who was unacquainted with the turnings, and whoſe feebleneſs would not ſuffer her to run long with ſwiftneſs. She feared equally to irritate him by a diſcloſure of her ſuſpicions, which a refuſal to accompany him further certainly would do; and, ſince ſhe was already as much in his power as it was poſſible ſhe could be, if ſhe proceeded, ſhe, at length, determined to ſuppreſs, as far as ſhe could, the appearance of apprehenſion, and to follow ſilently whither he deſigned to lead her. Pale with horror and anxiety, ſhe now waited till Barnardine had trimmed the torch, and, as her ſight glanced again upon the grave, ſhe could not forbear enquiring, for whom it was prepared. He took his eyes from the torch, and fixed them upon her face without ſpeaking. She faintly repeated the queſtion, but the man, ſhaking the torch, paſſed on; and ſhe followed, trembling, to a ſecond flight of ſteps, having aſcended which, a door delivered them into the firſt court of the caſtle. As they croſſed it, the light ſhewed the high black walls around them, fringed with long graſs and dank weeds, that found a ſcanty ſoil among the mouldering ſtones; the heavy

heavy buttreſſes, with, here and there, between them, a narrow grate, that admitted a freer circulation of air to the court, the maſſy iron gates, that led to the caſtle, whoſe cluſtering turrets appeared above, and, oppoſite, the huge towers and arch of the portal itſelf. In this ſcene the large, uncouth perſon of Barnardine, bearing the torch, formed a characteriſtic figure. This Barnardine was wrapt in a long dark cloak, which ſcarcely allowed the kind of half-boots, or ſandals, that were laced upon his legs, to appear, and ſhewed only the point of a broad ſword, which he uſually wore, ſlung in a belt acroſs his ſhoulders. On his head was a heavy flat velvet cap, ſomewhat reſembling a turban, in which was a ſhort feather; the viſage beneath it ſhewed ſtrong features, and a countenance furrowed with the lines of cunning and darkened by habitual diſcontent.

The view of the court, however, reanimated Emily, who, as ſhe croſſed ſilently towards the portal, began to hope, that her own fears, and not the treachery of Barnardine, had deceived her. She looked anxiouſly up at the firſt caſement, that appeared above the lofty arch of the portcullis; but it was dark, and ſhe enquired, whether it belonged to the chamber, where Madame Montoni was confined. Emily ſpoke low, and Barnardine, perhaps, did not hear her queſtion, for he returned no anſwer; and they, ſoon after, entered the poſtern door of the gate-way, which brought them to the foot of a narrow ſtair-caſe, that wound up one of the towers.

'Up this ſtaircaſe the Signora lies,' ſaid Barnardine.

'Lies!' repeated Emily faintly, as ſhe began to aſcend.

'She lies in the upper chamber,' ſaid Barnardine.

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As they paſſed up, the wind, which poured thro' the narrow cavities in the wall, made the torch flare, and it threw a ſtronger gleam upon the grim and ſallow countenance of Barnardine, and diſcovered more fully the deſolation of the place ——the rough ſtone walls, the ſpiral ſtairs, black with age, and a ſuit of antient armour, with an iron viſor, that hung upon the walls, and appeared a trophy of ſome former victory.

Having reached a landing-place, 'You may wait here, lady,' ſaid he, applying a key to the door of a chamber, 'while I go up, and tell the Signora you are coming.'

'That ceremony is unneceſſary,' replied Emily, 'my aunt will rejoice to ſee me.'

'I am not ſo ſure of that,' ſaid Barnardine, pointing to the room he had opened: 'Come in here, lady, while I ſtep up.'

Emily, ſurpriſed and ſomewhat ſhocked, did not dare to oppoſe him further, but, as he was turning away with the torch, deſired he would not leave her in darkneſs. He looked around, and, obſerving a tripod lamp, that ſtood on the ſtairs, lighted and gave it to Emily, who ſtepped forward into a large old chamber, and he cloſed the door. As ſhe liſtened anxiouſly to his departing ſteps, ſhe thought he deſcended, inſtead of aſcending, the ſtairs; but the guſts of wind, that whiſtled round the portal, would not allow her to hear diſtinctly any other ſound. Still, however, ſhe liſtened, and, perceiving no ſtep in the room above, where he had affirmed Madame Montoni to be, her anxiety increaſed, though ſhe conſidered, that the thickneſs of the floor in this ſtrong building might prevent any ſound reaching her from the upper chamber. The next moment, in a pauſe of the wind, ſhe diſtinguiſhed Barnardine's ſtep deſcending to the court, and then thought ſhe heard his voice; but,

the

the riſing guſt again overcoming other ſounds, Emily, to be certain on this point, moved ſoftly to the door, which on attempting to open it, ſhe diſcovered was faſtened. All the horrid apprehenſions, that had lately aſſailed her, returned at this inſtant with redoubled force, and no longer appeared like the exaggerations of a timid ſpirit, but ſeemed to have been ſent to warn her of her fate. She now did not doubt, that Madame Montoni had been murdered, perhaps in this very chamber; or that ſhe herſelf was brought hither for the ſame purpoſe. The countenance, the manners and the recollected words of Barnardine, when he had ſpoken of her aunt, confirmed her worſt fears. For ſome moments, ſhe was incapable of conſidering of any means, by which ſhe might attempt an eſcape. Still ſhe liſtened, but heard footſteps neither on the ſtairs, or in the room above; ſhe thought, however, that ſhe again diſtinguiſhed Barnardine's voice below, and went to a grated window, that opened upon the court, to enquire further. Here, ſhe plainly heard his hoarſe accents, mingling with the blaſt, that ſwept by, but they were loſt again ſo quickly, that their meaning could not be interpreted; and then the light of a torch, which ſeemed to iſſue from the portal below, flaſhed acroſs the court, and the long ſhadow of a man, who was under the arch-way, appeared upon the pavement. Emily, from the hugeneſs of this ſudden portrait, concluded it to be that of Barnardine; but other deep tones, which paſſed in the wind, ſoon convinced her he was not alone, and that his companion was not a perſon very liable to pity.

When her ſpirits had overcome the firſt ſhock of her ſituation, ſhe held up the lamp to examine, if the chamber afforded a poſſibility of an eſcape. It was a ſpacious room, whoſe walls, wainſcoted with rough

rough oak, ſhewed no caſement but the grated one, which Emily had left, and no other door than that, by which ſhe had entered. The feeble rays of the lamp, however, did not allow her to ſee at once its full extent; ſhe perceived no furniture, except indeed, an iron chair, faſtened in the centre of the chamber, immediately over which, depending on a chain from the ceiling, hung an iron ring. Having gazed upon theſe for ſome time, with wonder and horror, ſhe next obſerved iron bars below, made for the purpoſe of confining the feet, and on the arms of the chair were rings of the ſame metal. As ſhe continued to ſurvey them, ſhe concluded that they were inſtruments of torture, and it ſtruck her, that ſome poor wretch had once been faſtened in this chair, and had there been ſtarved to death. She was chilled by the thought; but, what was her agony, when, in the next moment, it occurred to her, that her aunt might have been one of theſe victims, and that ſhe herſelf might be the next! An acute pain ſeized her head, ſhe was ſcarcely able to hold her lamp, and, looking round for ſupport, was ſeating herſelf, unconſciouſly, in the iron chair itſelf; but ſuddenly perceiving where ſhe was, ſhe ſtarted from it in horror, and ſprung towards a remote end of the room. Here again ſhe looked round for a ſeat to ſuſtain her, and perceived only a dark curtain, which deſcending from the cieling to the floor, was drawn along the whole ſide of the chamber. Ill as ſhe was, the appearance of this curtain ſtruck her, and ſhe pauſed to gaze upon it, in wonder and apprehenſion.

It ſeemed to conceal a receſs of the chamber; ſhe wiſhed, yet dreaded, to lift it, and to diſcover what it veiled; twice ſhe was withheld by a recollection of the terrible ſpectacle her daring hand had formerly unveiled in an apartment of the caſtle, till, ſuddenly conjecturing, that it concealed the body of her

her murdered aunt, ſhe ſeized it, in a fit of deſperation, and drew it aſide. Beyond, appeared a corpſe, ſtretched on a kind of low couch, which was crimſoned with human blood, as was the floor beneath. The features, deformed by death, were ghaſtly and horrible, and more than one livid wound appeared in the face. Emily, bending over the body, gazed, for a moment, with an eager, frenzied eye; but, in the next, the lamp dropped from her hand, and ſhe fell ſenſeleſs at the foot of the couch.

When her ſenſes returned, ſhe found herſelf ſurrounded by men, among whom was Barnardine, who were lifting her from the floor, and then bore her aloug the chamber. She was ſenſible of what paſſed, but the extreme languor of her ſpirits did not permit her to ſpeak, or move, or even to feel any diſtinct fear. They carried her down the ſtaircaſe, by which ſhe had aſcended; when, having reached the arch-way, they ſtopped, and one of the men, taking the torch from Bernardine, opened a ſmall door, that was cut in the great gate, and, as he ſtept out upon the road, the light he bore ſhewed ſeveral men on horſeback, in waiting. Whether it was the freſhneſs of the air, that revived Emily, or that the objects ſhe now ſaw rouſed the ſpirit of alarm, ſhe ſuddenly ſpoke, and made an ineffectual effort to diſengage herſelf from the graſp of the ruffians, who held her.

Barnardine, meanwhile, called loudly for the torch, while diſtant voices anſwered, and ſeveral perſons approached, and, in the ſame inſtant, a light flaſhed upon the court of the caſtle. Again he vociferated for the torch, and the men hurried Emily through the gate. At a ſhort diſtance, under the ſhelter of the caſtle walls, ſhe perceived the fellow, who had taken the light from the porter, holding it to a man, buſily employed in altering the ſaddle of a horſe, round which were ſeveral horſemen, looking on,

on, whoſe harſh features received the full glare of the torch; while the broken ground beneath them, the oppoſite walls, with the tufted ſhrubs, that overhung their ſummits, and an embattled watch tower above, were reddened with the gleam, which, fading gradually away, left the remoter ramparts and the woods below to the obſcurity of night.

'What do you waſte time for there?' ſaid Barnardine with an oath, as he approached the horſemen. 'Diſpatch—diſpatch.'

'The ſaddle will be ready in a minute,' replied the man who was buckling it, at whom Barnardine now ſwore again, for his negligence, and Emily, calling feebly for help, was hurried towards the horſes, while the ruffians diſputed on which to place her, the one deſigned for her not being ready. At this moment a cluſter of light iſſued from the great gates, and ſhe immediately heard the ſhrill voice of Annette above thoſe of ſeveral other perſons, who advanced. In the ſame moment, ſhe diſtinguiſhed Montoni and Cavigni, followed by a number of ruffian-faced fellows, to whom ſhe no longer looked with terror, but with hope, for at this inſtant, ſhe did not tremble at the thought of any dangers, that might await her within the caſtle, whence ſo lately, and ſo anxiouſly ſhe wiſhed to eſcape.—Thoſe, which threatened her from without, had engroſſed all her apprehenſions.

A ſhort conteſt enſued between the parties, in which that of Montoni, however, were preſently victors, and the horſemen, perceiving that numbers were againſt them, and being, perhaps, not warmly intereſted in the affair they had undertaken, galloped off, while Barnardine had run far enough to be loſt in the darkneſs, and Emily was led back into the caſtle. As ſhe re-paſſed the court, the remembrance of what ſhe had ſeen in the portal-chamber came, with all its horror, to her mind; and when,

when, ſoon after, ſhe heard the gate cloſe, that ſhut her once more within the caſtle walls, ſhe ſhuddered for herſelf, and, almoſt forgetting the danger ſhe had eſcaped, could ſcarcely think, that any thing leſs precious than liberty and peace was to be found beyond them.

Montoni ordered Emily to await him in the cedar parlour, whither he ſoon followed, and then ſternly queſtioned her on this myſterious affair. Though ſhe now viewed him with horror, as the murderer of her aunt, and ſcarcely knew what ſhe ſaid in reply to his impatient enquiries, her anſwers and her manner convinced him that ſhe had not taken a voluntary part in the late ſcheme, and he diſmiſſed her upon the appearance of his ſervants, whom he had ordered to attend, that he might enquire further into the affair, and diſcover thoſe who had been accomplices in it.

Emily had been ſome time in her apartment, before the tumult of her mind allowed her to remember ſeveral of the paſſed circumſtances. Then, again, the dead form, which the curtain in the portal-chamber had diſcloſed, came to her fancy, and ſhe uttered a groan, which terrified Annette the more, as Emily forebore to ſatisfy her curioſity, on the ſubject of it, for ſhe feared to truſt her with ſo fatal a ſecret, leſt her indiſcretion ſhould call down the immediate vengeance of Montoni on herſelf.

Thus compelled to bear within her own mind the whole horror of the ſecret, that oppreſſed it, her reaſon ſeemed to totter under the intolerable weight. She often fixed a wild and vacant look on Annette, and, when ſhe ſpoke, either did not hear her, or anſwered from the purpoſe. Long fits of abſtraction ſucceeded; Annette ſpoke repeatedly, but her voice ſeemed not to make any impreſſion on the ſenſe of the long agitated Emily, who ſat fixed and ſilent, except now and then, ſhe heaved a heavy ſigh, but without tears.

Terrified,

Terrified at her condition, Annette, at length, left the room, to inform Montoni of it, who had juſt diſmiſſed his ſervants, without having made any diſcoveries on the ſubject of his enquiry. The wild deſcription which this girl now gave of Emily, induced him to follow her immediately to the chamber.

At the ſound of his voice, Emily turned her eyes, and a gleam of recollection ſeemed to ſhoot athwart her mind, for ſhe immediately roſe from her ſeat, and moved ſlowly to a remote part of the room. He ſpoke to her in accents ſomewhat ſoftened from their uſual harſhneſs, but ſhe regarded him with a kind of half curious, half terrified look, and anſwered only 'yes,' to whatever he ſaid. Her mind ſtill ſeemed to retain no other impreſſion than that of fear.

Of this diſorder Annette could give no explanation, and Montoni, having attempted, for ſome time, to perſuade Emily to talk, retired, after ordering Annette to remain with her, during the night, and to inform him in the morning of her condition.

When he was gone, Emily again came forward, and aſked who it was, that had been there to diſturb her. Annette ſaid it was the Signor—Signor Montoni. Emily repeated the name after her, ſeveral times, as if ſhe did not recollect it, and then ſuddenly groaned, and relapſed into abſtraction.

With ſome difficulty, Annette led her to the bed, which Emily examined with an eager, frenzied eye, before ſhe lay down, and then pointing, turned with ſhuddering emotion to Annette, who, now more terrified, went towards the door, that ſhe might bring one of the female ſervants to paſs the night with them; but Emily, obſerving her going, called her by name, and then in the naturally ſoft and plaintive tone of her voice, begged, that ſhe, too, would

would not forſake her.---'For ſince my father died,' added ſhe, ſighing, 'every body forſakes me.'

'Your father, ma'amſelle?' ſaid Annette, 'he was dead before you knew me.'

'He was, indeed!' rejoined Emily, and her tears began to flow. She now wept ſilently and long, after which, becoming quite calm, ſhe at length ſunk to ſleep, Annette having had diſcretion enough not to interrupt her tears. This girl, as affectionate as ſhe was ſimple, loſt in theſe moments all her former fears of remaining in the chamber, and watched alone by Emily, during the whole night.

CHAP. X.

"_____ unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions, hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook!"

IL PENSEROSO.

EMILY's mind was refreſhed by ſleep. On waking in the morning, ſhe looked with ſurpriſe on Annette, who ſat ſleeping in a chair beſide the bed, and then endeavoured to recollect herſelf; but the circumſtances of the preceding night were ſwept from her memory, which ſeemed to retain no trace of what had paſſed, and ſhe was ſtill gazing with ſurpriſe on Annette, when the latter awoke.

'O dear ma'amſelle! do you know me?' cried ſhe.

'Know you! Certainly,' replied Emily, 'you are Annette; but why are you ſitting by me thus?'

'O you have been very ill, ma'amſelle,---very ill indeed! and I am ſure I thought---'

'This is very ſtrange!' ſaid Emily, ſtill trying to recollect the paſt.---'But I think I do remember, that my fancy has been haunted by frightful dreams. Good God!' ſhe added, ſuddenly ſtarting ---'ſurely it was nothing more than a dream!'

She fixed a terrified look upon Annette, who, intending to quiet her, ſaid, 'Yes, ma'amſelle, it was more than a dream, but it is all over now.'

'She is murdered, then!' ſaid Emily, in an inward voice, and ſhuddering inſtantaneouſly.—— Annette ſcreamed, for, being ignorant of the circumſtances

cumſtances to which Emily referred, ſhe attributed her manner to a diſordered fancy; but, when ſhe had explained to what her own ſpeech alluded, Emily, recollecting the attempt that had been made to carry her off, aſked if the contriver of it had been diſcovered. Annette replied, that he had not, though he might eaſily be gueſſed at; and then told Emily ſhe might thank her for her deliverance, who, endeavouring to command the emotion, which the remembrance of her aunt had occaſioned, appeared calmly to liſten to Annette, though, in truth, ſhe heard ſcarcely a word that was ſaid.

'And ſo, ma'amſelle,' continued the latter, 'I was determined to be even with Barnardine for refuſing to tell me the ſecret, by finding it out myſelf; ſo I watched you, on the terrace, and, as ſoon as he had opened the door at the end, I ſtole out from the caſtle, to try to follow you; for, ſays I, I am ſure no good can be planned, or why all this ſecrecy? So, ſure enough, he had not bolted the door after him, and, when I opened it, I ſaw, by the glimmer of the torch, at the other end of the paſſage, which way you were going. I followed the light, at a diſtance, till you came to the vaults of the chapel, and there I was afraid to go further, for I had heard ſtrange things about theſe vaults. But then, again, I was afraid to go back, all in darkneſs, by myſelf; ſo by the time Barnardine had trimmed the light, I had reſolved to follow you, and I did ſo, till you came to the great court, and there I was afraid he would ſee me; ſo I ſtopped at the door again, and watched you acroſs to the gates, and, when you was gone up the ſtairs, I whipt after. There, as I ſtood under the gate-way, I heard horſes' feet without, and ſeveral men talking; and I heard them ſwearing at Barnardine for not bringing you out, and juſt then, he had like to have caught me, for he came down the ſtairs again, and

I had hardly time to get out of his way. But I had heard enough of his ſecret now, and I determined to be even with him, and to ſave you, too, ma'amſelle, for I gueſſed it to be ſome new ſcheme of Count Morano, though he was gone away. I ran into the caſtle, but I had hard work to find my way through the paſſage under the chapel, and what is very ſtrange, I quite forgot to look for the ghoſts they had told me about, though I would not go into that place again by myſelf for all the world! Luckily the Signor and Signor Cavigni were up, ſo we had ſoon a train at our heels, ſufficient to frighten that Barnardine and all his rogues together.

Annette ceaſed to ſpeak, but Emily ſtill appeared to liſten. At length ſhe ſaid, ſuddenly, 'I think I will go to him myſelf;—where is he?'

Annette aſked who was meant?

'Signor Montoni,' replied Emily. 'I would ſpeak with him;' and Annette, now remembering the order he had given, on the preceding night, reſpecting her young lady, roſe, and ſaid ſhe would ſeek him herſelf.

This honeſt girl's ſuſpicions of Count Morano were perfectly juſt; Emily, too, when ſhe thought on the ſcheme, had attributed it to him; and Montoni, who had not a doubt on this ſubject, alſo, began to believe, that it was by the direction of Morano, that poiſon had formerly been mingled with his wine.

The profeſſions of repentance, which Morano had made to Emily, under the anguiſh of his wound, were ſincere at the moment he offered them; but he had miſtaken the ſubject of his ſorrow: for, while he thought he was condemning the cruelty of his late deſign, he was lamenting only the ſtate of ſuffering, to which it had reduced him. As theſe ſufferings abated, his former views revived, till his health being re-eſtabliſhed, he again found himſelf

himſelf ready for enterpriſe and difficulty. The porter of the caſtle, who had ſerved him, on a former occaſion, willingly accepted a ſecond bribe; and, having concerted the means of drawing Emily to the gates, Morano publicly left the hamlet, whither he had been carried after the affray, and withdrew with his people to another at ſeveral miles diſtance. From thence, on a night agreed upon by Barnardine, who had diſcovered from the thoughtleſs prattle of Annette, the moſt probable means of decoying Emily, the Count ſent back his ſervants to the caſtle, while he awaited her arrival at the hamlet, with an intention of carrying her immediately to Venice. How this, his ſecond ſcheme, was fruſtrated, has already appeared; but the violent, and various paſſions with which this Italian lover was now agitated, on his return to that city, can only be imagined.

Annette having made her report to Montoni of Emily's health and of her requeſt to ſee him, he replied, that ſhe might attend him in the cedar room, in about an hour. It was on the ſubject, that preſſed ſo heavily on her mind, that Emily wiſhed to ſpeak to him, yet ſhe did not diſtinctly know what good purpoſe this could anſwer, and ſometimes ſhe even recoiled in horror from the expectation of his preſence. She wiſhed, alſo, to petition, though ſhe ſcarcely dared to believe the requeſt would be granted, that he would permit her, ſince her aunt was no more, to return to her native country.

As the moment of interview approached, her agitation increaſed ſo much, that ſhe almoſt reſolved to excuſe herſelf under what could ſcarcely be called a pretence of illneſs; and, when ſhe conſidered what could be ſaid, either concerning herſelf, or the fate of her aunt, ſhe was equally hopeleſs as to the event of her entreaty, and terrified as to its effect upon the vengeful ſpirit of Montoni. Yet,

to

to pretend ignorance of her death, appeared, in ſome degree, to be ſharing its criminality, and, indeed, this event was the only ground, on which Emily could reſt her petition for leaving Udolpho.

While her thoughts thus wavered, a meſſage was brought, importing, that Montoni could not ſee her, till the next day; and her ſpirits were then relieved, for a moment, from an almoſt intolerable weight of apprehenſion. Annette ſaid, ſhe fancied the Chevaliers were going out to the wars again, for the court-yard was filled with horſes, and ſhe heard, that the reſt of the party, who went out before, were expected at the caſtle. 'And I heard one of the ſoldiers, too,' added ſhe, 'ſay to his comrade, that he would warrant they'd bring home a rare deal of booty.——So, thinks I, if the Signor can, with a ſafe conſcience, ſend his people out a-robbing—why it is no buſineſs of mine. I only wiſh I was once ſafe out of this caſtle; and, if it had not been for poor Ludovico's ſake, I would have let Count Morano's people run away with us both, for it would have been ſerving you a good turn, ma'amſelle, as well as myſelf.'

Annette might have continued thus talking for hours for any interruption ſhe would have received from Emily, who was ſilent, inattentive, abſorbed in thought, and paſſed the whole of this day in a kind of ſolemn tranquillity, ſuch as is often the reſult of faculties overſtrained by ſuffering.

When night returned, Emily recollected the myſterious ſtrains of muſic, that ſhe had lately heard, in which ſhe ſtill felt ſome degree of intereſt, and of which ſhe hoped to hear again the ſoothing ſweetneſs. The influence of ſuperſtition now gained on the weakneſs of her long-haraſſed mind; ſhe looked, with enthuſiaſtic expectation, to the guardian ſpirit of her father, and, having diſmiſſed Annette for the night, determined to watch alone for

their

their return. It was not yet, however, near the time when she had heard the music on a former night, and, anxious to call off her thoughts from distressing subjects, she sat down with one of the few books, that she had brought from France; but her mind, refusing controul, became restless and agitated, and she went often to the casement to listen for a sound. Once, she thought she heard a voice, but then, every thing without the casement remaining still, she concluded, that her fancy had deceived her.

Thus passed the time, till twelve o'clock, soon after which the distant sounds, that murmured through the castle, ceased, and sleep seemed to reign over all. Emily then seated herself at the casement, where she was soon recalled from the reverie, into which she sunk, by very unusual sounds, not of music, but like the low mourning of some person in distress. As she listened, her heart faltered in terror, and she became convinced, that the former sound was more than imaginary. Still, at intervals, she heard a kind of feeble lamentation, and sought to discover whence it came. There were several rooms underneath, adjoining the rampart, which had been long shut up, and, as the sound probably rose from one of these, she leaned from the casement to observe, whether any light was visible there. The chambers, as far as she could perceive, were quite dark, but, at a little distance, on the rampart below, she thought she saw something moving.

The faint twilight, which the stars shed, did not enable her to distinguish what it was; but she judged it to be a sentinel, on watch, and she removed her light to a remote part of the chamber, that she might escape notice, during her further observation.

The ſame object ſtill appeared. Preſently, it advanced along the rampart, towards her window, and ſhe then diſtinguiſhed ſomething like a human form, but the ſilence with which it moved, convinced her it was no ſentinel. As it drew near, ſhe heſitated whether to retire; a thrilling curioſity inclined her to ſtay, but a dread of ſhe ſcarcely knew what warned her to withdraw.

While ſhe paused, the figure came oppoſite to her caſement, and was ſtationary. Every thing remained quiet; ſhe had not heard even a foot-fall; and the ſolemnity of this ſilence, with the myſterious form ſhe ſaw, ſubdued her ſpirits, ſo that ſhe was moving from the caſement, when, on a ſudden, ſhe obſerved the figure ſtart away, and glide down the rampart, after which it was ſoon loſt in the obſcurity of night. Emily continued to gaze, for ſome time, on the way it had paſſed, and then retired within her chamber, muſing on this ſtrange circumſtance, and ſcarcely doubting, that ſhe had witneſſed a ſupernatural appearance.

When her ſpirits recovered compoſure, ſhe looked round for ſome other explanation. Remembering what ſhe had heard of the daring enterpriſe of Montoni, it occurred to her, that ſhe had juſt ſeen ſome unhappy perſon, who, having been plundered by his banditti, was brought hither a captive; and that the muſic ſhe had formerly heard, came from him. Yet, if they had plundered him, it ſtill appeared improbable, that they ſhould have brought him to the caſtle, and it was alſo more conſiſtent with the manners of banditti to murder thoſe they rob, than to make them priſoners. But what, more than any other circumſtance, contradicted the ſuppoſition, that it was a priſoner, was that it wandered on the terrace, without a guard; a conſideration, which made her diſmiſs immediately her firſt ſurmiſe.

After-

Afterwards, ſhe was inclined to believe, that Count Morano had obtained admittance into the caſtle; but ſhe ſoon recollected the difficulties and dangers, that muſt have oppoſed ſuch an enterpriſe, and that, if he had ſo far ſucceeded, to come alone and in ſilence to her caſement at midnight was not the conduct he would have adopted, particularly ſince the private ſtair-caſe, communicating with her apartment, was known to him; neither would he have uttered the diſmal ſounds ſhe had heard.

Another ſuggeſtion repreſented, that this might be ſome perſon, who had deſigns upon the caſtle; but the mournful ſounds deſtroyed, alſo, that probability. Thus, enquiry only perplexed her. Who, or what, it could be that haunted this lonely hour, complaining in ſuch doleful accents and in ſuch ſweet muſic (for ſhe was ſtill inclined to believe, that the former ſtrains and the late appearance were connected,) ſhe had no means of aſcertaining; and imagination again aſſumed her empire, and rouſed the myſteries of ſuperſtition.

She determined, however, to watch on the following night, when her doubts might, perhaps, be cleared up; and ſhe almoſt reſolved to addreſs the figure, if it ſhould appear again.

CHAP. XI.

" Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp,
Oft ſeen in charnel-vaults and ſepulchres,
Lingering, and ſitting, by a new-made grave.

MILTON.

ON the following day, Montoni ſent a ſecond excuſe to Emily, who was ſurpriſed at the circumſtance. 'This is very ſtrange!' ſaid ſhe to herſelf. 'His conſcience tells him the purport of my viſit, and he defers it, to avoid an explanation.' She now almoſt reſolved to throw herſelf in his way, but terror checked the intention, and this day paſſed, as the preceding one, with Emily, except that a degree of awful expectation, concerning the approaching night, now ſomewhat diſturbed the dreadful calmneſs that had pervaded her mind.

Towards evening, the ſecond part of the band, which had made the firſt excurſion among the mountains, returned to the caſtle, where, as they entered the courts, Emily, in her remote chamber, heard their loud ſhouts and ſtrains of exultation, like the orgies of furies over ſome horrid ſacrifice. She even feared they were about to commit ſome barbarous deed; a conjecture from which, however, Annete ſoon relieved her, by telling, that the people were only exulting over the plunder they had brought with them. This circumſtance ſtill further confirmed her in the belief, that Montoni had really commenced to be a captain of banditti, and meant to retrieve his broken fortunes by the plunder of travellers! Indeed, when ſhe conſidered all the circumſtances of his ſituation---in an armed,

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and almoſt inacceſſible caſtle, retired far among the receſſes of wild and ſolitary mountains, along whoſe diſtant ſkirts were ſcattered towns, and cities, whither wealthy travellers were continually paſſing--- this appeared to be the ſituation of all others moſt ſuited for the ſucceſs of ſchemes of rapine, and ſhe yielded to the ſtrange thought, that Montoni was become a captain of robbers. His character, alſo, unprincipled, dauntleſs, cruel, and enterpriſing, ſeemed to fit him for the ſituation. Delighting in the tumult and in the ſtruggles of life, he was equally a ſtranger to pity and to fear; his very courage was a ſort of animal ferocity; not the noble impulſe of a principle, ſuch as inſpirits the mind againſt the oppreſſor, in the cauſe of the oppreſſed; but a conſtitutional hardineſs of nerve, that cannot feel, and that, therefore, cannot fear.

Emily's ſuppoſition, however natural, was in part erroneous, for ſhe was a ſtranger to the ſtate of this country and to the circumſtances, under which its frequent wars were partly conducted. The revenues of the many ſtates of Italy being, at that time, inſufficient to the ſupport of the ſtanding armies, even during the ſhort periods, which the turbulent habits both of the governments and the people permitted to paſs in peace, an order of men aroſe not known in our age, and but faintly deſcribed in the hiſtory of their own. Of the ſoldiers, diſbanded at the end of every war, few returned to the ſafe, but unprofitable occupations, then uſual in peace. Sometimes they paſſed into other countries, and mingled with armies, which ſtill kept the field. Sometimes they formed themſelves into bands of robbers, and occupied remote fortreſſes, where their deſperate character, the weakneſs of the governments which they offended, and the certainty, that they could be recalled to the armies, when their preſence ſhould be again wanted, prevented

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them from being much purſued by the civil power; and, ſometimes they attached themſelves to the fortunes of a popular chief, by whom they were led into the ſervice of any ſtate, which could ſettle with him the price of their valour. From this latter practice aroſe their name—*Condottieri*; a term formidable all over Italy for a period, which concluded in the earlier part of the ſeventeenth century, but of which it is not ſo eaſy to aſcertain the commencement.

Conteſts between the ſmaller ſtates were then, for the moſt part, affairs of enterprize alone, and the probabilities of ſucceſs were eſtimated, not from the ſkill, but from the perſonal courage of the general, and the ſoldiers. The ability, which was neceſſary to the conduct of tedious operations, was little valued. It was enough to know how a party might be led towards their enemies, with the greateſt ſecrecy, or conducted from them in the compacteſt order. The officer was to precipitate himſelf into a ſituation, where, but for his example, the ſoldiers might not have ventured; and, as the oppoſed parties knew little of each other's ſtrength, the event of the day was frequently determined by the boldneſs of the firſt movements. In ſuch ſervices the *Condottieri* were eminent, and in theſe, where plunder always followed ſucceſs, their characters acquired a mixture of intrepidity and profligacy, which awed even thoſe whom they ſerved.

When they were not thus engaged, their chief had uſually his own fortreſs, in which, or in its neighbourhood, they enjoyed an irkſome reſt; and, though their wants were, at one time, partly ſupplied from the property of the inhabitants, the laviſh diſtribution of their plunder at others, prevented them from being obnoxious: and the peaſants of ſuch diſtricts gradually ſhared the character of their warlike viſitors. The neighbouring governments ſome-

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times profeſſed, but ſeldom endeavoured, to ſuppreſs theſe military communities; both becauſe it was difficult to do ſo, and becauſe a diſguiſed protection of them enſued, for the ſervice of their wars, a body of men, who could not otherwiſe be ſo cheaply maintained, or ſo perfectly qualified. The commanders ſometimes even relied ſo far upon this policy of the ſeveral powers, as to frequent their capitals; and Montoni, having met them in the gaming parties of Venice and Padua, conceived a deſire to emulate their characters, before his ruined fortunes tempted him to adopt their practices. It was for the arrangement of his preſent plan of life, that the midnight councils were held at his manſion in Venice, and at which Orſino and ſome other members of the preſent community then aſſiſted with ſuggeſtions, which they had ſince executed with the wreck of their fortunes.

On the return of night, Emily reſumed her ſtation at the caſement. There was now a moon; and, as it roſe over the tufted woods, its yellow light ſerved to ſhew the lonely terrace and the ſurrounding objects, more diſtinctly, than the twilight of the ſtars had done, and promiſed Emily to aſſiſt her obſervations, ſhould the myſterious form return. On this ſubject, ſhe again wavered in conjecture, and heſitated whether to ſpeak to the figure, to which a ſtrong and almoſt irreſiſtible intereſt urged her; but terror, at intervals, made her reluctant to do ſo.

'If this is a perſon, who has deſigns upon the caſtle,' ſaid ſhe, 'my curioſity may prove fatal to me; yet the myſterious muſic, and the lamentations I heard, muſt ſurely have proceeded from him: If ſo, he cannot be an enemy.

She then thought of her unfortunate aunt, and, ſhuddering with grief and horror, the ſuggeſtions of imagination ſeized her mind with all the force of truth,

truth, and ſhe believed, that the form ſhe had ſeen was ſupernatural. She trembled, breathed with difficulty, an icy coldneſs touched her cheeks, and her fears for a while overcame her judgment. Her reſolution now forſook her, and ſhe determined, if the figure ſhould appear, not to ſpeak to it.

Thus the time paſſed, as ſhe ſat at her caſement, awed by expectation, and by the gloom and ſtillneſs of midnight; for ſhe ſaw obſcurely in the moonlight only the mountains and woods, a cluſter of towers, that formed the weſt angle of the caſtle, and the terrace below; and heard no ſound, except now and then, the lonely watch-word, paſſed by the ſentinels on duty, and afterwards the ſteps of the men who came to relieve guard, and whom ſhe knew at a diſtance on the ramparts by their pikes, that glittered in the moon-beam, and then, by the few ſhort words, in which they hailed their fellows of the night. Emily retired within her chamber, while they paſſed the caſement. When ſhe returned to it, all was again quiet. It was now very late, ſhe was wearied with watching, and began to doubt the reality of what ſhe had ſeen on the preceding night; but ſhe ſtill lingered at the window, for her mind was too perturbed to admit of ſleep. The moon ſhone with a clear luſtre, that afforded her a complete view of the terrace; but ſhe ſaw only a ſolitary ſentinel, pacing at one end of it; and, at length, tired with expectation, ſhe withdrew to ſeek reſt.

Such, however, was the impreſſion left on her mind by the muſic, and the complaining ſhe had formerly heard, as well as by the figure, which ſhe fancied ſhe had ſeen, that ſhe determined to repeat the watch, on the following night.

Montoni, on the next day, took no notice of Emily's appointed viſit, but ſhe, more anxious than

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before to ſee him, ſent Annette to enquire, at what hour he would admit her. He mentioned eleven o'clock, and Emily was punctual to the moment; at which ſhe called up all her fortitude to ſupport the ſhock of his preſence and the dreadful recollections it enforced. He was with ſeveral of his officers, in the cedar-room; on obſerving whom ſhe pauſed; and her agitation encreaſed, while he continued to converſe with them, apparently not obſerving her, till ſome of his officers, turning round, ſaw Emily, and uttered an exclamation. She was haſtily retiring, when Montoni's voice arreſted her, and in a faultering accent, ſhe ſaid,---'I would ſpeak with you, Signor Montoni, if you are at leiſure.'

'Theſe are my friends,' he replied, 'whatever you would ſay, they may hear.'

Emily, without replying, turned from the rude gaze of the chevaliers, and Montoni then followed her to the hall, whence he led her to a ſmall room, of which he ſhut the door with violence. As ſhe looked on his dark countenance, ſhe again thought ſhe ſaw the murderer of her aunt; and her mind was ſo convulſed with horror, that ſhe had not power to recall thought enough to explain the purport of her viſit; and to truſt herſelf with the mention of Madame Montoni was more than ſhe dared.

Montoni at length impatiently enquired what ſhe had to ſay? 'I have no time for trifling,' he added, 'my moments are important.'

Emily then told him, that ſhe wiſhed to return to France, and came to beg, that he would permit her to do ſo---But when he looked ſurpriſed, and enquired for the motive of the requeſt, ſhe heſitated, became paler than before, trembled, and had nearly ſunk at his feet. He obſerved her emotion with apparent indifference, and interrupted the ſilence by telling her he muſt be gone. Emily, however, recalled

called her ſpirits ſufficiently to enable her to repeat her requeſt. And when Montoni abſolutely refuſed it, her ſlumbering mind was rouſed.

'I can no longer remain here with propriety, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'and I may be allowed to aſk, by what right you detain me.'

'It is my will that you remain here,' ſaid Montoni, laying his hand on the door to go; 'let that ſuffice you.'

'Emily conſidering that ſhe had no appeal from this will forbore to diſpute his right, and made a feeble effort to perſuade him to be juſt. 'While my aunt lived, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, in a tremulous voice, 'my reſidence here was not improper; but now, that ſhe is no more, I may ſurely be permitted to depart. My ſtay cannot benefit you, ſir, and will only diſtreſs me.'

'Who told you that Madame Montoni was dead?' ſaid Montoni, with an inquiſitive eye. Emily heſitated, for nobody had told her ſo, and ſhe did not dare to avow the having ſeen that ſpectacle in the portal chamber, which had compelled her to the belief.

'Who told you ſo?' he repeated more ſternly.

'Alas! I know it too well,' replied Emily: 'ſpare me on this terrible ſubject!'

She ſat down on a bench to ſupport herſelf.

'If you wiſh to ſee her,' ſaid Montoni, 'you may; ſhe lies in the eaſt turret.'

He now left the room, without awaiting her reply, and returned to the cedar chamber, where ſuch of the chevaliers as had not before ſeen Emily began to rally him, on the diſcovery they had made; but Montoni did not appear diſpoſed to bear this mirth, and they changed the ſubject.

Having talked with the ſubtle Orſino, on the plan of an excurſion, which he meditated on a future day, his friend adviſed that they ſhould lie in wait for

for the enemy, which Verezzi impetuouſly oppoſed, reproached Orſino with want of ſpirit, and ſwore, that, if Montoni would let him lead on fifty men, he would conquer all that ſhould oppoſe him.

Orſino ſmiled contemptuouſly; Montoni ſmiled too, but he alſo liſtened. Verezzi then proceeded with vehement declamation and aſſertion, till he was ſtopped by an argument of Orſino, which he knew not how to anſwer better than by invective. His fierce ſpirit deteſted the cunning caution of Orſino, whom he conſtantly oppoſed, and whoſe inveterate, though ſilent, hatred he had long ago incurred. And Montoni was a calm obſerver of both, whoſe different qualifications he knew, and how to bend their oppoſite character to the perfection of his own deſigns. But Verezzi, in the heat of oppoſition, now did not ſcruple to accuſe Orſino of cowardice, at which the countenance of the latter, while he made no reply, was overſpread with a livid paleneſs; and Montoni, who watched his lurking eye, ſaw him put his hand haſtily into his boſom. But Verezzi, whoſe face, glowing with crimſon, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the complexion of Orſino, remarked not the action, and continued boldly declaiming againſt cowards to Cavigni, who was ſlily laughing at his vehemence, and at the ſilent mortification of Orſino, when the latter retiring a few ſteps behind, drew forth a ſtiletto to ſtab his adverſary in the back. Montoni arreſted his half-extended arm, and, with a ſignificant look, made him return the poniard into his boſom, unſeen by all except himſelf; for moſt of the party were diſputing at a diſtant window, on the ſituation of a dell where they meant to form an ambuſcade.

When Verezzi had turned round, the deadly hatred, expreſſed on the features of his opponent, raiſing, for the firſt time, a ſuſpicion of his intention,

tion, he laid his hand to his ſword, and then ſeeming to recollect himſelf, ſtrode up to Montoni.

'Signor,' ſaid he, with a ſignificant look at Orſino, 'we are not a band of aſſaſſins; if you have buſineſs for brave men employ me on this expedition: you ſhall have the laſt drop of my blood; if you have only work for cowards---keep him,' pointing to Orſino, 'and let me quit Udolpho.'

Orſino, ſtill more incenſed, again drew forth his ſtiletto, and ruſhed towards Verezzi, who, at the ſame inſtant, advanced with his ſword, when Montoni and the reſt of the party interfered and ſeparated them.

'This is the conduct of a boy,' ſaid Montoni to Verezzi, 'not of a man: be more moderate in your ſpeech.'

'Moderation is the virtue of cowards,' retorted Verezzi; 'they are moderate in every thing---but in fear.'

'I accept your words,' ſaid Montoni, turning upon him with a fierce and haughty look, and drawing his ſword out of the ſcabbard.

'With all my heart,' cried Verezzi, 'though I did not mean them for you.'

He directed a paſs at Montoni; and, while they fought, the villain Orſino made another attempt to ſtab Verezzi, and was again prevented.

The combatants were at length, ſeparated; and, after a very long and violent diſpute, reconciled. Montoni then left the room with Orſino, whom he detained in private conſultation for a conſiderable time.

Emily, meanwhile, ſtunned by the laſt words of Montoni, forgot, for the moment, his declaration, that ſhe ſhould continue in the caſtle, while ſhe thought of her unfortunate aunt, who, he had ſaid, was laid in the eaſt turret. In ſuffering the remains of his wife to lie thus long unburied, there appear-

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ed a degree of brutality more ſhocking than ſhe had ſuſpected even Montoni could practiſe.

After a long ſtruggle, ſhe determined to accept his permiſſion to viſit the turret, and to take a laſt look of her ill-fated aunt: with which deſign ſhe returned to her chamber, and while ſhe waited for Annette to accompany her, endeavoured to acquire fortitude ſufficient to ſupport her through the approaching ſcene; for, though ſhe trembled to encounter it, ſhe knew that to remember the performance of this laſt act of duty would hereafter afford her conſoling ſatisfaction.

Annette came, and Emily mentioned her purpoſe, from which the former endeavoured to diſſuade her, though without effect, and Annette was, with much difficulty, prevailed upon to accompany her to the turret; but no conſideration could make her promiſe to enter the chamber of death.

They now left the corridor, and having reached the foot of the ſtair-caſe, which Emily had formerly aſcended, Annette declared ſhe would go no further, and Emily proceeded alone. When ſhe ſaw the track of blood, which ſhe had before obſerved, her ſpirits fainted, and, being compelled to reſt on the ſtairs, ſhe almoſt determined to proceed no further. The pauſe of a few moments reſtored her reſolution, and ſhe went on.

As ſhe drew near the landing-place, upon which the upper chamber opened, ſhe remembered, that the door was formerly faſtened, and apprehended, that it might ſtill be ſo. In this expectation, however, ſhe was miſtaken; for the door opened at once, into a duſky and ſilent chamber, round which ſhe fearfully looked, and then ſlowly advanced, when a hollow voice ſpoke. Emily, who was unable to ſpeak, or to move from the ſpot, uttered no ſound of terror. The voice ſpoke again; and, then, thinking that it reſembled that of Madame Montoni,

Emily's

Emily's ſpirits were inſtantly rouſed; ſhe ruſhed towards a bed, that ſtood in a remote part of the room, and drew aſide the curtains. Within appeared a pale and emaciated face. She ſtarted back, then again advanced, ſhuddered as ſhe took up the ſkeleton hand, that lay ſtretched upon the quilt; then let it drop, and then viewed the face with a long, unſettled gaze. It was that of Madame Montoni, though ſo changed by illneſs, that the reſemblance of what it had been, could ſcarcely be traced in what it now appeared. She was ſtill alive, and, raiſing her heavy eyes, ſhe turned them on her niece.

'Where have you been ſo long?' ſaid ſhe, in the ſame hollow tone, 'I thought you had forſaken me.'

'Do you indeed live,' ſaid Emily, at length, 'or is this but a terrible apparition?' She received no anſwer, and again ſhe ſnatched up the hand.—'This is ſubſtance,' ſhe exclaimed 'but it is cold—cold as marble!' She let it fall. 'O, if you really live, ſpeak!' ſaid Emily, in a voice of deſperation, 'that I may not loſe my ſenſes---ſay you know me!'

'I do live, replied Madame Montoni, 'but—I feel that I am about to die.'

Emily claſped the hand ſhe held, more eagerly, and groaned. They were both ſilent for ſome moments. Then Emily endeavoured to ſooth her, and enquired what had reduced her to this preſent deplorable ſtate.

Montoni, when he removed her to the turret under the improbable ſuſpicion of having attempted his life, had ordered the men employed on the occaſion, to obſerve a ſtrict ſecrecy concerning her. To this he was influenced by a double motive. He meant to debar her from the comfort of Emily's viſits, and to ſecure an opportunity of privately diſpatching her, ſhould any new circumſtances occur

occur to confirm the preſent ſuggeſtions of his ſuſpecting mind. His conſciouſneſs of the hatred he deſerved it was natural enough ſhould at firſt lead him to attribute to her the attempt that had been made upon his life; and, though there was no other reaſon to believe that ſhe was concerned in that atrocious deſign, his ſuſpicions remained; he continued to confine her in the turret, under a ſtrict guard; and, without pity or remorſe, had ſuffered her to lie, forlorn and neglected, under a raging fever, till it had reduced her to the preſent ſtate.

The track of blood, which Emily had ſeen on the ſtairs, had flowed from the unbound wound of one of the men employed to carry Madame Montoni, and which he had received in the late affray. At night theſe men, having contented themſelves with ſecuring the door of their priſoner's room, had retired from guard; and then it was, that Emily, at the time of her firſt enquiry, had found the turret ſo ſilent and deſerted.

When ſhe had attempted to open the door of the chamber, her aunt was ſleeping, and this occaſioned the ſilence, which had contributed to delude her into a belief, that ſhe was no more; yet had her terror permitted her to perſevere longer in the call, ſhe would probably have awakened Madame Montoni, and have been ſpared much ſuffering. The ſpectacle in the portal-chamber, which afterwards confirmed Emily's horrible ſuſpicion, was the corpſe of a man, who had fallen in the affray, and the ſame which had been borne in the ſervants hall, where ſhe took refuge from the tumult. This man had lingered under his wounds for ſome days; and, ſoon after his death, his body had been removed on the couch, on which he died, for interment in the vault beneath the chapel, through which

which Emily and Barnardine had paſſed to the chamber.

Emily, after aſking Madame Montoni a thouſand queſtions concerning herſelf, left her, and ſought Montoni; for the more ſolemn intereſt ſhe felt for her aunt, made her now regardleſs of the reſentment her remonſtrances might draw upon herſelf, and of the improbability of his granting what ſhe meant to entreat.

'Madame Montoni is now dying, ſir,' ſaid Emily, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him—'Your reſentment, ſurely will not purſue her to the laſt moment! Suffer her to be removed from that forlorn room to her own apartment, and to have neceſſary comforts adminiſtered.'

'Of what ſervice will that be, if ſhe is dying?' ſaid Montoni, with apparent indifference.

'The ſervice, at leaſt, of ſaving you, ſir, from a few of thoſe pangs of conſcience you muſt ſuffer, when you ſhall be in the ſame ſituation,' ſaid Emily, with imprudent indignation, of which Montoni ſoon made her ſenſible, by commanding her to quit his preſence. Then, forgetting her reſentment, and impreſſed only by compaſſion for the piteous ſtate of her aunt, dying without ſuccour, ſhe ſubmitted to humble herſelf to Montoni, and to adopt every perſuaſive means, that might reduce him to relent towards his wife.

For a conſiderable time he was proof againſt all ſhe ſaid, and all ſhe looked; but at length the divinity of pity, beaming in Emily's eyes, ſeemed to touch his heart. He turned away, aſhamed of his better feelings, half ſullen and half relenting; but finally conſented, that his wife ſhould be removed to her own apartment, and that Emily ſhould attend her. Dreading equally, that this relief might arrive too late, and that Montoni might retract his conceſſion, Emily ſcarcely ſtaid to thank him for it, but,

but, aſſiſted by Annette, ſhe quickly prepared Madame Montoni's bed, and they carried her a cordial, that might enable her feeble frame to ſuſtain the fatigue of a removal.

Madame was ſcarcely arrived in her own apartment, when an order was given by her huſband, that ſhe ſhould remain in the turret; but Emily, thankful that ſhe had made ſuch diſpatch, haſtened to inform him of it, as well as that a ſecond removal would inſtantly prove fatal, and he ſuffered his wife to continue where ſhe was.

During this day, Emily never left Madame Montoni, except to prepare ſuch little nouriſhing things as ſhe judged neceſſary to ſuſtain her, and which Madame Montoni received with quiet acquieſcence, though ſhe ſeemed ſenſible that they could not ſave her from approaching diſſolution, and ſcarcely appeared to wiſh for life. Emily meanwhile watched over her with the moſt tender ſolicitude, no longer ſeeing her imperious aunt in the poor object before her, but the ſiſter of her late beloved father, in a ſituation that called for all her compaſſion and kindneſs. When night came, ſhe determined to ſit up with her aunt, but this the latter poſitively forbade, commanding her to retire to reſt, and Annette alone to remain in her chamber. Reſt was, indeed, neceſſary to Emily, whoſe ſpirits and frame were equally wearied by the occurrences and exertions of the day; but ſhe would not leave Madame Montoni, till after the turn of midnight, a period then thought ſo critical by the phyſicians.

Soon after twelve, having enjoined Annette to be wakeful, and to call her, ſhould any change appear for the worſe, Emily ſorrowfully bade Madame Montoni good night, and withdrew to her chamber. Her ſpirits were more than uſually depreſſed by the piteous condition of her aunt, whoſe recovery ſhe ſcarcely dared to expect. To her own misfortunes

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ſhe ſaw no period, incloſed as ſhe was, in a remote caſtle, beyond the reach of any friends, had ſhe poſſeſſed ſuch, and beyond the pity even of ſtrangers; while ſhe knew herſelf to be in the power of a man capable of any action, which his intereſt, or his ambition, might ſuggeſt.

Occupied by melancholy reflections and by anticipations as ſad, ſhe did not retire immediately to reſt, but leaned thoughtfully on her open caſement. The ſcene before her of woods and mountains, repoſing in the moon-light, formed a regretted contraſt with the ſtate of her mind, but the lonely murmur of theſe woods, and the view of this ſleeping landſcape, gradually ſoothed her emotions and ſoftened her to tears.

She continued to weep, for ſome time, loſt to every thing, but to a gentle ſenſe of her misfortunes.——When ſhe, at length, took the handkerchief from her eyes, ſhe perceived, before her, on the terrace below, the figure ſhe had formerly obſerved, which ſtood fixed and ſilent, immediately oppoſite to her caſement. On perceiving it, ſhe ſtarted back, and terror for ſome time overcame curioſity;—at length, ſhe returned to the caſement, and ſtill the figure was before it, which ſhe now compelled herſelf to obſerve, but was utterly unable to ſpeak, as ſhe had formerly intended. The moon ſhone with a clear light, and it was, perhaps, the agitation of her mind, that prevented her diſtinguiſhing, with any degree of accuracy, the form before her. It was ſtill ſtationary, and ſhe began to doubt, whether it was really animated.

Her ſcattered thoughts were now ſo far returned as to remind her, that her light expoſed her to dangerous obſervation, and ſhe was ſtepping back to remove it, when ſhe perceived the figure move, and then wave what ſeemed to be its arm, as if to beckon her; and, while ſhe gazed, fixed in fear, it repeated the

the action. She now attempted to ſpeak, but the words died on her lips, and ſhe went from the caſement to remove her light; as ſhe was doing which, ſhe heard, from without, a faint groan. Liſtening, but not daring to return, ſhe preſently heard it repeated.

'Good God!--what can this mean!' ſaid ſhe.

Again ſhe liſtened, but the ſound came no more; and after a long interval of ſilence, ſhe recovered courage enough to go to the caſement, when ſhe again ſaw the ſame appearance! It beckoned again, and again uttered a low ſound.

'That groan was ſurely human!' ſaid ſhe. 'I *will* ſpeak.' 'Who is it,' cried Emily in a faint voice, 'that wanders at this late hour?'

The figure raiſed its head, but ſuddenly ſtarted away, and glided down the terrace. She watched it, for a long while, paſſing ſwiftly in the moonlight, but heard no foot-ſtep, till a ſentinel from the other extremity of the rampart walked ſlowly along. The man ſtopped under her window, and, looking up, called her by name. She was retiring precipitately, but, a ſecond ſummons inducing her to reply, the ſoldier then reſpectfully aſked if ſhe had ſeen any thing paſs. On her anſwering, that ſhe had; he ſaid no more, but walked away down the terrace, Emily following him with her eyes, till he was loſt in the diſtance. But as he was on guard, ſhe knew he could not go beyond the rampart, and, therefore, reſolved to await his return.

Soon after, his voice was heard, at a diſtance, calling loudly; and then a voice ſtill more diſtant anſwered, and, in the next moment, the watch-word was given, and paſſing along the terrace. As the ſoldiers moved haſtily under the caſement, ſhe called to enquire what had happened, but they paſſed without regarding her.

Emily's thoughts returning to the figure ſhe had ſeen, 'It cannot be a perſon, who has deſigns

upon the caſtle,' ſaid ſhe; 'ſuch an one would conduct himſelf very differently. He would not venture where ſentinels were on watch, nor fix himſelf oppoſite to a window, where he perceived he muſt be obſerved; much leſs would he beckon, or utter a ſound of complaint. Yet it cannot be a priſoner, for how could he obtain the opportunity to wander thus?'

If ſhe had been ſubject to vanity, ſhe might have ſuppoſed this figure to be ſome inhabitant of the caſtle,——who wandered under her caſement in the hope of ſeeing her, and of being allowed to declare his admiration; but this opinion never occurred to Emily, and, if it had, ſhe would have diſmiſſed it as improbable, on conſidering, that, when the opportunity of ſpeaking had occurred, it had been ſuffered to paſs in ſilence; and that, even at the moment in which ſhe had ſpoken, the form had abruptly quitted the place.

While ſhe muſed, two ſentinels walked up the rampart in earneſt converſation, of which ſhe caught a few words, and learned from theſe, that one of their comrades had fallen down ſenſeleſs. Soon after three other ſoldiers appeared ſlowly advancing from the bottom of the terrace, but ſhe heard only a low voice, that came at intervals. As they drew near, ſhe perceived this to be the voice of him, who walked in the middle, apparently ſupported by his comrades; and ſhe again called to them, enquiring what had happened. At the ſound of her voice, they ſtopped, and looked up, while ſhe repeated her queſtion, and was told, that Roberto, their fellow of the watch, had been ſeized with a fit, and that his cry, as he fell, had cauſed a falſe alarm.

'Is he ſubject to fits?' ſaid Emily.

'Yes, Signora,' replied Roberto; 'but if I had not, what I ſaw was enough to have frightened the Pope himſelf.'

'What was it?' enquired Emily, trembling.

'I cannot

'I cannot tell what it was, lady, or what I saw or how it vanished,' replied the soldier, who seemed to shudder at the recollection.

'Was it the person, whom you followed down the rampart, that has occasioned you this alarm?' said Emily, endeavouring to conceal her own.

'Person!' exclaimed the man,—'it was the devil, and this is not the first time I have seen him!'

'Nor will it be the last,' observed one of his comrades, laughing.

'No, no, I warrant not,' said another.

'Well,' rejoined Roberto, 'you may be as merry now, as you please; you was not so jocose the other night, Sebastian, when you was on watch with Launcelot.'

'Launcelot need not talk of that,' replied Sebastian, 'let him remember how he stood trembling, and unable to give the *word*, till the man was gone. If the man had not come so silently upon us, I would have seized him, and soon made him tell who he was.'

'What man?' replied Emily.

'It was no man, lady,' said Lancelot, who stood by, 'but the devil himself, as my comrade says. What man, who does not live in the castle, could get within the walls at midnight? Why, I might just as well pretend to march to Venice, and get among all the Senators, when they are counselling; and I warrant I should have more chance of getting out again alive, than any fellow, that we should catch within the gates after dark. So I think I have proved plainly enough, that this can be nobody that lives out of the castle; and now I will prove, that it can be nobody that lives in the castle—for, if he did—why should he be afraid to be seen? So after this, I hope nobody will pretend to tell me it was anybody. No, I say again, by holy Pope! it was the devil, and Sebastian, there, knows this is not the first time we have seen him.'

'When did you ſee the figure, then, before?' ſaid Emily half ſmiling, who, though ſhe thought the converſation ſomewhat too much, felt an intereſt, which would not permit her to conclude it.

'About a week ago, lady,' ſaid Sebaſtian, taking up the ſtory.

'And where?'

'On the rampart, lady, higher up.'

'Did you purſue it, that it fled!'

'No, Signora. Launcelot and I were on watch together, and every thing was ſo ſtill, you might have heard a mouſe ſtir, when, ſuddenly, Launcelot ſays—Sebaſtian! do you ſee nothing? I turned my head a little to the left, as it might be—thus. No, ſays I. Huſh! ſaid Launcelot,—look yonder—juſt by the laſt cannon on the rampart! I looked, and then thought I did ſee ſomething move; but there being no light, but what the ſtars gave, I could not be certain. We ſtood quite ſilent, to watch it, and preſently ſaw ſomething paſs along the caſtle wall juſt oppoſite to us?'

'Why did not you ſeize it, then?' cried a ſoldier, who had ſcarcely ſpoken till now.

'Aye, why did you not ſeize it?' ſaid Roberto.

'You ſhould have been there to have done that,' replied Sebaſtian. 'You would have been bold enough to have taken it by the throat, though it had been the devil himſelf; we could not take ſuch a liberty, perhaps becauſe we are not ſo well acquainted with him, as you are. But, as I was ſaying, it ſtole by us ſo quickly, that we had not time to get rid of our ſurpriſe, before it was gone. Then, we knew it was in vain to follow. We kept conſtant watch all that night, but we ſaw it no more. Next morning, we told ſome of our comrades, who were on duty on other parts of the ramparts, what we had ſeen; but they had ſeen nothing, and laughed at us, and it was not till to-night, that the ſame figure walked again.'

'Where

'Where did you loſe it, friend?' ſaid Emily to Roberto.

'When I left you, lady,' replied the man, 'you might ſee me go down the rampart, but it was not till I reached the eaſt terrace, that I ſaw any thing. Then the moon ſhining bright, I ſaw ſomething like a ſhadow flitting before me, as it were, at ſome diſtance. I ſtopped, when I turned the corner of the eaſt tower, where I had ſeen this figure not a moment before,—but it was gone! As I ſtood looking through the old arch, which leads to the eaſt rampart, and where I am ſure it had paſſed, I heard all of a ſudden, ſuch a ſound!—It was not like a groan, or a cry, or a ſhout, or any thing I ever heard in my life. I heard it only once, and that was enough for me; for I know nothing that happened after, till I found my comrades, here, about me.'

'Come,' ſaid Sebaſtian, 'let us go to our poſts—the moon is ſetting. Good night, lady!'

'Aye, let us go,' rejoined Roberto. 'Good night, lady.'

'Good night; the holy mother guard you!' ſaid Emily, as ſhe cloſed her caſement and retired to reflect upon the ſtrange circumſtance that had juſt occurred, connecting which with what had happened on former nights, ſhe endeavoured to derive from the whole ſomething more poſitive, than conjecture. But her imagination was inflamed, while her judgment was not enlightened, and the terrors of ſuperſtition again pervaded her mind.

CHAP. XII.

——— ———"There is one within,
Beſides the things, that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights, ſeen by the watch."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

IN the morning Emily found Madame Montoni nearly in the ſame condition, as on the preceding night; ſhe had ſlept little, and that little had not refreſhed her, ſhe ſmiled on her niece, and ſeemed cheered by her preſence, but ſpoke only a few words, and never named Montoni, who, however, ſoon after entered the room. His wife, when ſhe underſtood that he was there, appeared much agitated, but was entirely ſilent, till Emily roſe from a chair at the bed-ſide, when ſhe begged in a feeble voice, that ſhe would not leave her.

The viſit of Montoni was not to ſooth his wife, whom he knew to be dying, or to conſole, or to aſk her forgiveneſs, but to make a laſt effort to procure that ſignature, which would transfer her eſtates in Languedoc, after her death, to him rather than to Emily. This was a ſcene, that exhibited, on his part, his uſual inhumanity, and, on that of Madame Montoni, a perſevering ſpirit, contending with a feeble frame; while Emily repeatedly declared to him her willingneſs to reſign all claim to thoſe eſtates, rather than that the laſt hours of her aunt ſhould be diſturbed by contention. Montoni, however, did not leave the room, till his wife, exhauſted by the obſtinate diſpute, had fainted, and ſhe lay ſo long inſenſible, that Emily began to fear that the ſpark of life was extinguiſhed. At length, ſhe revived, and looking feebly up at her niece, whoſe tears were falling over her, made an effort to ſpeak, but her words

words were unintelligible, and Emily again apprehended ſhe was dying. Afterwards, however, ſhe recovered her ſpeech, and, being ſomewhat reſtored by a cordial, converſed for a conſiderable time, on the ſubject of her eſtates in France, with clearneſs and preciſion. She directed her niece where to find ſome papers relative to them, which ſhe had hitherto concealed from the ſearch of Montoni, and earneſtly charged her never to ſuffer theſe papers to eſcape her.

Soon after this converſation, Madame Montoni ſunk into a doze, and continued ſlumbering, till evening, when ſhe ſeemed better than ſhe had been ſince her removal from the turret. Emily never left her, for a moment, till long after midnight, and even then would not have quitted the room, had not her aunt entreated, that ſhe would retire to reſt. She then obeyed the more willingly, becauſe her patient appeared ſomewhat recruited by ſleep; and, giving Annette the ſame injunction, as on the preceding night, ſhe withdrew to her own apartment. But her ſpirits were wakeful and agitated, and, finding it impoſſible to ſleep, ſhe determined to watch, once more, for the myſterious appearance, that had ſo much intereſted and alarmed her.

It was now the ſecond watch of the night, and about the time when the figure had before appeared. Emily heard the paſſing ſteps of the ſentinels, on the rampart, as they changed guard; and, when all was again ſilent, ſhe took her ſtation at the caſement, leaving her lamp in a remote part of the chamber, that ſhe might eſcape notice from without. The moon gave a faint and uncertain light, for heavy vapours ſurrounded it, and, often rolling over the diſk, left the ſcene below in total darkneſs. It was in one of theſe moments of obſcurity, that ſhe obſerved a ſmall and lambent flame, moving at ſome diſtance from the terrace. While ſhe gazed, it diſappeared, and the moon again emerging from the

lurid

lurid and heavy thunder clouds, she turned her attention to the heavens, where the vivid lightnings darted from cloud to cloud, and flashed silently on the woods below. She loved to catch, in the momentary gleam, the gloomy landscape. Sometimes, a cloud opened its light upon a distant mountain, and, while the sudden spendour illumined all its recesses of rock and wood, the rest of the scene remained in deep shadow; at others, partial features of the castle were revealed by the glimpse—the ancient arch leading to the east rampart, the turret above, or the fortifications beyond; and then, perhaps, the whole edifice with all its towers, its dark massy walls and pointed casements would appear, and vanish in an instant.

Emily, looking again upon the rampart, perceived the flame she had seen before; it moved onward; and, soon after, she thought she heard a foot-step. The light appeared, and disappeared frequently, while, as she watched, it glided under her casements, and, at the same instant, she was certain, that a footstep passed, but the darkness did not permit her to distinguish any object except the flame. It moved away, and then, by a gleam of lightning, she perceived some person on the terrace. All the anxieties of the preceding night returned. This person advanced, and the playing flame alternately appeared and vanished. Emily wished to speak, to end her doubts, whether this figure were human or supernatural; but her courage failed as often as she attempted utterance, till the light moved again under the casement, and she faintly demanded who passed.

'A friend,' replied a voice.

'What friend?' said Emily, somewhat encouraged, 'who are you, and what is that light you carry?'

'I am Anthonio, one of the Signor's soldiers,' replied the voice.

'And

'And what is that tapering light you bear?' ſaid Emily, 'See how it darts upwards,—and now it vaniſhes!'

'This light, lady,' ſaid the ſoldier, 'has appeared to-night as you ſee it, on the point of my lance, ever ſince I have been on watch; but what it means I cannot tell.'

'This is very ſtrange!' ſaid Emily.

'My fellow-guard,' continued the man, 'has the ſame flame on his arms; he ſays he has ſometimes ſeen it before. I never did; I am but lately come to the caſtle, for I have not been long a ſoldier.'

'How does your comrade account for it?' ſaid Emily.

'He ſays it is an omen, lady, and bodes no good.'

'And what harm can it bode?' rejoined Emily.

'He knows not ſo much as that, lady.'

Whether Emily was alarmed by this omen, or not, ſhe certainly was relieved from much terror by diſcovering this man to be only a ſoldier on duty, and it immediately occurred to her, that it might be he, who had occaſioned ſo much alarm on the preceding night. There were, however, ſome circumſtances, that ſtill required explanation. As far as ſhe could judge by the faint moon-light, that had aſſiſted her obſervation, the figure ſhe had ſeen did not reſemble this man either in ſhape or ſize; beſides, ſhe was certain it had carried no arms. The ſilence of its ſteps, if ſteps it had, the moaning ſounds, too, which it uttered, and its ſtrange diſappearance, were circumſtances of myſterious import, that did not apply, with probability, to a ſoldier engaged in the duty of his guard.

She now enquired of the ſentinel, whether he had ſeen any perſon beſides his fellow watch, walking on the terrace, about midnight; and then briefly related what ſhe had herſelf obſerved.

'I was not on guard that night, lady,' replied the man, but I heard of what happened. There are amongſt us, who believe ſtrange things. Strange ſtories, too, have long been told of this caſtle, but it is no buſineſs of mine to repeat them; and, for my part, I have no reaſon to complain; our Chief does nobly by us.'

'I commend your prudence,' ſaid Emily 'Good night, and accept this from me,' ſhe added, throwing him a ſmall piece of coin, and then cloſing the caſement to put an end to the diſcourſe.

When he was gone, ſhe opened it again, liſtened with a gloomy pleaſure to the diſtant thunder, that began to murmur among the mountains, and watched the arrowy lightnings, which broke over the remoter ſcene. The pealing thunder rolled onward, and then, reverberated by the mountains, other thunder ſeemed to anſwer from the oppoſite horizon; while the accumulating clouds entirely concealing the moon, aſſumed a red ſulphureous tinge, that foretold a violent ſtorm.

Emily remained at her caſement, till the vivid lightning, that now, every inſtant, revealed the wide horizon and the landſcape below, made it no longer ſafe to do ſo, and ſhe went to her couch; but, unable to compoſe her mind to ſleep, ſtill liſtened in ſilent awe to the tremendous ſounds, that ſeemed to ſhake the caſtle to its foundation.

She had continued thus for a conſiderable time, when, amidſt the uproar of the ſtorm, ſhe thought ſhe heard a voice, and, raiſing herſelf to liſten, ſaw the chamber door open, and Annette enter with a countenance of wild affright.

'She is dying, ma'amſelle, my lady is dying!' ſaid ſhe.

Emily ſtarted up, and ran to Madame Montoni's room. When ſhe entered her aunt appeared to have fainted, for ſhe was quite ſtill and inſenſible; and Emily with a ſtrength of mind, that refuſed to yield

yield to grief, while any duty required her activity, applied every means that ſeemed likely to reſtore her. But the laſt ſtruggle was over—ſhe was gone for ever.

When Emily perceived, that all her efforts were ineffectual, ſhe interrogated the terrified Annette, and learned, that Madame Montoni had fallen into a doze, ſoon after Emily's departure, in which ſhe had continued, until a few minutes before her death.

'I wonder, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'what was the reaſon my lady did not ſeem frightened at the thunder, when I was ſo terrified, and I went often to the bed to ſpeak to her, but ſhe appeared to be aſleep; till preſently I heard a ſtrange noiſe, and, on going to her, ſaw ſhe was dying.'

Emily, at this recital, ſhed tears. She had no doubt but the violent change in the air, which the tempeſt produced, had effected this fatal one, on the exhauſted frame of Madame Montoni.

After ſome deliberation, ſhe determined that Montoni ſhould not be informed of this event till the morning; for ſhe conſidered, that he might, perhaps, utter ſome inhuman expreſſions, ſuch as in the preſent temper of her ſpirits ſhe could not bear. With Annette alone, therefore, whom ſhe encouraged by her own example, ſhe performed ſome of the laſt ſolemn offices for the dead, and compelled herſelf to watch during the night, by the body of her deceaſed aunt. During this ſolemn period, rendered more awful by the tremendous ſtorm that ſhook the air, ſhe frequently addreſſed herſelf to Heaven for ſupport and protection, and her pious prayers, we may believe, were accepted of the God, that giveth comfort.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

'The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of Death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.'

MASON.

WHEN Montoni was informed of the death of his wife, and considered that she had died without giving him the signature so necessary to the accomplishment of his wishes, no sense of decency restrained the expression of his resentment. Emily anxiously avoided his presence, and watched, during two days and two nights, with little intermission, by the corpse of her late aunt. Her mind deeply impressed with the unhappy fate of this object, she forgot all her faults, her unjust and imperious conduct to herself: and, remembering only her sufferings, thought of her only with tender compassion. Sometimes, however, she could not avoid musing upon the strange infatuation that had proved so fatal to her aunt, and had involved herself in a labyrinth of misfortune, from which she saw no means of escaping---the marriage with Montoni. But, when she considered this circumstance, it was 'more in sorrow than in anger,'---more for the purpose of indulging lamentation, than reproach.

In her pious cares she was not disturbed by Montoni, who not only avoided the chamber, where the remains of his wife were laid, but that part of the castle adjoining to it, as if he had apprehended a contagion in death. He seemed to have given no orders respecting the funeral, and Emily began to fear he meant to offer a new insult to the memory of Madame Montoni; but from this apprehension she was relieved, when on the evening of the second

cond day, Annette informed her, that the interment was to take place that night. She knew, that Montoni would not attend; and it was so very grievous to her to think that the remains of her unfortunate aunt would pass to the grave without one relative, or friend to pay them the last decent rites, that she determined to be deterred by no considerations for herself, from observing this duty. She would otherwise have shrunk from the circumstance of following them to the cold vault, to which they were to be carried by men, whose air and countenances seemed to stamp them for murderers, at the midnight hour of silence and privacy, which Montoni had chosen for committing, if possible, to oblivion the reliques of a woman, whom his harsh conduct had, at least, contributed to destroy.

Emily, shuddering with emotions of horror and grief, assisted by Annette, prepared the corpse for interment; and, having wrapt it in cerements, and covered it with a winding sheet, they watched beside it, till past midnight, when they heard the approaching footsteps of the men, who were to lay it in its earthy bed. It was with difficulty, that Emily overcame her emotion, when, the door of the chamber being thrown open, their gloomy countenances were seen by the glare of the torch they carried, and two of them, without speaking, lifted the body on their shoulders, while the third preceding them with the light, descended through the castle towards the grave, which was in the lower vault of the chapel within the castle walls.

They had to cross two courts, towards the east wing of the castle, which, adjoining the chapel, was, like it, in ruins; but the silence and gloom of these courts had now little power over Emily's mind, occupied as it was with more mournful ideas; and she scarcely heard the low and dismal hooting of the night-birds, that roosted among the ivyed battlements of the ruin, or perceived the still flittings of

of the bat, which frequently croſſed her way. But, when, having entered the chapel, and paſſed between the mouldering pillars of the aiſles, the bearers ſtopped at a flight of ſteps, that led down to a low arched door, and, their comrade having deſcended to unlock it, ſhe ſaw imperfectly the gloomy abyſs beyond;—ſaw the corpſe of her aunt carried down theſe ſteps, and the ruffian-like figure, that ſtood with a torch at the bottom to receive it—all her fortitude was loſt in emotions of inexpreſſible grief and terror. She turned to lean upon Annette, who was cold and trembling like herſelf, and ſhe lingered ſo long on the ſummit of the flight, that the gleam of the torch began to die away on the pillars of the chapel, and the men were almoſt beyond her view. Then, the gloom around her awakening other fears, and a ſenſe of what ſhe conſidered to be her duty overcoming her reluctance, ſhe deſcended to the vaults, following the echo of footſteps and the faint ray that pierced the darkneſs, till the harſh grating of a diſtant door, that was opened to receive the corpſe, again appalled her.

After the pauſe of a moment, ſhe went on, and, as ſhe entered the vaults, ſaw between the arches, at ſome diſtance the men lay down the body near the edge of an open grave, where ſtood another of Montoni's men and a prieſt, whom ſhe did not obſerve, till he began the burial ſervice; then, lifting her eyes from the ground, ſhe ſaw the venerable figure of the friar, and heard him in a low voice, equally ſolemn and affecting, perform the ſervice for the dead. At the moment, in which they let down the body into the earth, the ſcene was ſuch as only the dark pencil of Domenichino, perhaps could have done juſtice to. The fierce features and wild dreſs of the *condottieri*, bending with the torches over the grave, into which the corpſe was deſcending, were contraſted by the venerable

nerable figure of the monk, wrapt in long black garments, his cowl thrown back from his pale face, on which the light gleaming ſtrongly ſhewed the lines of affliction ſoftened by piety, and the few grey locks, which time had ſpared on his temples; while, beſide him, ſtood the ſofter form of Emily, who leaned for ſupport upon Annette; her face half averted, and ſhaded by a thin veil, that fell over her figure; and her mild and beautiful countenance fixed in grief ſo ſolemn as admitted not of tears, while ſhe thus ſaw committed untimely to the earth her laſt relative and friend. The gleams, thrown between the arches of the vaults, where here and there the open ground marked the ſpots in which other bodies had been recently interred, and the general obſcurity beyond were circumſtances, that alone would have led on the imagination of a ſpectator to ſcenes more horrible, than even that, which was pictured at the grave of the miſguided and unfortunate Madame Montoni.

When the ſervice was over, the friar regarded Emily with attention and ſurpriſe, and looked as if he wiſhed to ſpeak to her, but was reſtrained by the preſence of the *condottieri*, who, as they now led the way to the courts, amuſed themſelves with jokes upon his holy order, which he endured in ſilence, demanding only to be conducted ſafely to his convent, and to which Emily liſtened with concern and even horror. When they reached the court, the monk gave her his bleſſing, and, after a lingering look of pity, turned away to the portal, whither one of the men carried a torch; while Annette lighting another, preceded Emily to her apartment. The appearance of the friar and the expreſſion of tender compaſſion, with which he had regarded her, had intereſted Emily, who, though it was at her earneſt ſupplication, that Montoni had conſented to allow a prieſt to perform the laſt rites for his deceaſed wife, knew nothing concerning

ing this perſon, till Annette now informed her, that he belonged to a monaſtery, ſituated among the mountains at a few miles diſtance. The Superior, who regarded Montoni and his aſſociates, not only with averſion, but with terror, had probably feared to offend him by refuſing his requeſt, and had, therefore, ordered a monk to officiate at the funeral, who, with the meek ſpirit of a chriſtian had overcome his reluctance to enter the walls of ſuch a caſtle, by the wiſh of performing what he conſidered to be his duty, and, as the chapel was built on conſecrated ground, had not objected to commit to it the remains of the late unhappy Madame Montoni.

Several days paſſed with Emily in total ſecluſion, and in a ſtate of mind partaking both of terror for herſelf, and grief for the departed. She, at length, determined to make other efforts to perſuade Montoni to permit her to return to France. Why he ſhould wiſh to detain her, ſhe could ſcarcely dare to conjecture; but it was too certain that he did ſo, and the abſolute refuſal he had formerly given to her departure allowed her little hope, that he would now conſent to it. But the horror, which his preſence inſpired, made her defer, from day to day, the mention of this ſubject; and at laſt ſhe was awakened from her inactivity only by a meſſage from him, deſiring her attendance at a certain hour. She began to hope he meant to reſign, now that her aunt was no more, the authority he had uſurped over her; till ſhe recollected, that the eſtates, which had occaſioned ſo much contention, were now hers, and ſhe then feared Montoni was about to employ ſome ſtratagem, for obtaining them, and that he would detain her his priſoner, till he ſucceeded. This thought, inſtead of overcoming her with deſpondency, rouſed all the latent powers of her fortitude into action; and the property, which ſhe would willingly have reſigned

to

to ſecure the peace of her aunt, ſhe reſolved, that no common ſufferings of her own ſhould ever compel her to give to Montoni. For Valancourt's ſake alſo ſhe determined to preſerve theſe eſtates, ſince they would afford that competency, by which ſhe hoped to ſecure the comfort of their future lives. As ſhe thought of this, ſhe indulged the tenderneſs of tears, and anticipated the light of that moment, when, with affectionate generoſity, ſhe might tell him they were his own. She ſaw the ſmile, that lighted up his features—the affectionate regard, which ſpoke at once his joy and thanks; and, at this inſtant, ſhe believed ſhe could brave any ſuffering, which the evil ſpirit of Montoni might be preparing for her. Remembering then, for the firſt time ſince her aunt's death, the papers relative to the eſtates in queſtion, ſhe determined to ſearch for them, as ſoon as her interview with Montoni was over.

With theſe reſolutions ſhe met him at the appointed time, and waited to hear his intention before ſhe renewed her requeſt. With him were Orſino and another officer, and both were ſtanding near a table, covered with papers, which he appeared to be examining.

'I ſent for you, Emily,' ſaid Montoni, raiſing his head, 'that you might be a witneſs in ſome buſineſs which I am tranſacting with my friend Orſino. All that is required of you will be to ſign your name to this paper:' he then took one up, hurried unintelligibly over ſome lines, and, laying laying it before her on the table, offered her a pen. She took it, and was going to write—when the deſign of Montoni came upon her mind like a flaſh of lightning; ſhe trembled, let the pen fall, and refuſed to ſign what ſhe had not read. Montoni affected to laugh at her ſcruples, and, taking up the paper again, pretended to read; but Emily, who ſtill trembled on perceiving her danger, and was aſtoniſhed that her

her own credulity had ſo nearly betrayed her, poſitively refuſed to ſign any paper whatever. Montoni, for ſome time, perſevered in affecting to ridicule this refuſal; but, when he perceived by her ſteady perſeverance, that ſhe underſtood his deſign, he changed his manner, and bade her follow him to another room. There he told her, that he had been willing to ſpare himſelf and her the trouble of uſeleſs conteſt, in an affair, where his will was juſtice, and where ſhe ſhould find it law; and had, therefore, endeavoured to perſuade, rather than to compel, her to the practice of her duty.

'I, as the huſband of the late Signora Montoni,' he added, 'am the heir of all ſhe poſſeſſed; the eſtates, therefore, which ſhe refuſed to me in her life time, can no longer be withheld, and for your own ſake, I would undeceive you, reſpecting a fooliſh aſſertion ſhe once made to you in my hearing—that theſe eſtates would be yours, if ſhe died without reſigning them to me. She knew at that moment, ſhe had no power to withhold them from me, after her deceaſe; and I think you have more ſenſe, than to provoke my reſentment by advancing an unjuſt claim. I am not in the habit of flattering, and you will, therefore, receive, as ſincere, the praiſe I beſtow, when I ſay, that you poſſeſs an underſtanding ſuperior to that of your ſex; and that you have none of thoſe contemptible foibles, that frequently mark the female character—ſuch as avarice and the love of power, which latter makes women delight to contradict and to teaſe, when they cannot conquer. If I underſtand your diſpoſition and your mind, you hold in ſovereign contempt theſe common failings of your ſex."

Montoni pauſed; and Emily remained ſilent and expecting; for ſhe knew him too well, to believe he would condeſcend to ſuch flattery, unleſs he thought it would promote his own intereſt; and, though he had forborne to name vanity among the

foibles

foibles of women, it was evident that he conſidered it to be a predominant one, ſince he deigned to ſacrifice to hers the character and underſtanding of her whole ſex.

'Judging as I do,' reſumed Montoni, 'I cannot believe you will oppoſe, where you know you cannot conquer, or indeed that you would wiſh to conquer, or be avaricious of any property, when you have not juſtice on your ſide. I think it proper, however, to acquaint you with the alternative. If you have a juſt opinion of the ſubject in queſtion, you ſhall be allowed a ſafe conveyance to France, within a ſhort period; but, if you are ſo unhappy as to be miſled by the late aſſertion of the Signora, you ſhall remain my priſoner, till you are convinced of your error.'

Emily calmly ſaid,

'I am not ſo ignorant, Signor, of the laws on this ſubject, as to be miſled by the aſſertion of any perſon. The law in the preſent inſtance, gives me the eſtates in queſtion, and my own hand ſhall never betray my right.'

'I have been miſtaken in my opinion of you, it appears,' rejoined Montoni, ſternly. 'You ſpeak boldly, and preſumptuouſly, upon a ſubject, which you do not underſtand. For once, I am willing to pardon the conceit of ignorance; the weakneſs of your ſex, too, from which, it ſeems, you are not exempt, claims ſome allowance; but, if you perſiſt in this ſtrain---you have every thing to fear from my juſtice.'

'From your juſtice, Signor,' rejoined Emily, 'I have nothing to fear—I have only to hope.'

Montoni looked at her with vexation, and ſeemed conſidering what to ſay, 'I find that you are weak enough!' he reſumed, 'to credit the idle aſſertion I alluded to! For your own ſake I lament this; as to me, it is of little conſequence. Your credulity can puniſh only yourſelf; and I muſt pity the weakneſs

neſs of mind, which leads you to ſo much ſuffering as you are compelling me to prepare for you.'

'You may find, perhaps, Signor,' ſaid Emily, with mild dignity, 'that the ſtrength of my mind is equal to the juſtice of my cauſe; and that I can endure with fortitude, when it is in reſiſtance of oppreſſion.'

'You ſpeak like a heroine,' ſaid Montoni, contemptuouſly; 'we ſhall ſee whether you can ſuffer like one.'

Emily was ſilent, and he left the room.

Recollecting, that it was for Valancourt's ſake ſhe had thus reſiſted, ſhe now ſmiled complacently upon the threatened ſufferings, and retired to the ſpot, which her aunt had pointed out the repoſitory of the papers, relative to the eſtates, where ſhe found them as deſcribed; and, ſince ſhe knew of no better place of concealment, than this, returned them, without examining their contents, being fearful of diſcovery, while ſhe ſhould attempt a peruſal.

To her own ſolitary chamber ſhe once more returned, and there thought again of the late converſation with Montoni, and of the evil ſhe might expect from oppoſition to his will. But his power did not appear ſo terrible to her imagination, as it was wont to do: a ſacred pride was in her heart, that taught it to ſwell againſt the preſſure of injuſtice, and almoſt to glory in the quiet ſufferance of ills, in a cauſe, which had alſo the intereſt of Valancourt for its object. For the firſt time, ſhe felt the full extent of her own ſuperiority to Montoni, and deſpiſed the authority, which, till now, ſhe had only feared.

As ſhe ſat muſing, a peal of laughter roſe from the terrace, and, on going to the caſement, ſhe ſaw, with inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, three ladies, dreſſed in the gala habit of Venice, walking with ſeveral gentlemen below. She gazed in an aſtoniſhment that made her remain at the window, regardleſs

gardleſs of being obſerved, till the group paſſed under it; and, one of the ſtrangers looking up, ſhe perceived the features of Signora Livona, with whoſe manners ſhe had been ſo much charmed, the day after her arrival at Venice, and who had been there introduced at the table of Montoni. This diſcovery occaſioned her an emotion of doubtful joy; for it was matter of joy and comfort to know, that a perſon, of a mind ſo gentle, as that of Signora Livona ſeemed to be, was near her; yet there was ſomething ſo extraordinary in her being at this caſtle, circumſtanced as it now was, and evidently, by the gaiety of her air, with her own conſent, that a very painful ſurmiſe aroſe, concerning her character. But the thought was ſo ſhocking to Emily, whoſe affection the faſcinating manners of the Signora had won, and appeared ſo improbable when ſhe remembered theſe manners, that ſhe diſmiſſed it almoſt inſtantly.

On Annette's appearance, however, ſhe enquired, concerning theſe ſtrangers; and the former was as eager to tell, as Emily was to learn.

'They are juſt come, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'with two Signors from Venice, and I was glad to ſee ſuch Chriſtian faces once again—But what can they mean by coming here? They muſt ſurely be ſtark mad to come freely to ſuch a place as this! Yet they do come freely, for they ſeem merry enough, I am ſure.'

'They were taken priſoners, perhaps?' ſaid Emily.

'Taken priſoners!' exclaimed Annette; 'no, indeed, ma'amſelle, not they. I remember one of them very well at Venice: She came two or three times to the Signor's, you know, ma'amſelle, and it was ſaid, but I did not believe a word of it—it was ſaid, that the Signor liked her better than he ſhould do. Then why, ſays I, bring her to my lady?

lady? Very true, ſaid Ludovico; but he looked as if he knew more, too.'

Emily deſired Annette would endeavour to learn who theſe ladies were, as well as all ſhe could concerning them; and ſhe then changed the ſubject, and ſpoke of diſtant France.

'Ah, ma'amſelle! we ſhall never ſee it more!' ſaid Annette, almoſt weeping.---'I muſt come on my travels, forſooth!'

Emily tried to ſooth and to cheer her, with a hope, in which ſhe ſcarcely herſelf indulged.

'How---how, ma'amſelle, could you leave France, and leave Monſ. Valancourt, too?' ſaid Annettte, ſobbing. 'I---I---am ſure, if Ludovico had been in France, I would never have left it.'

'Why do you lament quitting France, then?' ſaid Emily, trying to ſmile, 'ſince if you had remained there, you would not have found Ludovico.'

'Ah, ma'amſelle! I only wiſh I was out of this frightful caſtle, ſerving you in France, and I would care about nothing elſe!'

'Thank you, my good Annette, for your affectionate regard; the time will come, I hope, when you may remember the expreſſion of that wiſh with pleaſure.'

Annette departed on her buſineſs, and Emily ſought to loſe the ſenſe of her own cares, in the viſionary ſcenes of the poet; but ſhe had again to lament the irriſiſtible force of circumſtances over the taſte and powers of the mind; and that it requires a ſpirit at eaſe to be ſenſible even to the abſtract pleaſures of pure intellect. The enthuſiaſm of genius with all its pictured ſcenes, now appeared cold, and dim. As ſhe muſed upon the book before her, ſhe involuntarily exclaimed, 'Are theſe, indeed, the paſſages, that have ſo often given me exquiſite delight? Where did the charm exiſt?---Was it in my mind, or in the imagination of the poet? It lived in each,' ſaid ſhe pauſing. 'But the fire

fire of the poet is vain, if the mind of his reader is not tempered like his own, however, it may be inferior to his in power.'

Emily would have purſued this train of thinking, becauſe it relieved her from more painful reflection, but ſhe found again, that thought cannot always be controuled by will; and hers returned to the conſideration of her own ſituation.

In the evening, not chooſing to venture down to the ramparts, where ſhe would be expoſed to the rude gaze of Montoni's aſſociates, ſhe walked for air in the gallery, adjoining her chamber; on reaching the further end of which ſhe heard diſtant ſounds of merriment and laughter. It was the wild uproar of riot, not the cheering gaiety of tempered mirth; and ſeemed to come from that part of the caſtle, where Montoni uſually was. Such ſounds, at this time, when her aunt had been ſo few days dead, particularly ſhocked her, conſiſtent as they were with the late conduct of Montoni.

As ſhe liſtened, ſhe thought ſhe diſtinguiſhed female voices mingling with the laughter, and this confirmed her worſt ſurmiſe, concerning the character of Signora Livona and her companions. It was evident, that they had not been brought hither by compulſion; and ſhe beheld herſelf in the remote wilds of the Apennine ſurrounded by men, whom ſhe conſidered to be little leſs than ruffians, and their worſt aſſociates, amid ſcenes of vice, from which her ſoul recoiled in horror. It was at this moment, when the ſcenes of the preſent and the future opened to her imagination, that the image of Valancourt failed in its influence, and her reſolution ſhook with dread. She thought ſhe underſtood all the horrors, which Montoni was preparing for her, and ſhrunk from an encounter with ſuch remorſeleſs vengeance, as he could inflict. The diſputed eſtates ſhe now almoſt determined to yield at once, whenever he ſhould again call upon her,

her, that ſhe might regain ſafety and freedom; but then, the remembrance of Valancourt would ſteal to her heart, and plunge her into the diſtractions of doubt.

She continued walking in the gallery, till evening threw its melancholy twilight through the painted caſements, and deepened the gloom of the oak wainſcoting around her; while the diſtant perſpective of the corridor was ſo much obſcured, as to be diſcernible only by the glimmering window, that terminated it.

Along the vaulted halls and paſſages below, peals of laughter echoed faintly, at intervals, to this remote part of the caſtle, and ſeemed to render the ſucceeding ſtillneſs more dreary. Emily, however, unwilling to return to her more forlorn chamber, whither Annette was not yet come, ſtill paced the gallery. As ſhe paſſed the door of the apartment, where ſhe had once dared to lift the veil, which diſcovered to her a ſpectacle ſo horrible, that ſhe had never after remembered it, but with emotions of indeſcribable awe, this remembrance ſuddenly recurred. It now brought with it reflections more terrible than it had yet done, which the late conduct of Montoni occaſioned; and, haſtening to quit the gallery, while ſhe had power to do ſo, ſhe heard a ſudden ſtep behind her.—It might be that of Annette; but, turning fearfully to look, ſhe ſaw a tall figure following her, and all the horrors of that chamber ruſhed upon her mind. In the next moment, ſhe found herſelf claſped in the arms of ſome perſon, and heard a deep voice murmur in her ear.

When ſhe had power to ſpeak, or to diſtinguiſh articulated ſounds, ſhe demanded who detained her.

'It is I,' replied the voice—'Why are you thus alarmed?'

She looked on the face of the perſon who ſpoke, but the feeble light, that gleamed through the high caſement

caſement at the end of the gallery, did not permit her to diſtinguiſh the features.

'Whoever you are,' ſaid Emily in a trembling voice, 'for heaven's ſake let me go!'

'My charming Emily,' ſaid the man, 'why will you ſhut yourſelf up in this obſcure place, when there is ſo much gaiety below? Return with me to the cedar parlour, where you will be the faireſt ornament of the party;---you ſhall not repent the exchange.'

Emily diſdained to reply, and ſtill endeavoured to liberate herſelf.

'Promiſe, that you will come,' he continued, 'and I will releaſe you immediately; but firſt give me a reward for ſo doing.'

'Who are you?' demanded Emily, in a tone of mingled terror and indignation, while ſhe ſtill ſtruggled for liberty——'who are you, that have the cruelty thus to inſult me?

'Why call me cruel?' ſaid the man. 'I would remove you from this dreary ſolitude to a merry party below. Do you not know me?'

Emily now faintly remembered, that he was one of the officers who were with Montoni when ſhe attended him in the morning. 'I thank you for the kindneſs of your intention,' ſhe replied, without appearing to underſtand him, 'but I wiſh for nothing ſo much as that you would leave me.'

'Charming Emily!' ſaid he, 'give up this fooliſh whim for ſolitude, and come with me to the company, and eclipſe the beauties, who make part of it; you, only, are worthy of my love.' He attempted to kiſs her hand, but the ſtrong impulſe of her indignation gave her power to liberate herſelf, and ſhe fled towards the chamber. She cloſed the door, before he reached it, having ſecured which, ſhe ſunk in a chair, overcome by terror and by the exertion ſhe had made, while ſhe heard his

voice, and his attempts to open the door, without having the power to raiſe herſelf. At length, ſhe perceived him depart, and had remained, liſtening, for a conſiderable time, and was ſomewhat revived by not hearing any ſound, when ſuddenly ſhe remembered the door of the private ſtair-caſe, and that he might enter that way, ſince it was faſtened only on the other ſide. She then employed herſelf in endeavouring to ſecure it, in the manner ſhe had formerly done. It appeared to her, that Montoni had already commenced his ſcheme of vengeance, by withdrawing from her his protection, and ſhe repented of the raſhneſs, that made her brave the power of ſuch a man. To retain the eſtates ſeemed to be now utterly impoſſible, and to preſerve her life, perhaps her honour, ſhe reſolved, if ſhe could eſcape the horrors of this night, to give up all claims to the eſtates, on the morrow, provided Montoni would ſuffer her to depart from Udolpho.

When ſhe had come to this deciſion, her mind became more compoſed, though ſhe ſtill anxiouſly liſtened, and often ſtarted at ideal ſounds, that appeared to iſſue from the ſtair-caſe.

Having ſat in darkneſs for ſome hours, during all which time Annette did not appear, ſhe began to have ſerious apprehenſions for her; but, not daring to venture down into the caſtle, was compelled to remain in uncertainty, as to the cauſe of this unuſual abſence.

Emily often ſtole to the ſtair-caſe door, to liſten if any ſtep approached, but ſtill no ſound alarmed her; determining, however, to watch, during the night, ſhe once more reſted on her dark and deſolate couch, and bathed the pillow with innocent tears. She thought of her deceaſed parents, and then of the abſent Valancourt, and frequently called upon their names; for the profound ſtillneſs, that now reigned, was propitious to the muſing ſorrow of her mind.

While

While ſhe thus remained, her ear ſuddenly caught the notes of diſtant muſic, to which ſhe liſtened attentively, and ſoon perceiving this to be the inſtrument ſhe had formerly heard at midnight, ſhe roſe, and ſtepped ſoftly to the caſement, to which the ſounds appeared to come from a lower room.

In a few moments, their ſoft melody was accompanied by a voice ſo full of pathos, that it evidently ſang not of imaginary ſorrows. Its ſweet and peculiar tones ſhe thought ſhe had ſomewhere heard before; yet, if this was not fancy, it was, at moſt, a very faint recollection. It ſtole over her mind, amidſt the anguiſh of her preſent ſuffering, like a celeſtial ſtrain, ſoothing, and re-aſſuring her;---'Pleaſant as the gale of ſpring, that ſighs on the hunter's ear, when he awakens from dreams of joy, and has heard the muſic of the ſpirits of the hill*.'

But her emotion can ſcarcely be imagined, when ſhe heard ſung, with the taſte and ſimplicity of true feeling, one of the popular airs of her native province, to which ſhe had ſo often liſtened with delight, when a child, and which ſhe had ſo often heard her father repeat! To this well-known ſong, never, till now, heard but in her native country, her heart melted, while the memory of paſt times returned. The pleaſant, peaceful ſcenes of Gaſcony, the tenderneſs and goodneſs of her parents, the taſte and ſimplicity of her former life--all roſe to her fancy, and formed a picture, ſo ſweet and glowing, ſo ſtrikingly contraſted with the ſcenes, the characters and dangers which now ſurrounded her---that her mind could not bear to paule upon the retroſpect, and ſhrunk at the acuteneſs of its own ſufferings.

Her ſighs were deep and convulſed; ſhe could no longer liſten to the ſtrain, that had ſo often charmed her to tranquillity, and ſhe withdrew from

* Oſſian.

the caſement to a remote part of the chamber. But ſhe was not yet beyond the reach of the muſic; ſhe heard the meaſure change, and the ſucceeding air called her again to the window, for ſhe immediately recollected it to be the ſame ſhe had formerly heard in the fiſhing-houſe in Gaſcony. Aſſiſted, perhaps by the myſtery, which then accompanied this ſtrain, it had made ſo deep an impreſſion on her memory, that ſhe had never ſince entirely forgotten it; and the manner in which it was now ſung, convinced her, however unaccountable the circumſtance appeared, that this was the ſame voice ſhe had then heard. Surpriſe ſoon yielded to other emotions; a thought darted like lightning upon her mind, which diſcovered a train of hopes, that revived all her ſpirits. Yet theſe hopes were ſo new, ſo unexpected, ſo aſtoniſhing, that ſhe did not dare to truſt, though ſhe could not reſolve to diſcourage them. She ſat down by the caſement, breathleſs, and overcome with the alternate emotions of hope and fear; then roſe again, leaned from the window that ſhe might catch a nearer ſound, liſtened, now doubting and then believing, ſoftly exclaimed the name of Valancourt, and then ſunk again into the chair. Yes, it was poſſible, that Valancourt was near her, and ſhe recollected circumſtances which induced her to believe that it was his voice ſhe had juſt heard. She remembered ſhe had more than once ſaid that the fiſhing-houſe, where ſhe had formerly liſtened to this voice and air, and where ſhe had ſeen pencilled ſonnets, addreſſed to herſelf, had been his favourite haunt, before he had been made known to her; there too, ſhe had herſelf unexpectedly met him. It appeared, from theſe circumſtances, more than probable, that he was the muſician who had formerly charmed her attention, and the author of the lines, which had expreſſed ſuch tender admiration;---who elſe, indeed,

deed, could it be? She was unable, at that time, to form a conjecture, as to the writer, but, ſince her acquaintance with Valancourt, whenever he had mentioned the fiſhing-houſe to have been known to him, ſhe had not ſcrupled to believe that he was the author of the ſonnets.

As theſe conſiderations paſſed over her mind, joy, fear and tenderneſs contended at her heart; ſhe leaned again from the caſement to catch the ſounds, which might confirm, or deſtroy her hope, though ſhe did not recollect to have ever heard him ſing; but the voice, and the inſtrument, now ceaſed.

She conſidered for a moment whether ſhe ſhould venture to ſpeak: then, not chooſing, leſt it ſhould be he, to mention his name, and yet too much intereſted to neglect the opportunity of enquiring, ſhe called from the caſement, 'Is that ſong from Gaſcony?' Her anxious attention was not cheered by any reply; every thing remained ſilent. Her impatience encreaſing with her fears, ſhe repeated the queſtion; but ſtill no ſound was heard, except the ſighings of the wind among the battlements above; and ſhe endeavoured to conſole herſelf, with a belief, that the ſtranger, whoever he was, had retired, before ſhe had ſpoken, beyond the reach of her voice, which, it appeared certain, had Valancourt heard and recogniſed, he would inſtantly have replied to. Preſently, however ſhe conſidered, that a motive of prudence, and not an accidental removal, might occaſion his ſilence; but the ſurmiſe that led to this reflection, ſuddenly changed her hope and joy to terror and grief: for, if Valancourt were in the caſtle, it was too probable, that he was here a priſoner, taken with ſome of his countrymen, many of whom were at that time engaged in the wars of Italy, or intercepted in ſome attempt to reach her. Had he even recollected Emily's voice, he would have feared, in theſe circumſtances,

to

to reply to it, in the preſence of the men, who guarded his priſon.

What ſo lately ſhe had eagerly hoped ſhe now believed ſhe dreaded;—dreaded to know, that Valancourt was near her; and, while ſhe was anxious to be relieved from her apprehenſion for his ſafety, ſhe ſtill was unconſcious, that a hope of ſoon ſeeing him, ſtruggled with the fear.

She remained liſtening at the caſement, till the air began to freſhen, and one high mountain in the eaſt to glimmer with the morning; when, wearied with anxiety, ſhe retired to her couch, where ſhe found it utterly impoſſible to ſleep, for joy, tenderneſs, doubt and apprehenſion, diſtracted her during the whole night. Now ſhe roſe from the couch, and opened the caſement to liſten; then ſhe would pace the room with impatient ſteps, and, at length, return with deſpondence to her pillow. Never did hours appear to move ſo heavily, as thoſe of this anxious night; after which ſhe hoped that Annette might appear, and conclude her preſent ſtate of torturing ſuſpence.

CHAP. XIV.

'——————might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little cheering
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous boughs.'

MILTON.

IN the morning, Emily was relieved from her fears for Annette, who came at an early hour.

'Here were fine doings in the caſtle, laſt night, ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe entered the room,—'fine doings, indeed! Was you not frightened, ma'amſelle, at not ſeeing me?'

'I was alarmed both on your account and on my own,' replied Emily—'What detained you?'

'Aye, I ſaid ſo, I told him ſo; but it would not do. It was not my fault, indeed, ma'amſelle, for I could not get out. That rogue Ludovico locked me up again.'

'Locked you up!' ſaid Emily, with diſpleaſure. 'Why do you permit Ludovico to lock you up?'

'Holy Saints!' exclaimed Annette, 'how can I help it! If he will lock the door, ma'amſelle, and take away the key, how am I to get out, unleſs I jump through the window? But that I ſhould not mind ſo much, if the caſements here were not all ſo high; one can hardly ſcramble up to them on the inſide, and one ſhould break one's neck, I ſuppoſe, going

going down on the outside. But you know, I dare say, ma'am, what a hurly-burly the castle was in, last night; you must have heard some of the uproar.'

'What, were they disputing, then?' said Emily.

'No, ma'amselle, not fighting, but almost as good, for I believe there was not one of the Signors sober; and what is more, not one of those fine ladies sober, either. I thought, when I saw them first, that all those fine silks and fine veils,---why, ma'amselle, their veils were worked with silver! and fine trimmings---boded no good---I guessed what they were!'

'Good God!' exclaimed Emily, 'what will become of me!'

'Aye, ma'am, Ludovico said much the same thing of me. Good God! said he, Annette, what is to become of you, if you are to go running about the castle among all these drunken Signors?'

'O!' says I, 'for that matter, I only want to go to my young lady's chamber, and I have only to go, you know, along the vaulted passage and across the great hall and up the marble stair-case and along the north gallery and through the west wing of the castle, and I am in the corridor in a minute.' 'Are you so?' says he, 'and what is to become of you, if you meet any of those noble cavaliers in the way?' 'Well, says I, if you think there is danger, then, go with me, and guard me; I am never afraid when you are by.' 'What!' says he, 'when I am scarcely recovered of one wound, shall I put myself in the way of getting another? for if any of the cavaliers meet you, they will fall a fighting with me directly. No, no, says he, I will cut the way shorter, than through the vaulted passage and up the marble stair-case and along the north gallery and through the west wing of the castle, for you shall stay here, Annette; you shall not go out of this room, to-night.' So, with that I says'——

'Well,

'Well, well,' ſaid Emily, impatiently, and anxious to enquire on another ſubject,—'ſo he locked you up?'

'Yes, he did indeed, ma'amſelle, notwithſtanding all I could ſay to the contrary; and Caterina and I and he ſtaid there all night. And in a few minutes after I was not ſo vexed, for there came Signor Verezzi roaring along the paſſage, like a mad bull, and he miſtook Ludovico's hall, for old Carlo's; ſo he tried to burſt open the door, and called out for more wine, for that he had drunk all the flaſks dry, and was dying of thirſt. So we were all as ſtill as night, that he might ſuppoſe there was nobody in the room; but the Signor was as cunning as the beſt of us, and kept calling out at the door, 'Come forth, my antient hero!' ſaid he, 'here's no enemy at the gate, that you need hide yourſelf: come forth, my valorous Signor Steward!' Juſt then old Carlo opened his door, and he came with a flaſk in his hand; for, as ſoon as the Signor ſaw him, he was as tame as could be, and followed him away as naturally as a dog does a butcher with a piece of meat in his baſket. All this I ſaw through the key-hole. Well, Annette, ſaid Ludovico, jeeringly, ſhall I let you out now? O no, ſays I, I would not'———

'I have ſome queſtions to aſk you on another ſubject,' interrupted Emily, quite wearied by this ſtory. 'Do you know whether there are any priſoners in the caſtle, and whether they are confined at this end of the edifice?'

'I was not in the way, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette, 'when the firſt party came in from the mountains, and the laſt party is not come back yet, ſo I don't know, whether there are any priſoners; but it is expected back to-night, or to-morrow, and I ſhall know then, perhaps.'

Emily enquired if ſhe had ever heard the ſervants talk of priſoners.

'Ah ma'amſelle!' ſaid Annette archly, 'now I dare ſay you are thinking of Monſieur Valancourt, and that he may have come among the armies, which, they ſay, are come from our country, to fight againſt this ſtate, and that he has met with ſome of *our* people, and is taken captive. O Lord! how glad I ſhould be, if it was ſo!'

'Would you, indeed, be glad?' ſaid Emily, in a tone of mournful reproach.

'To be ſure I ſhould, ma'am,' replied Annette, 'and would not you be glad too, to ſee Signor Valancourt? I don't know any chevalier I like better, I have a very great regard for the Signor, truly.'

'Your regard for him cannot be doubted,' ſaid Emily, 'ſince you wiſh to ſee him a priſoner.'

'Why no, ma'amſelle, not a priſoner either; but one muſt be glad to ſee him, you know. And it was only the other night I dreamt—I dreamt I ſaw him drive into the caſtle-yard all in a coach and ſix, and dreſſed out, with a laced coat and ſword, like a lord as he is.'

Emily could not forbear ſmiling at Annette's ideas of Valancourt, and repeated her enquiry, whether ſhe had heard the ſervants talk of priſoners.

'No, ma'amſelle,' replied ſhe, 'never; and lately they have done nothing but talk of the apparition, that has been walking about of a night on the ramparts, and that frightened the ſentinels into fits. It came among them like a flaſh of fire, they ſay, and they all fell down in a row, till they came to themſelves again; and then it was gone, and nothing to be ſeen but the old caſtle walls; ſo they helped one another up again as faſt as they could. You would not believe, ma'amſelle, though I ſhewed you the very cannon, where it uſed to appear.'

'And are you, indeed, ſo ſimple, Annette,' ſaid Emily, ſmiling at this curious exaggeration of the circumſtance ſhe had witneſſed, 'as to credit theſe ſtories?'

'Credit

'Credit them, ma'amſelle! why all the world could not perſuade me out of them. Roberto and Sebaſtian and half a dozen more of them went into fits! To be ſure, there was no occaſion for that; I ſaid, myſelf, there was no need of that, for, ſays I, when the enemy comes, what a pretty figure they will cut, if they are to fall down in fits, all of a row! The enemy won't be ſo civil, perhaps, as to walk off, like the ghoſt, and leave them to help one another up, but will fall to, cutting and ſlaſhing, till he makes them all riſe up dead men. No, no, ſays I, there is reaſon in all things: though I might have fallen down in a fit, that was no rule for them, being, becauſe it is no buſineſs of mine to look gruff, and fight battles.'

Emily endeavoured to correct the ſuperſtitious weakneſs of Annette, though ſhe could not entirely ſubdue her own; to which the latter only replied, 'Nay, ma'amſelle, you will believe nothing; you are almoſt as bad as the Signor himſelf, who was in a great paſſion when they told him of what had happened, and ſwore that the firſt man, who repeated ſuch nonſenſe, ſhould be thrown into the dungeon under the eaſt turret. This was a hard puniſhment too, for only talking nonſenſe, as he called it, but I dare ſay he had other reaſons for calling it ſo, than you have, ma'am.'

Emily looked diſpleaſed, and made no reply. As ſhe muſed upon the recollected appearance, which had lately ſo much alarmed her, and conſidered the circumſtances of the figure having ſtationed itſelf oppoſite to her caſement, ſhe was for a moment inclined to believe it was Valancourt, whom ſhe had ſeen. Yes, if it was he, why did he not ſpeak to her, when he had the opportunity of doing ſo—and, if he was a priſoner in the caſtle, and he could be here in no other character, how could he obtain the means of walking abroad on the rampart? Thus ſhe

was

was utterly unable to decide, whether the muſician and the form ſhe had obſerved, were the ſame, or, if they were, whether this was Valancourt. She, however, deſired that Annette would endeavour to learn whether any priſoners were in the caſtle, and alſo their names.

'O dear, ma'amſelle!' ſaid Annette, 'I forget to tell you what you bade me aſk about, the ladies, as they call themſelves, who are lately come to Udolpho. Why that Signora Livona, that the Signor brought to ſee my late lady at Venice, is his miſtreſs now, and was little better then, I dare ſay. And Ludovico ſays (but pray be ſecret, ma'am) that his *Excellenza* introduced her only to impoſe upon the world, that had begun to make free with her character. So when people ſaw my lady notice her, they thought what they heard muſt be ſcandal. The other two are the miſtreſſes of Signor Verezzi and Signor Bertolini; and Signor Montoni invited them all to the caſtle; and ſo, yeſterday, he gave a great entertainment; and there they were, all drinking Tuſcany wine and all ſorts, and laughing and ſinging, till they made the caſtle ring again. But I thought they were diſmal ſounds, ſo ſoon after my poor lady's death too; and they brought to my mind what ſhe would have thought, if ſhe had heard them —but ſhe cannot hear them now, poor ſoul! ſaid I.'

Emily turned away to conceal her emotion, and then deſired Annette to go, and make enquiry, concerning the priſoners, that might be in the caſtle, but conjured her to do it with caution, and on no account to mention her name, or that of Monſieur Valancourt.

'Now I think of it, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'I do believe there are priſoners, for I overheard one of the Signor's men, yeſterday, in the ſervants hall, talking ſomething about ranſoms, and ſaying what a fine thing it was for his *Excellenza* to catch

up

up men, and they were as good booty as any other, becauſe of the ranſoms. And the other man was grumbling, and ſaying it was fine enough for the Signor, but not ſo fine for his ſoldiers, becauſe, ſaid he, we don't go ſhares there.'

This information heightened Emily's impatience to know more, and Annette immediately departed on her enquiry.

The late reſolution of Emily to reſign her eſtates to Montoni, now gave way to new conſiderations; the poſſibility, that Valancourt was near her, revived her fortitude, and ſhe determined to brave the threatened vengeance, at leaſt, till ſhe could be aſſured whether he was really in the caſtle. She was in this temper of mind, when ſhe received a meſſage from Montoni, requiring her attendance in the cedar parlour, which ſhe obeyed with trembling, and, on her way thither, endeavoured to animate her fortitude with the idea of Valancourt.

Montoni was alone. 'I ſent for you,' ſaid he, 'to give you another opportunity of retracting your late miſtaken aſſertions concerning the Languedoc eſtates. I will condeſcend to adviſe, where I may command. If you are really deluded by an opinion, that you have any right to theſe eſtates, at leaſt, do not perſiſt in the error---an error, which you may perceive, too late, has been fatal to you. Dare my reſentment no further, but ſign the papers.'

'If I have no right in theſe eſtates, ſir,' ſaid Emily, 'of what ſervice can it be to you, that I ſhould ſign any papers, concerning them? If the lands are yours by law, you certainly may poſſeſs them, without my interference, or my conſent.'

'I will have no more argument,' ſaid Montoni, with a look that made her tremble. 'What had I but trouble to expect, when I condeſcended to reaſon with a baby! But I will be trifled with no longer: let the recollection of your aunt's ſuffer-

ings,

ings, in conſequence of her folly and obſtinacy, teach you a leſſon.---Sign the papers.'

Emily's reſolution was for a moment awed:---ſhe ſhrunk at the recollections he revived, and from the vengeance he threatened; but then, the image of Valancourt, who ſo long had loved her, and, who was now, perhaps, ſo near her, came to her heart, and, together with the ſtrong feelings of indignation, with which ſhe had always from her infancy, regarded an act of injuſtice, inſpired her with a noble, though imprudent, courage.

'Sign the papers,' ſaid Montoni more impatiently than before.

'Never, ſir,' replied Emily; 'that requeſt would have proved to me the injuſtice of your claim, had I even been ignorant of my right.'

Montoni turned pale with anger, while his quivering lip and lurking eye made her almoſt repent the boldneſs of her ſpeech.

'Then all my vengeance falls upon you,' he exclaimed, with an horrible oath. 'And think not it ſhall be delayed. Neither the eſtates in Languedoc, or Gaſcony, ſhall be yours; you have dared to queſtion my right,---now dare to queſtion my power. I have a puniſhment which you think not of; it is terrible! This night---this very night'——

'This night!' repeated another voice. Montoni pauſed, and turned half round, but, ſeeming to recollect himſelf, he proceeded in a lower tone.

'You have lately ſeen one terrible example of obſtinacy and folly: yet this, it appears has not been ſufficient to deter you.---I could tell you of others---I could make you tremble at the bare recital.

He was interrupted by a groan, which ſeemed to riſe from underneath the chamber they were in; and, as he threw a glance round it, impatience and

rage

rage flaſhed from his eyes, yet ſomething like a ſhadow of fear paſſed over his countenance. Emily ſat down in a chair near the door, for the various emotions ſhe had ſuffered now almoſt overcame her; but Montoni pauſed ſcarcely an inſtant, and commanding his features, reſumed his diſcourſe in a lower, yet ſterner voice.

'I ſay, I could give you other inſtances of my power and of my character, which it ſeems you do not underſtand, or you would not defy me.---I could tell you, that, when once my reſolution is taken---but I am talking to a baby. Let me, however, repeat, that terrible as are the examples I could recite, the recital could not now benefit you; for, though your repentance would put an immediate end to oppoſition, it would not now appeaſe my indignation.---I will have vengeance as well as juſtice.'

Another groan filled the pauſe which Montoni made.

'Leave the room inſtantly!' ſaid he, ſeeming not to notice this ſtrange occurrence. Without power to implore his pity, ſhe roſe to go, but found that ſhe could not ſupport herſelf; awe and terror overcame her, and ſhe ſunk again into the chair.

'Quit my preſence;' cried Montoni. 'This affectation of fear ill becomes the heroine who has juſt dared to brave my indignation.'

'Did you hear nothing, Signor?' ſaid Emily, trembling, and ſtill unable to leave the room.

'I heard my own voice,' rejoined Montoni, ſternly.

'And nothing elſe?' ſaid Emily, ſpeaking with difficulty.——'There again! Do you hear nothing now?'

'Obey my order,' repeated Montoni. 'And for theſe fool's tricks---I will ſoon diſcover by whom they are practiſed.'

Emily

Emily again roſe, and exerted herſelf to the utmoſt to leave the room, while Montoni followed her; but, inſtead of calling aloud to his ſervants to ſearch the chamber, as he had formerly done on a ſimilar occurrence, paſſed to the ramparts.

As, in her way to the corridor, ſhe reſted for a moment at an open caſement, Emily ſaw a party of Montoni's troops winding down a diſtant mountain, whom ſhe noticed no further, than as they brought to her mind the wretched priſoners they were, perhaps, bringing to the caſtle. At length, having reached her apartment, ſhe threw herſelf upon the couch, overcome with the new horrors of her ſituation. Her thoughts loſt in tumult and perplexity, ſhe could neither repent of, or approve, her late conduct; ſhe could only remember, that ſhe was in the power of a man, who had no principle of action—but his will; and the aſtoniſhment and terrors of ſuperſtition, which had, for a moment, ſo ſtrongly aſſailed her, now yielded to thoſe of reaſon.

She was, at length, rouſed from the reverie, which engaged her, by a confuſion of diſtant voices, and a clattering of hoofs, that ſeemed to come, on the wind from the courts. A ſudden hope, that ſome good was approaching, ſeized her mind, till ſhe remembered the troops ſhe had obſerved from the caſement, and concluded this to be the party, which Annette had ſaid were expected at Udolpho.

Soon after, ſhe heard voices faintly from the halls, and the noiſe of horſes' feet ſunk away in the wind; ſilence enſued. Emily liſtened anxiouſly for Annette's ſtep in the corridor, but a pauſe of total ſtillneſs continued, till again the caſtle ſeemed to be all tumult and confuſion. She heard the echoes of many footſteps paſſing to and fro in the halls and avenues below, and then buſy tongues were loud

on

on the rampart. Having hurried to her caſement, ſhe perceived Montoni, with ſome of his officers, leaning on the walls, and pointing from them; while ſeveral ſoldiers were employed at the further end of the rampart about ſome cannon; and ſhe continued to obſerve them, careleſs of the paſſing time.

Annette at length appeared, but brought no intelligence of Valancourt, 'For, ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe, 'all the people pretend to know nothing about any priſoners. But here is a fine piece of buſineſs! the reſt of the party are juſt arrived, ma'am; they came ſcampering in, as if they would have broken their necks; one ſcarcely knew whether the man, or his horſe would get within the gates firſt. And they have brought word---and ſuch news! they have brought word, that a party of the enemy, as they call them, are coming towards the caſtle; ſo we ſhall have all the officers of juſtice, I ſuppoſe, beſieging it! all thoſe terrible looking fellows one uſed to ſee at Venice.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed Emily, fervently, 'there is yet a hope left for me, then!'

'What mean you, ma'amſelle? Do you wiſh to fall into the hands of thoſe ſad-looking men! Why I uſed to ſhudder as I paſſed them, and ſhould have gueſſed what they were, if Ludovico had not told me.'

'We cannot be in worſe hands than at preſent,' replied Emily, unguardedly; 'but what reaſon have you to ſuppoſe theſe are officers of juſtice?'

'Why our people, ma'am, are all in ſuch a fright, and a fuſs; and I don't know any thing but the fear of juſtice, that could make them ſo. I uſed to think nothing on earth could fluſter them, unleſs, indeed, it was a ghoſt, or ſo; but now, ſome of them are for hiding down in the vaults under the caſtle; but you muſt not tell the Signor this, ma'amſelle, and I overheard two of them talking-----

Holy

Holy Mother? what makes you look ſo ſad, ma'amſelle? You don't hear what I ſay!'

'Yes, I do, Annette; pray proceed.'

'Well, ma'amſelle, all the caſtle is in ſuch hurly-burly. Some of the men are loading the cannon, and ſome are examining the great gates, and the walls all round, and are hammering and patching up, juſt as if all thoſe repairs had never been made, that were ſo long about. But what is to become of me and you, ma'amſelle, and Ludovico? O! when I hear the ſound of the cannon, I ſhall die with fright. If I could but catch the great gate open but for one minute, I would be even with it for ſhutting me within theſe walls ſo long!---it ſhould never ſee me again.'

Emily caught the latter words of Annette. 'O! if you could find it open but for one moment!' ſhe exclaimed, 'my peace might yet be ſaved!' The heavy groan ſhe uttered, and the wildneſs of her look terrified Annette, ſtill more than her words; who entreated Emily to explain the meaning of them, to whom it ſuddenly occurred, that Ludovico might be of ſome ſervice, if there ſhould be a poſſibility of eſcape, and who repeated the ſubſtance of what had paſſed between Montoni and herſelf, but conjured her to mention this to no perſon except to Ludovico. 'It may, perhaps, be in his power,' ſhe added, 'to effect our eſcape. Go to him, Annette, tell him what I have to apprehend, and what I have already ſuffered; but entreat him to be ſecret, and to loſe no time in attempting to releaſe us. If he is willing to undertake this he ſhall be amply rewarded. I cannot ſpeak with him myſelf, for we might be obſerved, and then effectual care would be taken to prevent our flight. But be quick, Annette, and above all, be diſcreet---I will wait your return in this apartment.'

The girl, whoſe honeſt heart had been much affected by the recital, was now as eager to obey,

as

as Emily was to employ her, and ſhe immediately quitted the room.

Emily's ſurpriſe increaſed, as ſhe reflected upon Annette's intelligence. 'Alas!' ſaid ſhe, 'what can theſe officers of juſtice do againſt an armed caſtle? theſe cannot be ſuch.' Upon further conſideration, however, ſhe concluded, that, Montoni's bands having plundered the country round, the inhabitants had taken arms, and were coming with the officers of police and a party of ſoldiers, to force their way into the caſtle. 'But they know not,' thought ſhe, 'its ſtrength, or the armed numbers within it. Alas! except from flight, I have nothing to hope!'

Montoni, though not preciſely what Emily apprehended him to be——a captain of banditti——had employed his troops in enterpriſes not leſs daring, or leſs atrocious, than ſuch a character would have undertaken. They had not only pillaged, whenever opportunity offered, the helpleſs traveller, but had attacked,——and plundered the villas of ſeveral perſons, which, being ſituated among the ſolitary receſſes of the mountains, were totally unprepared for reſiſtance. In theſe expeditions the commanders of the party did not appear, and the men, partly diſguiſed, had ſometimes been miſtaken for common robbers, and, at others, for bands of the foreign enemy, who, at that period, invaded the country. But, though they had already pillaged ſeveral manſions, and brought home conſiderable treaſures, they had ventured to approach only one caſtle, in the attack of which they were aſſiſted by other troops of their own order; from this, however, they were vigorouſly repulſed, and purſued by ſome of the foreign enemy, who were in league with the beſieged. Montoni's troops fled precipitately towards Udolpho, but were ſo cloſely tracked over the mountains, that, when they

they reached one of the heights in the neighbourhood of the caſtle, and looked back upon the road, they perceived the enemy winding among the cliffs below, and at not more than a league diſtant. Upon this diſcovery, they haſtened forward with increaſed ſpeed, to prepare Montoni for the enemy; and it was their arrival, which had thrown the caſtle into ſuch confuſion and tumult.

As Emily awaited anxiouſly ſome information from below, ſhe now ſaw from her caſements a body of troops pour over the neighbouring heights; and, though Annette had been gone a very ſhort time, and had a difficult and dangerous buſineſs to accompliſh, her impatience for intelligence became painful: ſhe liſtened; opened her door; and often went out upon the corridor to meet her.

At length, ſhe heard a footſtep approach her chamber; and, on opening the door, ſaw not Annette, but old Carlo! New fears ruſhed upon her mind. He ſaid he came from the Signor, who had ordered him to inform her, that ſhe muſt be ready to depart from Udolpho immediately, for that the caſtle was about to be beſieged; and that the mules were preparing to convey her, with her guides, to a place of ſafety.

'Of ſafety!' exclaimed Emily, thoughtleſsly; 'has, then, the Signor ſo much conſideration for me?'

Carlo looked upon the ground, and made no reply. A thouſand oppoſite emotions agitated Emily, ſucceſſively, as ſhe liſtened to old Carlo, thoſe of joy, grief, diſtruſt and apprehenſion, appeared and vaniſhed from her mind,——with the quickneſs of lightning. One moment, it ſeemed impoſſible, that Montoni could take this meaſure merely for her preſervation; and ſo very ſtrange was his ſending her from the caſtle at all, that ſhe could attribute it only to the deſign of carrying into execution the new

new ſcheme of vengeance, with which he had menaced her. In the next inſtant, it appeared ſo deſirable to quit the caſtle, under any circumſtances, that ſhe could not but rejoice in the proſpect, believing that change muſt be for the better, till ſhe remembered the probability of Valancourt being detained in it, when ſorrow and regret uſurped her mind, and ſhe wiſhed, much more fervently than ſhe had yet done, that it might not be his voice which ſhe had heard.

Carlo having reminded her, that ſhe had no time to loſe, for that the enemy were within ſight of the caſtle, Emily entreated him to inform her whither ſhe was to go; and, after ſome heſitation, he ſaid he had received no orders to tell; but, on her repeating the queſtion, replied, that he believed ſhe was to be carried into Tuſcany.

'To Tuſcany!' exclaimed Emily—'and why thither!'

Carlo anſwered, that he knew nothing further, than that ſhe was to be lodged in a cottage on the borders of Tuſcany, at the feet of the Apennines——'Not a day's journey diſtant,' ſaid he.

Emily now diſmiſſed him; and, with trembling hands, prepared the ſmall package, that ſhe meant to take with her; while ſhe was employed about which Annette returned.

'O ma'amſelle!' ſaid ſhe, 'nothing can be done! Ludovico ſays the new porter is more watchful even than Barnardine was, and we might as well throw ourſelves in the way of a dragon, as in his. Ludovico is almoſt as broken-hearted as you are, ma'am, on my account, he ſays; and I am ſure I ſhall never live to hear the cannon fire twice!'

She now began to weep, but revived upon hearing of what had juſt occurred, and entreated Emily to take her with her.

'That

'That I will do moſt willingly,' replied Emily, 'if Signor Montoni permits it;' to which Annette made no reply, but ran out of the room, and immediately ſought Montoni, who was on the terrace, ſurrounded by his officers, where ſhe began her petition. He ſharply bade her go into the caſtle, and abſolutely refuſed her requeſt. Annette, however, not only pleaded for herſelf, but for Ludovico; and Montoni had ordered ſome of his men to take her from his preſence, before ſhe would retire.

In an agony of diſappointment, ſhe returned to Emily, who foreboded little good towards herſelf, from this refuſal to Annette, and who, ſoon after, received a ſummons to repair to the great court, where the mules, with their guides, were in waiting. Emily here tried in vain to ſooth the weeping Annette, who perſiſted in ſaying, that ſhe ſhould never ſee her dear young lady again; a fear, which her miſtreſs ſecretly thought too well juſtified, but which ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain, while, with apparent compoſure, ſhe bade this affectionate ſervant farewell. Annette, however, followed to the courts, which were now thronged with people, buſy in preparation for the enemy; and, having ſeen her mount her mule and depart, with her attendants, through the portal, turned into the caſtle and wept again.

Emily, meanwhile, as ſhe looked back upon the gloomy courts of the caſtle, no longer ſilent as when ſhe had firſt entered them, but reſounding with the noiſe of preparation for their defence, as well as crowded with ſoldiers and workmen, hurrying to and fro; and, when ſhe paſſed once more under the huge portcullis, which had formerly ſtruck her with terror and diſmay; and, looking round, ſaw no walls to confine her ſteps—felt, in ſpite of anticipation, the ſudden joy of a priſoner, who unexpectedly finds himſelf at liberty. This emotion

emotion would not now ſuffer her to look impartially on the dangers that awaited her without; on mountains infeſted by hoſtile parties, who ſeized every opportunity for plunder; and on a journey commenced under the guidance of men, whoſe countenances certainly did not ſpeak favourably of their diſpoſitions. In the preſent moments, ſhe could only rejoice, that ſhe was liberated from thoſe walls, which ſhe had entered with ſuch diſmal forebodings; and, remembering the ſuperſtitious preſentiment, which had then ſeized her, ſhe could now ſmile at the impreſſion it had made upon her mind.

As ſhe gazed, with theſe emotions, upon the turrets of the caſtle, riſing high over the woods, among which ſhe wound, the ſtranger whom ſhe believed to be confined there, returned to her remembrance, and anxiety and apprehenſion, leſt he ſhould be Valancourt, again paſſed like a cloud upon her joy. She recollected every circumſtance, concerning this unknown perſon, ſince the night, when ſhe had firſt heard him play the ſong of her native province;—circumſtances, which ſhe had ſo often recollected, and compared before, without extracting from them any thing like conviction, and which ſtill only prompted her to believe, that Valancourt was a priſoner at Udolpho. It was poſſible, however, that the men, who were her conductors, might afford her information, on this ſubject; but, fearing to queſtion them immediately, leſt they ſhould be unwilling to diſcover any circumſtance to her in the preſence of each other, ſhe watched for an opportunity of ſpeaking with them ſeparately.

Soon after, a trumpet echoed faintly from a diſtance; the guides ſtopped, and looked toward the quarter whence it came, but the thick woods, which ſurrounded them, excluding all view of the country beyond, one of the men rode on to the point of an eminence, that afforded a more extenſive proſ-

pect,

pect, to obſerve how near the enemy, whoſe trumpet he gueſſed this to be, were advanced; the other, meanwhile, remained with Emily, and to him ſhe put ſome queſtions, concerning the ſtranger at Udolpho. Ugo, for this was his name, ſaid, that there were ſeveral priſoners in the caſtle, but he neither recollected their perſons, or the preciſe time of their arrival, and could therefore give her no information. There was a ſurlineſs in his manner, as he ſpoke, that made it probable he would not have ſatisfied her enquiries, even if he could have done ſo.

Having aſked him what priſoners had been taken, about the time, as nearly as ſhe could remember, when ſhe had firſt heard the muſic, 'All that week,' ſaid Ugo, 'I was out with a party, upon the mountains, and knew nothing of what was doing at the caſtle. We had enough upon our hands, we had warm work of it.'

Bertrand, the other man, being now returned, Emily enquired no further, and, when he had related to his companion what he had ſeen, they travelled on in deep ſilence; while Emily often caught, between the opening woods, partial glimpſes of the caſtle above—the weſt towers, whoſe battlements were now crowded with archers, and the ramparts below, where ſoldiers were ſeen hurrying along, or buſy upon the walls, preparing the cannon.

Having emerged from the woods, they wound along the valley in an oppoſite direction to that, from whence the enemy were approaching. Emily had now a full view of Udolpho, with its gray walls, towers and terraces, high over-topping the precipices and the dark woods, and glittering partially with the arms of the *condottieri*, as the ſun's rays, ſtreaming through an autumnal cloud, glanced upon a part of the edifice, whoſe remaining features ſtood

in

in darkened majeſty. She continued to gaze, through her tears, upon walls that, perhaps, confined Valancourt, and which now, as the cloud floated away, were lighted up with ſudden ſplendour, and then, as ſuddenly were ſhrouded in gloom; while the paſſing gleam fell on the wood-tops below, and heightened the firſt tints of autumn, that had begun to ſteal upon the foliage. The winding mountains, at length, ſhut Udolpho from her view, and ſhe turned, with mournful reluctance, to other objects. The melancholy ſighing of the wind among the pines, that waved high over the ſteeps, and the diſtant thunder of a torrent aſſiſted her muſings, and conſpired with the wild ſcenery around, to diffuſe over her mind emotions ſolemn, not yet unpleaſing, but which were ſoon interrupted by the diſtant roar of cannon, echoing among the mountains. The ſounds rolled along the wind, and were repeated in faint and fainter reverberation, till they ſunk in ſullen murmurs. This was a ſignal, that the enemy had reached the caſtle, and fear for Valancourt again tormented Emily. She turned her anxious eyes towards that part of the country where the edifice ſtood, but the intervening heights concealed it from her view; ſtill, however, ſhe ſaw the tall head of a mountain, which immediately fronted her late chamber, and on this ſhe fixed her gaze, as if it could have told her of all that was paſſing in the ſcene it overlooked. The guides twice reminded her, that ſhe was loſing time, and that they had far to go, before ſhe could turn from this intereſting object, and, even when ſhe again moved onward, ſhe often ſent a look back, till only its blue point, brightening in a gleam of ſunſhine, appeared peeping over other mountains.

The ſound of the cannon affected Ugo, as the blaſt of the trumpet does the war-horſe; it called

forth all the fire of his nature; he was impatient to be in the midſt of the fight, and uttered frequent execrations againſt Montoni for having ſent him to a diſtance. The feelings of his comrade ſeemed to be very oppoſite, and adapted rather to the cruelties, than to the dangers of war.

Emily aſked frequent queſtions, concerning the place of her deſtination, but could only learn, that ſhe was going to a cottage in Tuſcany; and, whenever ſhe mentioned the ſubject, ſhe fancied ſhe perceived, in the countenances of theſe men, an expreſſion of malice and cunning, that alarmed her.

It was afternoon, when they had left the caſtle. During ſeveral hours, they travelled through regions of profound ſolitude, where no bleat of ſheep, or bark of watch-dog, broke on ſilence, and they were now too far off to hear even the faint thunder of the cannon. Towards evening, they wound down precipices, black with foreſts of cypreſs, pine and cedar, into a glen ſo ſavage and ſecluded, that, if Solitude ever had local habitation, this might have been 'her place of deareſt reſidence.' To Emily it appeared a ſpot exactly ſuited for the retreat of banditti, and, in her imagination, ſhe already ſaw them lurking under the brow of ſome projecting rock, whence their ſhadows, lengthened by the ſetting ſun, ſtretched acroſs the road, and warned the traveller of his danger. She ſhuddered at the idea, and, looking at her conductors, to obſerve whether they were armed, thought ſhe ſaw in them the banditti ſhe dreaded!

It was in this glen, that they propoſed to alight, 'For,' ſaid Ugo, 'night will come on preſently,—and then the wolves will make it dangerous to ſtop.' This was a new ſubject of alarm to Emily, but inferior to what ſhe ſuffered from the thought of being left in theſe wilds, at midnight, with two ſuch men

men as her preſent conductors. Dark and dreadful hints of what might be Montoni's purpoſe in ſending her hither, came to her mind. She endeavoured to diſſuade the men from ſtopping, and enquired, with anxiety, how far they had yet to go.

'Many leagues yet,' replied Bertrand. 'As for you, Signora, you may do as you pleaſe about eating, but for us, we will make a hearty ſupper, while we can. We ſhall have need of it, I warrant, before we finiſh our journey. The ſun's going down apace; let us alight under that rock, yonder.'

His comrade aſſented, and, turning the mules out of the road, they advanced towards a cliff, overhung with cedars, Emily following in trembling ſilence. They lifted her from her mule, and, having ſeated themſelves on the graſs, at the foot of the rocks, drew ſome homely fare from a wallet, of which Emily tried to eat a little, the better to diſguiſe her apprehenſions.

The ſun was now ſunk behind the high mountains in the weſt, upon which a purple haze began to ſpread, and the gloom of twilight to draw over the ſurrounding objects. To the low and ſullen murmur of the breeze, paſſing among the woods, ſhe no longer liſtened with any degree of pleaſure, for it conſpired with the wildneſs of the ſcene and the evening hour, to depreſs her ſpirits.

Suſpence had ſo much increaſed her anxiety, as to the priſoner at Udolpho, that, finding it impracticable to ſpeak alone with Bertrand, on that ſubject, ſhe renewed her queſtions in the preſence of Ugo; but he either was, or pretended to be entirely ignorant, concerning the ſtranger. When he had diſmiſſed the queſtion, he talked with Ugo on ſome ſubject, which led to the mention of Signor Orſino and of the affair that had baniſhed him from Venice; reſpecting which Emily had ventured to aſk

a few queſtions. Ugo appeared to be well acquainted with the circumſtances of that tragical event, and related ſome minute particulars, that both ſhocked and ſurpriſed her; for it appeared very extraordinary how ſuch particulars could be known to any, but to perſons preſent when the aſſaſſination was committed.

'He was of rank,' ſaid Bertrand, 'or the State would not have troubled itſelf to enquire after his aſſaſſins. The Signor has been lucky hitherto; this is not the firſt affair of the kind he has had upon his hands; and to be ſure, when a gentleman has no other way of getting redreſs—why he muſt take this.'

'Aye,' ſaid Ugo, 'and why is not this as good as another? This is the way to have juſtice done at once, without more ado. If you go to law, you muſt ſtay till the judges pleaſe, and may loſe your cauſe, at laſt. Why the beſt way, then, is to make ſure of your right, while you can, and execute juſtice yourſelf.'

'Yes, yes,' rejoined Bertrand, 'if you wait till juſtice is done you—you may ſtay long enough. Why if I want a friend of mine properly ſerved, how am I to get my revenge? Ten to one they will tell me he is in the right, and I am in the wrong. Or, if a fellow has got poſſeſſion of property, which I think ought to be mine, why, I may wait, till I ſtarve, perhaps, before the law will give it me, and then, after all, the judge may ſay—the eſtate is his. What is to be done then? Why the caſe is plain enough, I muſt take it at laſt.

Emily's horror at this converſation was heightened by a ſuſpicion, that the latter part of it was pointed againſt herſelf, and that theſe men had been commiſſioned by Montoni to execute a ſimilar kind of *juſtice*, in his cauſe.

'But

'But I was ſpeaking of Signor Orſino,' reſumed Bertrand, 'he is one of thoſe, who love to do juſtice at once. I remember, about ten years ago, the Signor had a quarrel with a cavaliero of Milan. The ſtory was told me then, and it is ſtill freſh in my head. They quarrelled about a lady, that the Signor liked, and ſhe was perverſe enough to prefer the gentleman of Milan, and even carried her whim ſo far as to marry him. This provoked the Signor, as well it might, for he had tried to talk reaſon to her a long while, and uſed to ſend people to ſerenade her, under her windows, of a night; and uſed to make verſes about her, and would ſwear ſhe was the handſomeſt lady in Milan But all would not do—nothing would bring her to reaſon; and, as I ſaid, ſhe went ſo far at laſt, as to marry this other cavaliero. This made the Signor wroth, with a vengeance; he reſolved to be even with her though, and he watched his opportunity, and did not wait long, for, ſoon after the marriage, they ſet out for Padua, nothing doubting, I warrant, of what was preparing for them. The cavaliero thought, to be ſure, he was to be called to no account, but was to go off triumphant; but he was ſoon made to know another ſort of ſtory.'

'What then, the lady had promiſed to have Signor Orſino?' ſaid Ugo.

'Promiſed!' No,' replied Bertrand, 'ſhe had not wit enough even to tell him ſhe liked him, as I heard, but the contrary, for ſhe uſed to ſay, from the firſt, ſhe never meant to have him. And this was what provoked the Signor ſo, and with good reaſon, for, who likes to be told that he is diſagreeable? and this was ſaying as good. It was enough to tell him this; ſhe need not have gone, and married another.'

'What, ſhe married, then, on purpoſe to plague the Signor?' ſaid Ugo.

'I don'

'I don't know as for that,' replied Bertrand, 'they ſaid, indeed, that ſhe had had a regard for the other gentleman a great while; but that is nothing to the purpoſe, ſhe ſhould not have married him, and then the Signor would not have been ſo much provoked. She might have expected what was to follow; it was not to be ſuppoſed he would bear her ill uſage tamely, and ſhe might thank herſelf for what happened. But, as I ſaid, they ſet out for Padua, ſhe and her huſband, and the road lay over ſome barren mountains like theſe. This ſuited the Signor's purpoſe well. He watched the time of their departure, and ſent his men after them, with directions what to do. They kept their diſtance, till they ſaw their opportunity, and this did not happen, till the ſecond day's journey, when the gentleman having ſent his ſervants forward to the next town, may be, to have horſes in readineſs, the Signor's men quickened their pace, and overtook the carriage, in a hollow, between two mountains, where the woods prevented the ſervants from ſeeing what paſſed, though they were then not far off. When we came up, we fired our tromboni, but miſſed.'

Emily turned pale, at theſe words, and then hoped ſhe had miſtaken them; while Bertrand proceeded:

'The gentleman fired again, but he was ſoon made to alight, and it was as he turned to call his people, that he was ſtruck. It was the moſt dexterous feat you ever ſaw—he was ſtruck in the back with three ſtilettos at once. He fell, and was diſpatched in a minute; but the lady eſcaped, for the ſervants had heard the firing, and came up before ſhe could be taken care of. 'Bertrand,' ſaid the Signor, when his men returned———'

'Bertrand!' exclaimed Emily, pale with horror, on whom not a ſyllable of this narrative had been loſt.

'Bertrand,

'Bertrand, did I ſay?' rejoined the man, with ſome confuſion---'No, Giovanni. But I have forgot where I was;—'Bertrand,' ſaid the Signor'——

'Bertrand, again!' ſaid Emily in a faultering voice, 'Why do you repeat that name?'

Bertrand ſwore, 'What ſignifies it,' he proceeded, 'what the man was called---Bertrand, or Giovanni---or Roberto? it's all one for that. You have put me out twice with that—queſtion. 'Bertrand,' or Giovanni—or what you will—'Bertrand,' ſaid the Signor, 'if your comrades had done their duty, as well as you, I ſhould not have loſt the lady. Go, my honeſt fellow, and be happy with this.' He gave him a purſe of gold—and little enough too, conſidering the ſervice he had done him.'

'Aye, aye,' ſaid Ugo, 'little enough---little enough.'

Emily now breathed with difficulty, and could ſcarcely ſupport herſelf. When firſt ſhe ſaw theſe men, their appearance and their connection with Montoni had been ſufficient to impreſs her with diſtruſt; but now, when one of them had betrayed himſelf to be a murderer, and ſhe ſaw herſelf, at the approach of night, under his guidance, among wild and ſolitary mountains, and going ſhe ſcarcely knew whither, the moſt agonizing terror ſeized her, which was the leſs ſupportable from the neceſſity ſhe found herſelf under of concealing all ſymptoms of it from her companions. Reflecting on the character and the menaces of Montoni, it appeared not improbable, that he had delivered her to them, for the purpoſe of having her murdered, and of thus ſecuring to himſelf, without further oppoſition, or delay the eſtates, for which he had ſo long and ſo deſperately contended. Yet, if this was his deſign, there appeared no neceſſity for ſending her to ſuch a diſtance from the caſtle; for, if any dread of diſcovery had made him unwilling to perpetrate the deed

deed there, a much nearer place might have ſufficed for the purpoſe of concealment. Theſe conſiderations, however, did not immediately occur to Emily, with whom ſo many circumſtances conſpired to rouſe terror, that ſhe had no power to oppoſe it or to enquire coolly into its grounds; and, if ſhe had done ſo, ſtill there were many appearances which would too well have juſtified her moſt terrible apprehenſions. She did not now dare to ſpeak to her conductors, at the ſound of whoſe voices ſhe trembled; and when, now and then, ſhe ſtole a glance at them, their countenances, ſeen imperfectly through the gloom of evening, ſerved to confirm her fears.

The ſun had now been ſet ſome time, heavy clouds, whoſe lower ſkirts were tinged with ſulphureous crimſon, lingered in the weſt, and threw a reddiſh tint upon the pine foreſts, which ſent forth a ſolemn ſound, as the breeze rolled over them. The hollow moan ſtruck upon Emily's heart, and ſerved to render more gloomy and terrific every object around her,---the mountains ſhaded in twilight ---the gleaming torrent hoarſely roaring, the black foreſts, and the deep glen, broken into rocky receſſes, high over-ſhadowed by cypreſs and ſycamore and winding into long obſcurity. To this glen, Emily, as ſhe ſent forth her anxious eye, thought there was no end; no hamlet, or even cottage, was ſeen, and ſtill no diſtant bark of watch-dog, or even faint, far-off halloo came on the wind. In a tremulous voice ſhe now ventured to remind the guides, that it was grown late, and to aſk again how far they had to go: but they were too much occupied by their own diſcourſe to attend to her queſtion, which ſhe forbore to repeat, leſt it ſhould provoke a ſurly anſwer. Having, however, ſoon after finiſhed their ſupper, the men collected the fragments into their wallet, and proceeded along this winding

winding glen, in gloomy ſilence; while Emily again muſed upon her own ſituation, and concerning the motives of Montoni for involving her in it. That it was for ſome evil purpoſe towards herſelf, ſhe could not doubt; and it ſeemed, that, if he did not intend to deſtroy her, with a view of immediately ſeizing her eſtates, he meant to reſerve her a while in concealment, for ſome more terrible deſign, for one that might equally gratify his avarice, and ſtill more his deep revenge. At this moment, remembering Signor Brochio and his behaviour in the corridor, a few preceding nights, the latter ſuppoſition, horrible as it was, ſtrengthened her belief. Yet, why remove her from the caſtle, where deeds of darkneſs had, ſhe feared, been often executed with ſecrecy?---from chambers, perhaps

"With many a foul, and midnight murder ſtain'd."

The dread of what ſhe might be going to encounter was now ſo exceſſive, that it ſometimes threatened her ſenſes; and, often as ſhe went, ſhe thought of her late father and of all he would have ſuffered, could he have foreſeen the ſtrange and dreadful events of her future life; and how anxiouſly he would have avoided that fatal confidence, which committed his daughter to the care of a woman ſo weak as was Madame Montoni. So romantic and improbable, indeed, did her preſent ſituation appear to Emily herſelf, particularly when ſhe compared it with the repoſe and beauty of her early days, that there were moments, when ſhe could almoſt have believed herſelf the victim of frightful viſions, glaring upon a diſordered fancy.

Reſtrained by the preſence of her guides from expreſſing her terrors, their acuteneſs was, at length, loſt in gloomy deſpair. The dreadful view of what might await her hereafter rendered her almoſt indifferent to the ſurrounding dangers. She now

looked, with little emotion, on the wild dingles, and gloomy road and mountains, whoſe outlines only were diſtinguiſhable through the duſk;---objects, which but lately had affected her ſpirits ſo much, as to awaken horrid views of the future, and to tinge theſe with their own gloom.

It was now ſo nearly dark, that the travellers, who proceeded only by the ſloweſt pace, could ſcarcely diſcern their way. The clouds which ſeemed charged with thunder, paſſed ſlowly along the heavens, ſhewing at intervals, the trembling ſtars; while the groves of cypreſs and ſycamore, that overhung the rocks, waved high in the breeze, as if ſwept over the glen, and then ruſhed among the diſtant woods. Emily ſhivered as it paſſed.

'Where is the torch?' ſaid Ugo, 'it grows dark.'

'Not ſo dark yet,' replied Bertrand, 'but we may find our way, and 'tis beſt not light the torch before we can help, for it may betray us, if any ſtraggling party of the enemy is abroad.'

Ugo muttered ſomething, which Emily did not underſtand, and they proceeded in darkneſs, while ſhe almoſt wiſhed, that the enemy might diſcover them; for from change there was ſomething to hope, ſince ſhe could ſcarcely imagine any ſituation more dreadful than her preſent one.

As they moved ſlowly along, her attention was ſurpriſed by a thin tapering flame, that appeared by fits, at the point of the pike, which Bertrand carried, reſembling what ſhe had obſerved on the lance of the ſentinel, the night Madame Montoni died, and which he ſaid was an omen. The event immediately following it appeared to juſtify the aſſertion, and a ſuperſtitious impreſſion had remained on Emily's mind, which the preſent appearance confirmed. She thought it was an omen of her

own

own fate, and watched it ſucceſſively vaniſh and return, in gloomy ſilence, which was at length interrupted by Bertrand.

'Let us light the torch,' ſaid he, 'and get under the ſhelter of the woods;---a ſtorm is coming on---look at my lance.'

He held it forth with the flame tapering at its point*.

'Aye,' ſaid Ugo, 'you are not one of thoſe, that believe in omens: we have left cowards at the caſtle, who would turn pale at ſuch a ſight. I have often ſeen it before a thunder ſtorm, it is an omen of that, and one is coming now, ſure enough. The clouds flaſh faſt already.'

Emily was relieved by this converſation from ſome of the terrors of ſuperſtition, but thoſe of reaſon encreaſed, as waiting while Ugo ſearched for a flint to ſtrike fire, ſhe watched the pale lightening gleam over the woods they were about to enter, and illumine the harſh countenances of her companions. Ugo could not find a flint, and Bertrand became impatient, for the thunder ſounded hollowly at a diſtance, and the lightning was more frequent. Sometimes, it revealed the nearer receſſes of the woods, or, diſplaying ſome opening in their ſummits, illumined the ground beneath with partial ſplendour, the thick foliage of the trees preſerving the ſurrounding ſcene in deep ſhadow.

At length, Ugo found a flint, and the torch was lighted. The men then diſmounted, and, having aſſiſted Emily, led the mules towards the woods, that ſkirted the glen, on the left, over broken ground, frequently interrupted with bruſh-wood

* See the Abbé Berthelon on Electricity.

and

and wild plants, which ſhe was often obliged to make a circuit to avoid.

She could not approach theſe woods, without experiencing keener ſenſe of her danger. Their deep ſilence, except when the wind ſwept among their branches, and impenetrable glooms ſhewn partially by the ſudden flaſh, and then, by the red glare of the torch, which ſerved only to make 'darkneſs viſible,' were circumſtances that contributed to renew all her moſt terrible apprehenſions; ſhe thought, too, that at this moment, the countenances of her conductors diſplayed more than their uſual fierceneſs, mingled with a kind of lurking exultation, which they ſeemed endeavouring to diſguiſe. To her affrighted fancy it occurred, that they were leading her into theſe woods to complete the will of Montoni by her murder. The horrid ſuggeſtion cauſed a groan from her heart, which ſurpriſed her companions, who turned round quickly towards her, and ſhe demanded why they led her thither, beſeeching them to continue their way along the open glen, which ſhe repreſented to be leſs dangerous than the woods, in a thunder ſtorm.

'No, no,' ſaid Bertrand, 'we know beſt where the danger lies. See how the clouds open over our heads. Beſides, we can glide under cover of the woods with leſs hazard of being ſeen, ſhould any of the enemy be wandering this way. By the holy St. Peter and all the reſt of them, I've as ſtout a heart as the beſt, as many a poor devil could tell, if he were alive again—but what can we do againſt numbers?'

'What are you whining about?' ſaid Ugo, contemptuouſly, 'who fears numbers? Let them come, though they were as many as the Signor's caſtle could hold; I would ſhew the knaves what fighting is. For you---I would lay you quietly in a dry ditch, where

where you might peep out and ſee me put the rogues to flight.—Who talks of fear?'

Bertrand replied, with an horrible oath, that he did not like ſuch jeſting, and a violent altercation enſued, which was, at length, ſilenced by the thunder, whoſe deep volley was heard afar, rolling onward till it burſt over their heads in ſounds, that ſeemed to ſhake the earth to its centre. The ruffians pauſed, and looked upon each other. Between the boles of the trees, the blue lightning flaſhed and quivered along the ground, while, as Emily looked under the boughs, the mountains beyond frequently appeared to be clothed in livid flame. At this moment perhaps ſhe felt leſs fear of the ſtorm, than did either of her companions, for other terrors occupied her mind.

The men now reſted under an enormous cheſnut-tree, and fixed their pikes in the ground, at ſome diſtance, on the iron points of which Emily repeatedly obſerved the lightning play, and then glide down them into the earth.

'I would we were well in the Signor's caſtle!' ſaid Bertrand, 'I know not why he ſhould ſend us on this buſineſs. Hark! how it rattles above, there! I could almoſt find in my heart to turn prieſt, and pray. Ugo, haſt got a roſary?'

'No,' replied Ugo, 'I leave it to cowards like thee, to carry roſaries—I, carry a ſword.'

'And much good may it do thee in fighting againſt the ſtorm!' ſaid Bertrand.

Another peal, which was reverberated in tremendous echoes among the mountains ſilenced them for a moment. As it rolled away, Ugo propoſed going on. 'We are only loſing time here,' ſaid he, 'for the thick boughs of the woods will ſhelter us as well as this cheſnut-tree.'

They again led the mules forward, between the boles of the trees, and over pathleſs graſs, that concealed

concealed their high knotted roots. The riſing wind was now heard contending with the thunder, as it ruſhed furiouſly among the branches above, and brightened the red flame of the torch, which threw a ſtronger light forward among the woods, and ſhewed their gloomy receſſes to be ſuitable reſorts for the wolves, of which Ugo had formerly ſpoken.

At length, the ſtrength of the wind ſeemed to drive the ſtorm before it, for the thunder rolled away into diſtance, and was only faintly heard. After travelling through the woods for nearly an hour, during which the elements ſeemed to have returned to repoſe, the travellers, gradually aſcending from the glen, found themſelves upon the open brow of a mountain, with a wide valley, extending in miſty moon-light, at their feet, and above, the blue ſky, trembling through the few thin clouds, that lingered after the ſtorm, and were ſinking ſlowly to the verge of the horizon.

Emily's ſpirits, now that ſhe had quitted the woods, began to revive; for ſhe conſidered, that, if theſe men had received an order to deſtroy her, they would probably have executed their barbarous purpoſe in the ſolitary wild, from whence they had juſt emerged, where the deed would have been ſhrouded from every human eye. Re-aſſured by this reflection, and by the quiet demeanour of her guides, Emily, as they proceeded ſilently, in a kind of ſheep track, that wound along the ſkirts of the woods, which aſcended on the right, could not ſurvey the ſleeping beauty of the vale, to which they were declining, without a momentary ſenſation of pleaſure. It ſeemed varied with woods, paſtures, and ſloping grounds, and was ſcreened to the north and the eaſt by an amphitheatre of the Apennines, whoſe outline on the horizon was

here

here broken into varied and elegant forms; to the weſt and the ſouth, the landſcape extended indiſtinctly into the lowlands of Tuſcany.

'There is the ſea yonder,' ſaid Bertrand, as if he had known that Emily was examining the twilight view, 'yonder is the weſt, though we cannot ſee it.'

Emily already perceived a change in the climate, from that of the wild and mountainous tract ſhe had left; and, as ſhe continued deſcending, the air became perfumed by the breath of a thouſand nameleſs flowers among the graſs, called forth by the late rain. So ſoothingly beautiful was the ſcene around her, and ſo ſtrikingly contraſted to the gloomy grandeur of thoſe, to which ſhe had long been confined, and to the manners of the people, who moved among them, that ſhe could almoſt have fancied herſelf at La Vallée, and, wondering why Montoni had ſent her hither, could ſcarcely believe, that he had ſelected ſo enchanting a ſpot for any cruel deſign. It was, however, probably not the ſpot, but the perſons who happened to inhabit it, and to whoſe care he could ſafely commit the execution of his plans, whatever they might be, that had determined his choice.

She now ventured again to enquire, whether they were near the place of their deſtination, and was anſwered by Ugo, that they had not far to go. 'Only to the wood of cheſnuts in the valley yonder,' ſaid he, 'there, by the brook, that ſparkles with the moon; I wiſh I was once at reſt there, with a flaſk of good wine, and a ſlice of Tuſcany bacon.'

Emily's ſpirits revived, when ſhe heard, that the journey was ſo nearly concluded, and ſaw the wood of cheſnuts in an open part of the vale, on the margin of the ſtream.

In

In a ſhort time, they reached the entrance of the wood, and perceived, between the twinkling leaves, a light ſtreaming from a diſtant cottage window. They proceeded along the edge of the brook to where the trees, crowding over it, excluded the moon-beams, but a long line of light from the cottage above, was ſeen on its dark tremulous ſurface.——Bertrand now ſtepped on firſt, and Emily heard him knock, and call loudly at the door. As ſhe reached it, the ſmall upper caſement, where the light appeared, was uncloſed by a man, who, having enquired what they wanted, immediately deſcended, let them into a neat ruſtic cot, and called up his wife to ſet refreſhments before the travellers. As this man converſed, rather apart, with Bertrand, Emily anxiouſly ſurveyed him. He was a tall, but not robuſt, peaſant, of a ſallow complexion, and had a ſhrewd and cunning eye; his countenance was not of a character to win the ready confidence of youth, and there was nothing in his manner, that might conciliate a ſtranger.

Ugo called impatiently for ſupper, and in a tone as if he knew his authority here to be unqueſtionable. 'I expected you an hour ago,' ſaid the peaſant, 'for I have had Signor Montoni's letter theſe three hours, and I and my wife had given you up, and gone to bed. How did you fare in the ſtorm?'

'Ill enough,' replied Ugo, 'ill enough, and we are like to fare ill enough here, too, unleſs you will make more haſte. Get us more wine, and let us ſee what you have to eat.

The peaſant placed before them, all that his cottage afforded—ham, wine, figs, and grapes of ſuch ſize and flavour, as Emily had ſeldom taſted.

After taking refreſhment, ſhe was ſhewn by the peaſant's wife to her little bed-chamber, where ſhe aſked ſome queſtions concerning Montoni, to which the

the woman, whoſe name was Dorina, gave reſerved anſwers, pretending ignorance of his *Excellenza's* intention in ſending Emily thither, but acknowledging that her huſband had been apprized of the circumſtance. Perceiving, that ſhe could obtain no intelligence concerning her deſtination, Emily diſmiſſed Dorina, and retired to repoſe; but all the buſy ſcenes of the paſt and the anticipated ones of the future came to her anxious mind, and conſpired with the ſenſe of her new ſituation to baniſh ſleep.

CHAP. XV.

'Was nought around but images of reſt,
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd, and banks of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Meantime unnumbered glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their water's ſheen,
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.'

THOMSON.

WHEN Emily, in the morning, opened her caſement, ſhe was ſurpriſed to obſerve the beauties, that ſurrounded it.———The cottage was nearly embowered in the woods, which were chiefly of cheſnut, intermixed with ſome cypreſs, larch and ſycamore. Beneath the dark and ſpreading branches, appeared, to the north, and to the eaſt, the woody Apennines, riſing in majeſtic amphitheatre, not black with pines, as ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee them, but their loftieſt ſummits crowned with antient foreſts of cheſnut, oak and ri ental plane , now animated with the rich tints of autumn, and which ſwept downward to the valley uninterruptedly, except where ſome bold rocky prom ontory looked out from among the foliage, and caught the paſſing gleam. Vineyards ſtretched along the feet of the mountains, where the elegant villas of the Tuſcan nobility frequently adorned the ſcene, and overlooked ſlopes clothed with groves of olive, mulberry, orange and lemon. The plain, to which theſe declined, was coloured with the riches of cultivation, whoſe mingled hues were mellowed into harmony by an Italian ſun.

Vines,

Vines, their purple cluſters bluſhing between the ruſſet foliage, hung in luxuriant feſtoons from the branches of ſtandard fig and cherry trees, while paſtures of verdure, ſuch as Emily had ſeldom ſeen in Italy, enriched the banks of a ſtream that, after deſcending from the mountains, wound along the landſcape, which it reflected, to a bay of the ſea.—There, far in the weſt, the waters, fading into the ſky, aſſumed a tint of the fainteſt purple, and the line of ſeparation between them was, now and then, diſcernible only by the progreſs of a ſail, brightened with the ſun-beam, along the horizon.

The cottage, which was ſhaded by the woods from the intenſer rays of the ſun, and was open only to his evening light, was covered entirely with vines, fig-trees and jeſſamine, whoſe flowers ſurpaſſed in ſize and fragrance any that Emily had ſeen. Theſe and ripening cluſters of grapes hung round her little caſement. The turf, that grew under the woods, was inlaid with a variety of wild flowers and perfumed herbs, and, on the oppoſite margin of the ſtream, whoſe current diffuſed freſhneſs beneath the ſhades, roſe a grove of lemon and orange trees.——This, though nearly oppoſite to Emily's window, did not interrupt her proſpect, but rather heightened, by its dark verdure, the effect of the perſpective; and to her this ſpot was a bower of ſweets, whoſe charms communicated imperceptibly to her mind ſomewhat of their own ſerenity.

She was ſoon ſummoned to breakfaſt, by the peaſant's daughter, a girl about ſeventeen, of a pleaſant countenance, which Emily was glad to obſerve, ſeemed animated with the pure affections of nature, though the others, that ſurrounded her, expreſſed, more or leſs, the worſt qualities—cruelty, ferocity, cunning and duplicity; of the latter ſtyle of countenance, eſpecially, were thoſe of the peaſant

ſant and his wife. Maddelina ſpoke little, but what ſhe ſaid was in a ſoft voice, and with an air of modeſty and complacency, that intereſted Emily, who breakfaſted at a ſeparate table with Dorina, while Ugo and Bertrand were taking a repaſt of Tuſcany bacon and wine with their hoſt, near the cottage door; when they had finiſhed which, Ugo, riſing haſtily, enquired for his mule, and Emily learned that he was to return to Udolpho, while Bertrand remained at the cottage; a circumſtance, which, though it did not ſurpriſe, diſtreſſed her.

When Ugo was departed, Emily propoſed to walk in the neighbouring woods; but, on being told, that ſhe muſt not quit the cottage, without having Bertrand for her attendant, ſhe withdrew to her own room. There as her eyes ſettled on the towering Apennines, ſhe recollected the terrific ſcenery they had exhibited and the horrors ſhe had ſuffered, on the preceding night, particularly at the moment when Bertrand had betrayed himſelf to be an aſſaſſin; and theſe remembrances awakened a train of images, which, ſince they abſtracted her from a conſideration of her own ſituation, ſhe purſued for ſome time, and then arranged in the following lines; pleaſed to have diſcovered any innocent means, by which ſhe could beguile an hour of misfortune.

THE PILGRIM*.

Slow o'er the Apennine, with bleeding feet,
A patient Pilgrim wound his lonely way,
To deck the Lady of Loretto's ſeat
With all the little wealth his zeal could pay.

From

* This poem and that entitled—The Traveller,—have already appeared in a periodical publication.

From mountain-tops cold died the evening ray,
And, ſtretch'd in twilight, ſlept the vale below;
And now the laſt, laſt purple ſtreaks of day
Along the melancholy Weſt fade ſlow.
High o'er his head, the reſtleſs pines complain,
As on their ſummit rolls the breeze of night;
Beneath, the hoarſe ſtream chides the rocks in vain:
The Pilgrim pauſes on the dizzy height.
Then to the vale his cautious ſtep he preſt,
For there a hermit's croſs was dimly ſeen,
Creſting the rock, and there his limbs might reſt,
Cheer'd in the good man's cave, by faggot's ſheen,
On leafy beds, nor guile his ſleep moleſt.
Unhappy Luke! he truſts a treacherous clue!
Behind the cliff the lurking robber ſtood;
No friendly moon his giant ſhadow threw
Athwart the road, to ſave the Pilgrim's blood;
On as he went a veſper-hymn he ſang,
The hymn, that nightly ſooth'd him to repoſe.
Fierce on his harmleſs prey the ruffian ſprang!
The Pilgrim bleeds to death, his eye-lids cloſe;
Yet his meek ſpirit knew no vengeful care,
But, dying, for his murd'rer breath'd—a ſainted pray'r!

Preferring the ſolitude of her room to the company of the perſons below ſtairs, Emily dined above, and Maddelina was ſuffered to attend her, from whoſe ſimple converſation ſhe learned, that the peaſant and his wife were old inhabitants of this cottage, which had been purchaſed for them by Montoni, in reward of ſome ſervice, rendered him, many years before, by Marco, to whom Carlo, the ſteward at the caſtle, was nearly related. 'So many years ago, Signora,' added Maddelina, 'that I know nothing about it; but my father did the Signor a great good, for my mother has often ſaid to him, this cottage was the leaſt he ought to have had.'

To the mention of this circumſtance Emily liſtened with a painful intereſt, ſince it appeared to give

give a frightful colour to the character of Marco, whoſe ſervice, thus rewarded by Montoni, ſhe could ſcarcely doubt had been criminal; and, if ſo, had too much reaſon to believe, that ſhe had been committed into his hands for ſome deſperate purpoſe. 'Did you ever hear how many years it is,' ſaid Emily, who was conſidering of Signora Laurentini's diſappearance from Udolpho, 'ſince your father performed the ſervices you ſpoke of?'

'It was a little before he came to live at the cottage, Signora,' replied Maddelina, 'and that is about eighteen years ago.'

This was near the period, when Signora Laurentini had been ſaid to diſappear, and it occurred to Emily, that Marco had aſſiſted in that myſterious affair, and, perhaps, had been employed in a murder! This horrible ſuggeſtion fixed her in ſuch profound reverie, that Maddelina quitted the room, unperceived by her, and ſhe remained unconſcious of all around her, for a conſiderable time. Tears, at length, came to her relief, after indulging which, her ſpirits becoming calmer, ſhe ceaſed to tremble at a view of evils, that might never arrive; and had ſufficient reſolution to endeavour to withdraw her thoughts from the contemplation of her own intereſts. Remembering the few books, which even in the hurry of her departure from Udolpho ſhe had put into her little package, ſhe ſat down with one of them at her pleaſant caſement, whence her eyes often wandered from the page to the landſcape, whoſe beauty gradually ſoothed her mind into gentle melancholy.

Here, ſhe remained alone, till evening, and ſaw the ſun deſcend the weſtern ſky, throw all his pomp of light and ſhadow upon the mountains, and gleam upon the diſtant ocean and the ſtealing ſails, as he ſunk amidſt the waves. Then, at the muſing hour of twilight, her ſoftened thoughts returned to Valancourt;

lancourt; ſhe again recollected every circumſtance, connected with the midnight muſic, and all that might aſſiſt her conjecture, concerning his impriſonment at the caſtle, and, becoming confirmed in the ſuppoſition, that it was his voice ſhe had heard there, ſhe looked back to that gloomy abode with emotions of grief and momentary regret.

Refreſhed by the cool and fragrant air, and her ſpirits ſoothed to a ſtate of gentle melancholy by the ſtilly murmur of the brook below and of the woods around, ſhe lingered at her caſement long after the ſun had ſet, watching the valley ſinking into obſcurity, till only the grand outline of the ſurrounding mountains, ſhadowed upon the horizon, remained viſible. But a clear moon-light, that ſucceeded, gave to the landſcape, what time gives to the ſcenes of paſt life, when it ſoftens all their harſher features, and throws over the whole mellowing ſhade of diſtant contemplation. The ſcenes of La Vallée, in the early morn of her life, when ſhe was protected and beloved by parents equally loved, appeared in Emily's memory tenderly beautiful, like the proſpect before her, and awakened mournful compariſons. Unwilling to encounter the coarſe behaviour of the peaſant's wife, ſhe remained ſupperleſs in her room, while ſhe wept again over her forlorn and perilous ſituation, a review of which entirely overcame the ſmall remains of her fortitude, and, reducing her to temporary deſpondence, ſhe wiſhed to be releaſed from this heavy load of life, that had ſo long oppreſſed her, and prayed to Heaven to take her, in its mercy, to her parents.

Wearied with weeping, ſhe, at length, lay down on her mattreſs, and ſunk to ſleep, but was ſoon awakened by a knocking at her chamber door, and, ſtarting up in terror, ſhe heard a voice calling her. The image of Bertrand, with a ſtiletto in his hand, appeared to her alarmed fancy, and ſhe neither opened

opened the door, or anſwered, but liſtened in profound ſilence, till the voice repeating her name in the ſame low tone, ſhe demanded who called. 'It is I, Signora,' replied the voice, which ſhe now diſtinguiſhed to be Maddelina's, 'pray open the door. Don't be frightened, it is I.'

'And what brings you here ſo late, Maddelina?' ſaid Emily, as ſhe let her in. 'Huſh! Signora, for heaven's ſake huſh!—if we are overheard I ſhall never be forgiven. My father and mother and Bertrand are all gone to bed,' continued Maddelina, as ſhe gently ſhut the door, and crept forward, 'and I have brought you ſome ſupper, for you had none, you know, Signora, below ſtairs. Here are ſome grapes and figs and half a cup of wine.' Emily thanked her, but expreſſed apprehenſion leſt this kindneſs ſhould draw upon her the reſentment of Dorina, when ſhe perceived the fruit was gone. 'Take it back, therefore, Maddelina,' added Emily, 'I ſhall ſuffer much leſs from the want of it, than I ſhould do, if this act of good nature was to ſubject you to your mother's diſpleaſure.'

'O Signora! there is no danger of that,' replied Maddelina, 'my mother cannot miſs the fruit, for I ſaved it from my own ſupper. You will make me very unhappy, if you refuſe to take it, Signora.' Emily was ſo much affected by this inſtance of the good girl's generoſity, that ſhe remained for ſome time unable to reply, and Maddelina watched her in ſilence, till, miſtaking the cauſe of her emotion, ſhe ſaid, 'Do not weep ſo, Signora! My mother, to be ſure is a little croſs, ſometimes, but then it is ſoon over, ſo don't take it ſo much to heart. She often ſcolds me, too, but then I have learned to bear it, and, when ſhe has done, if I can but ſteal out into the woods, and play upon my ſticado, I forget it all directly.'

Emily,

Emily, ſmiling through her tears, told Maddelina, that ſhe was a good girl, and then accepted her offering. She wiſhed anxiouſly to know, whether Bertrand and Dorina had ſpoken of Montoni, or of his deſigns, concerning herſelf, in the preſence of Maddelina, but diſdained to tempt the innocent girl to a conduct ſo mean, as that of betraying the private converſation of her parents. When ſhe was departing, Emily requeſted, that ſhe would come to her room as often as ſhe dared, without offending her mother; and Maddelina, after promiſing, that ſhe would do ſo, ſtole ſoftly back again to her own chamber.

Thus ſeveral days paſſed, during which Emily remained in her own room, Maddelina attending her only at her repaſt, whoſe gentle countenance and manners ſoothed her more than any circumſtance ſhe had known for many months. Of her pleaſant embowered chamber ſhe now became fond, and began to experience in it thoſe feelings of ſecurity, which we naturally attach to home. In this interval alſo, her mind, having been undiſturbed by any new circumſtances of diſguſt, or alarm, recovered its tone ſufficiently to permit her the enjoyment of her books, among which ſhe found ſome unfiniſhed ſketches of landſcapes, ſeveral blank ſheets of paper, with her drawing-inſtruments, and ſhe was thus enabled to amuſe herſelf with ſelecting ſome of the lovely features of the proſpect, that her window commanded, and combining them in ſcenes, to which her taſteful fancy gave a laſt grace. In theſe little ſketches ſhe generally placed intereſting groups, characteriſtic of the ſcenery they animated, and often contrived to tell, with perſpicuity, ſome ſimple and affecting ſtory, when, as a tear fell over the pictured griefs, which her imagination drew, ſhe would forget, for a moment, her real ſufferings. Thus innocently ſhe beguiled

the heavy hours of misfortune, and, with meek patience, awaited the events of futurity.

A beautiful evening, that had ſucceeded to a ſultry day, at length induced Emily to walk, though ſhe knew that Bertrand muſt attend her, and, with Maddelina for her companion, ſhe left the cottage, followed by Bertrand, who allowed her to chooſe her own way. The hour was cool and ſilent, and ſhe could not look upon the country around her, without delight. How lovely too appeared the brilliant blue, that coloured all the upper region of the air, and, thence fading downward, was loſt in the ſaffron glow of the horizon! nor leſs ſo were the varied ſhades and warm colouring of the Apennines, as the evening ſun threw his ſlanting rays athwart their broken ſurface. Emily followed the courſe of the ſtream, under the ſhades, that overhung its graſſy margin. On the oppoſite banks, the paſtures were animated with herds of cattle of a beautiful cream-colour; and, beyond, were groves of lemon and orange, with fruit glowing on the branches, frequent almoſt as the leaves, which partly concealed it. She purſued her way towards the ſea, which reflected the warm glow of ſun-ſet, while the cliffs, that roſe over its edge, were tinted with the laſt rays. The valley was terminated on the right by a lofty promontory, whoſe ſummit, impending over the waves, was crowned with a ruined tower, now ſerving for the purpoſe of a beacon, whoſe ſhattered battlements and the extended wings of ſome ſea-fowl, that circled near it, were ſtill illuminated by the upward beams of the ſun, though his diſk was now ſunk beneath the horizon; while the lower part of the ruin, the cliff on which it ſtood and the waves at its foot, were ſhaded with the firſt tints of twilight.

Having reached this headland, Emily gazed with ſolemn pleaſure on the cliffs that extended on either

hand

haud along the ſequeſtered ſhores, ſome crowned with groves of pine, and others exhibiting only barren precipices of a grayiſh marble, except where the crags were tufted with myrtle, and other aromatic ſhrubs. The ſea ſlept in a perfect calm; its waves, dying in murmurs on the ſhores, flowed with the gentleſt undulation, whilſt its clear ſurface reflected in ſoftened beauty the vermeil tints of the weſt. Emily as ſhe looked upon the ocean, thought of France and of paſt times, and ſhe wiſhed, Oh! how ardently and vainly—wiſhed! that its waves would bear her to her diſtant native home!

'Ah! that veſſel,' ſaid ſhe, 'that veſſel, which glides along ſo ſtately, with its tall ſails reflected in the water, is, perhaps, bound for France! Happy—happy bark!' She continued to gaze upon it with warm emotion, till the grey of twilight obſcured the diſtance, and veiled it from her view. The melancholy ſound of the waves at her feet aſſiſted the tenderneſs that occaſioned her tears, and this was the only ſound that broke upon the hour, till, having followed the windings of the beech for ſome time, a chorus of voices paſſed her on the air. She pauſed a moment, wiſhing to hear more, yet fearing to be ſeen, and, for the firſt time, looked back to Bertrand, as her protector, who was following at a ſhort diſtance, in company with ſome other perſon. Reaſſured by this circumſtance, ſhe advanced towards the ſounds which ſeemed to ariſe from behind a high promontory, that projected athwart the beech. There was now a ſudden pauſe in the muſic, and then one female voice was heard to ſing in a kind of chant. Emily quickened her ſteps, and, winding round the rock, ſaw within the ſweeping bay beyond, which was hung with woods from the borders of the beech to the very ſummits of the cliffs, two groups of peaſants, one ſeated beneath the ſhades, and the other ſtanding on the edge

of the ſea, round the girl, who was ſinging, and who held in her hand a chaplet of flowers, which ſhe ſeemed about to drop into the waves.

Emily liſtening with ſurpriſe and attention, diſtinguiſhed the following invocation delivered in the pure and elegant tongue of Tuſcany, and accompanied by a few paſtoral inſtruments.

TO A SEA-NYMPH.

O nymph! who loves to float on the green wave,
When Neptune ſleeps beneath the moon-light hour,
Lull'd by thy muſic, melancholy Pow'r,
O nymph, ariſe from out thy pearly cave!

For Heſper beams amid the twilight ſhade,
And ſoon ſhall Cynthia tremble o'er the tide,
Gleam on theſe cliffs, that bound the ocean's pride,
And lonely ſilence all the air pervade.

Then, let thy tender voice at diſtance ſwell,
And ſteal along this ſolitary ſhore,
Sink on the breeze, till dying—heard no more—
Thou wak'ſt the ſudden magic of thy ſhell.

While the long coaſt in echo ſweet replies,
Thy ſoothing ſtrains the penſive heart beguile,
And bid the viſions of the future ſmile,
O nymph! from out thy pearly cave—ariſe!

(Chorus)—ARISE!
(Semi-chorus)—ARISE!

The laſt words being repeated by the ſurrounding group, the garland of flowers was thrown into the waves, and the chorus, ſinking gradually into a chaunt, died away in ſilence.

'What can this mean, Maddelina?' ſaid Emily, awakening from the pleaſing trance, into which the muſic had lulled her. 'This is the eve of a feſtival, Signora,' replied Maddelina: 'And the peaſants then amuſe themſelves with all kinds of ſports.'

'But they talked of a ſea-nymph,' ſaid Emily: 'how came theſe good people to think of a ſea-nymph?'

'O, Signora,' rejoined Maddelina, miſtaking the reaſon of Emily's ſurpriſe, 'nobody *believes* in ſuch things, but our old ſongs tell of them, and, when we are at our ſports, we ſometimes ſing to them, and throw garlands into the ſea.'

Emily had been early taught to venerate Florence as the ſeat of literature and of the fine arts; but, that its taſte for claſſic ſtory ſhould deſcend to the peaſants of the country, occaſioned her both ſurpriſe and admiration. The Arcadian air of the girls next attracted her attention. Their dreſs was a very ſhort full petticoat of light green, with a boddice of white ſilk; the ſleeves looſe, and tied up at the ſhoulders with ribbons and bunches of flowers. Their hair falling in ringlets on their necks, was alſo ornamented with flowers, and with a ſmall ſtraw hat, which ſat rather backward and on one ſide of the head, gave an expreſſion of gaiety and ſmartneſs to the whole figure. When the ſong had concluded, ſeveral of theſe girls approached Emily, and, inviting her to ſit down among them, offered her, and Maddelina, whom they knew, grapes and figs.

Emily accepted their courteſy, much pleaſed with the gentleneſs and grace of their manners, which, appeared to be perfectly natural to them: and when Bertrand ſoon after approached, and was haſtily drawing her away, a peaſant, holding up a flaſk, in-

vited

vited him to drink: a temptation, which Bertrand was ſeldom very valiant in reſiſting.

'Let the young lady join the dance, my friend,' ſaid the peaſant, 'while we empty this flaſk. They are going to begin directly. Strike up! my lads, ſtrike up your tambourines and merry flutes!'

They ſounded gaily; and the younger peaſants formed themſelves into a circle, which Emily would readily have joined, had her ſpirits been in uniſon with their mirth. Maddelina, however, tript it lightly, and Emily, as ſhe looked on the happy group, loſt the ſenſe of her misfortunes in that of a benevolent pleaſure. But the penſive melancholy of her mind returned, as ſhe ſat rather apart from the company, liſtening to the mellow muſic, which the breeze ſoftened as it bore it away, and watching the moon, ſtealing its tremulous light over the waves and on the woody ſummits of the cliffs that wound along the Tuſcan ſhores.

Meanwhile, Bertrand was ſo well pleaſed with his firſt flaſk, that he very willingly commenced the attack of a ſecond, and it was late before Emily, not without ſome apprehenſion, returned to the cottage.

After this evening, ſhe frequently walked with Maddelina, but was never unattended by Bertrand; and her mind became by degrees as tranquil as the circumſtances of her ſituation would permit. The quiet, in which ſhe was ſuffered to live, encouraged her to hope, that ſhe was not ſent hither with an evil deſign; and, had it not appeared probable that Valancourt was at this time an inhabitant of Udolpho, ſhe would have wiſhed to remain at the cottage, till an opportunity ſhould offer of returning to her native country. But, concerning Montoni's motive of ſending her into Tuſcany, ſhe was more than ever perplexed, nor could ſhe believe that any conſideration for her ſafety had influenced him on this occaſion.

She

She had been ſome time at the cottage, before ſhe recollected, that in the hurry of leaving Udolpho, ſhe had forgotten the papers committed to her by her late aunt, relative to the Languedoc eſtates; but, though this remembrance occaſioned her much uneaſineſs, ſhe had ſome hope, that in the obſcure place where they were depoſited, they would eſcape the detection of Montoni.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

"My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken."

RICHARD II.

WE now return, for a moment to Venice, where Count Morano was ſuffering under an accumulation of misfortunes. Soon after his arrival in that city, he had been arreſted by order of the Senate, and, without knowing of what he was ſuſpected, was conveyed to a place of confinement, whither the moſt ſtrenuous enquiries of his friends had been unable to trace him. Who the enemy was, that had occaſioned him this calamity, he had not been able to gueſs, unleſs, indeed, it was Montoni, on whom his ſuſpicions reſted, and not only with much apparent probability, but with juſtice.

In the affair of the poiſoned cup, Montoni had ſuſpected Morano: but, being unable to obtain the degree of proof, which was neceſſary to convict him of a guilty intention, he had recourſe to means of other revenge, than he could hope to obtain by proſecution. He employed a perſon, in whom he believed he might confide, to drop a letter of accuſation into the *Denunzie ſecrete*, or lion's mouths, which are fixed in a gallery of the Doge's palace, as receptacles for anonymous information, concerning perſons, who may be diſaffected towards the ſtate. As, on theſe occaſions, the accuſer is not confronted with the accuſed, a man may falſely impeach his enemy, and accompliſh an unjuſt revenge, without fear of puniſhment, or detection.

tion. That Montoni ſhould have recourſe to theſe diabolical means of ruining a perſon, whom he ſuſpected of having attempted his life, is not in the leaſt ſurpriſing. In the letter, which he had employed as the inſtrument of his revenge, he ccuſed Morano of deſigns againſt the ſtate, which ahe attempted to prove, with all the plauſible ſimplicity of which he was maſter; and the Senate, with whom a ſuſpicion was, at that time, almoſt equal to a proof, arreſted the Count, in conſequence of this accuſation; and, without even hinting to him his crime, threw him into one of thoſe ſecret priſons, which were the terror of the Venetians, and in which perſons often languiſhed, and ſometimes died, without being diſcovered by their friends.

Morano had incurred the perſonal reſentment of many members of the ſtate; his habits of life had rendered him obnoxious to ſome; and his ambition, and the bold rivalſhip, which he diſcovered, on ſeveral publications, to others; and it was not to be expected, that mercy would ſoften the rigour of a law, which was to be diſpenſed from the hands of his enemies.

Montoni, meantime, was beſet by dangers of another kind. His caſtle was beſieged by troops, who ſeemed willing to dare every thing, and to ſuffer patiently any hardſhips in purſuit of victory. The ſtrength of the fortreſs, however, withſtood their attack, and this, with the vigorous defence of the garriſon and the ſcarcity of proviſion on theſe wild mountains, ſoon compelled the aſſailants to raiſe the ſiege.

When Udolpho was once more left to the quiet poſſeſſion of Montoni, he diſpatched Ugo into Tuſcany for Emily, whom he had ſent from conſiderations of her perſonal ſafety, to a place of greater ſecurity, than a caſtle, which was at that time liable

ſo be overrun by his enemies. Tranquillity being once more reſtored to Udolpho, he was impatient to ſecure her again under his roof, and had commiſſioned Ugo to aſſiſt Bertrand in guarding her back to the caſtle. Thus compelled to return, Emily bade the kind Maddelina farewell, with regret, and after about a fortnight's ſtay in Tuſcany, where ſhe had experienced an interval of quiet, which was abſolutely neceſſary to ſuſtain her long-haraſſed ſpirits, began once more to aſcend the Apennines, from whoſe heights ſhe gave a long and ſorrowful look to the beautiful country, that extended at their feet, and to the diſtant Mediterranean, whoſe waves ſhe had ſo often wiſhed would bear her back to France. The diſtreſs ſhe felt, on her return towards the place of her former ſufferings, was, however, ſoftened by a conjecture, that Valancourt was there, and ſhe found ſome degree of comfort in the thought of being near him, notwithſtanding the conſideration, that he was probably a priſoner.

It was noon, when ſhe had left the cottage, and the evening was cloſed, long before ſhe came within the neighbourhood of Udolpho. There was a moon, but it ſhone only at intervals, for the night was cloudy, and, lighted by the torch, which Ugo carried, the travellers paced ſilently along. Emily muſing on her ſituation, and Bertrand and Ugo anticipating the comforts of a flaſk of wine and a good fire, for they had perceived for ſome time the difference between the warm climate of the lowlands of Tuſcany and the nipping air of theſe upper regions. Emily was, at length, rouſed from her reverie by the far-off ſound of the caſtle clock, to which ſhe liſtened not without ſome degree of awe, as it rolled away on the breeze. Another and another note ſucceeded, and died in ſullen murmur among the mountains:—to her mournful imagination

tion it ſeemed a knell meaſuring out ſome fateful period for her.

'Aye, there is the old clock,' ſaid Bertrand, 'there he is ſtill; the cannon have not ſilenced him!'

'No,' anſwered Ugo, 'he crowed as loud as the beſt of them in the midſt of it all. There he was roaring out in the hotteſt fire I have ſeen this many a day! I ſaid that ſome of them would have a hit at the old fellow, but he eſcaped, and the tower too.'

The road winding round the baſe of a mountain, they now came within view of the caſtle, which was ſhewn in the perſpective of the valley by a gleam of moonſhine, and then vaniſhed in ſhade; while even a tranſient view of it had awakened the poignancy of Emily's feelings. Its maſſy and gloomy walls gave her terrible ideas of impriſonment and ſuffering: yet, as ſhe advanced, ſome degree of hope mingled with her terror; ——for, though this was certainly the reſidence of Montoni, it was poſſibly, alſo, that of Valancourt, and ſhe could not approach a place, where he might be, without experiencing ſomewhat of the joy of hope.

They continued to wind along the valley, and, ſoon after, ſhe ſaw again the old walls and moonlight towers, riſing over the woods: the ſtrong rays enabled her, alſo, to perceive the ravages, which the ſiege had made, ——with the broken walls, and ſhattered battlements, for they were now at the foot of the ſteep, on which Udolpho ſtood. Maſſy fragments had rolled down among the woods, through which the travellers now began to aſcend, and there mingled with the looſe earth, and pieces of rock they had brought with them. The woods, too, had ſuffered much from the batteries above, for here the enemy had endeavoured to ſcreen themſelves from the fire of the ramparts. Many noble

noble trees were levelled with the ground, and others, to a wide extent, were entirely ſtripped of their upper branches. 'We had better diſmount,' ſaid Ugo, 'and lead the mules up the hill, or we ſhall get into ſome of the holes, which the balls have left. Here are plenty of them. Give me the torch,' continued Ugo, after they had diſmounted, 'and take care you don't ſtumble over any thing, that lies in your way, for the ground is not yet cleared of the enemy.'

'How!' exclaimed Emily, 'are any of the enemy here, then?'

'Nay, I don't know for that, now,' he replied, 'but when I came away I ſaw one or two of them lying under the trees.'

As they proceeded, the torch threw a gloomy light upon the ground, and far among the receſſes of the woods, and Emily feared to look forward, leſt ſome object of horror ſhould meet her eye. The path was often ſtrewn with broken heads of arrows, and with ſhattered remains of armour, ſuch as at that period was mingled with the lighter dreſs of the ſoldiers. 'Bring the light hither,' ſaid Bertrand, 'I have ſtumbled over ſomething, that rattles loud enough.' Ugo holding up the torch, they perceived a ſteel breaſt-plate on the ground, which Bertrand raiſed, and they ſaw, that it was pierced through, and that the lining was entirely covered with blood; but upon Emily's earneſt entreaties, that they would proceed, Bertrand, uttering ſome jokes upon the unfortunate perſon, to whom it had belonged, threw it hard upon the ground, and they paſſed on.

At every ſtep ſhe took, Emily feared to ſee ſome veſtige of death. Coming ſoon after to an opening in the woods, Bertrand ſtopped to ſurvey the ground, which was encumbered with maſſy trunks, and branches of the trees, that had ſo lately adorned it,

and

and ſeemed to have been a ſpot particularly fatal to the beſiegers; for it was evident from the deſtruction of the trees, that here the hotteſt fire of the garriſon had been directed. As Ugo held again forth the torch, ſteel glittered between the fallen trees; the ground beneath was covered with broken arms, and with the torn veſtments of ſoldiers, whoſe mangled forms Emily almoſt expected to ſee; and ſhe again entreated her companions to proceed, who were, however, too intent in their examination, to regard her, and ſhe turned her eyes from this deſolated ſcene to the caſtle above, where ſhe obſerved lights gliding along the ramparts. Preſently, the caſtle clock ſtruck twelve, and then a trumpet ſounded, of which Emily enquired the occaſion.

'O! they are only changing watch,' replied Ugo. 'I do not remember this trumpet,' ſaid Emily, 'it is a new cuſtom.' 'It is only an old one revived, lady; we always uſe it in time of war. We have ſounded it at midnight, ever ſince the place was beſieged.'

'Hark!' ſaid Emily, as the trumpet ſounded again; and, in the next moment, ſhe heard a faint claſh of arms, and then the watch-word paſſed along the terrace above, and was anſwered from a diſtant part of the caſtle; after which all was again ſtill. She complained of cold, and begged to go on. 'Preſently, lady,' ſaid Bertrand, turning over ſome broken arms with the pike he uſually carried. 'What have we here?'

'Hark!' cried Emily, 'what noiſe was that?'

'What noiſe was it!' ſaid Ugo, ſtarting up, and liſtened.

'Huſh!' repeated Emily. 'It ſurely came from the ramparts above:' and, on looking up, they perceived a light moving along the walls, while, in the

the next inſtant, the breeze ſwelling, the voice ſounded louder than before.

'Who goes yonder?' cried a ſentinel of the caſtle. 'Speak, or it will be worſe for you.' Bertrand uttered a ſhout of joy. 'Hah!' my brave comrade, is it you?' ſaid he, and he blew a ſhrill whiſtle, which ſignal was anſwered by another from the ſoldier on watch; and the party, then paſſing forward, ſoon after emerged from the woods upon the broken road, that led immediately to the caſtle gates, and Emily ſaw, with renewed terror, the whole of that ſtupendous ſtructure. 'Alas!' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'I am going again into my priſon!'

'Here has been warm work, by St. Marco!' cried Bertrand, waving the torch over the ground; the balls have torn up the earth here, with a vengeance.'

'Aye,' replied Ugo, 'they were fired from that redoubt, yonder, and rare execution they did. The enemy made a furious attack upon the great gates: but they might have gueſſed they could never carry it there; for beſides the cannon from the walls, our archers, on the two round towers, ſhowered down upon them at ſuch a rate, that, by holy Peter! there was no ſtanding it. I never ſaw a better ſight in my life; I laughed, till my ſides ached, to ſee how the knaves ſcampered. Bertrand, my good fellow, thou ſhouldſt have been among them: I warrant thou wouldſt have won the race!'

'Hah! you are at your old tricks again,' ſaid Bertrand in a ſurly tone. 'It is well for thee thou art ſo near the caſtle; thou knoweſt I have killed my man before now.' Ugo replied only by a laugh, and then gave ſome further account of the ſiege, to which as Emily liſtened, ſhe was ſtruck by the ſtrong contraſt of the preſent ſcene with that which had ſo lately been acted here.

The

The mingled uproar of cannon, drums, and trumpets, the groans of the conquered, and the ſhouts of the conquerors were now ſunk into a ſilence ſo profound, that it ſeemed as if death had triumphed alike over the vanquiſhed and the victor. The ſhattered condition of one of the towers of the great gates by no means confirmed the *valiant* account juſt given by Ugo of the ſcampering party, who, it was evident, had not only made a ſtand, but had done much miſchief before they took to flight; for this tower appeared, as far as Emily could judge by the dim moon-light that fell upon it, to be laid open, and the battlements were nearly demoliſhed.——While ſhe gazed, a light glimmered through one of the lower loop-holes, and diſappeared; but, in the next moment, ſhe perceived through the broken wall, a ſoldier with a lamp, aſcending the narrow ſtair-caſe, that wound within the tower, and, remembering that it was the ſame ſhe had paſſed up, on the night, when Barnardine had deluded her with a promiſe of ſeeing Madame Montoni, fancy gave her ſomewhat of the terror ſhe had then ſuffered. She was now very near the gates, over which the ſoldier having opened the door of the portal-chamber, the lamp he carried gave her a duſky view of that terrible apartment, and ſhe almoſt ſunk under the recollected horrors of the moment, when ſhe had drawn aſide the curtain, and diſcovered the object it was meant to conceal.

'Perhaps,' ſaid ſhe to herſelf, 'it is now uſed for a ſimilar purpoſe; perhaps, that ſoldier goes, at this dead hour, to watch over the corpſe of his friend!' The little remains of her fortitude now gave way to the united force of remembered and anticipated horrors, for the melancholy fate of Madame Montoni appeared to foretell her own. She conſidered, that, though the Languedoc eſtates,

if ſhe relinquiſhed them, would ſatisfy Montoni's avarice, they might not appeaſe his vengeance, which was ſeldom pacified but by a terrible ſacrifice; and ſhe even thought, that, were ſhe to reſign them, the fear of juſtice might urge him either to detain her a priſoner, or to take away her life.

They were now arrived at the gates, where Bertrand, obſerving the light glimmer through a ſmall caſement of the portal-chamber, called aloud; and the ſoldier, looking out, demanded who was there. 'Here, I have brought you a priſoner,' ſaid Ugo, 'open the gate, and let us in.'

'Tell me firſt who it is, that demands entrance,' replied the ſoldier. 'What! my old comrade,' cried Ugo, 'don't you know me? not know Ugo? I have brought home a priſoner here bound hand and foot—a fellow, who has been drinking Tuſcany wine, while we here have been fighting.'

'You will not reſt till you meet with your match,' ſaid Bertrand ſullenly. 'Hah! my comrade, is it you?' ſaid the ſoldier—'I'll be with you directly.'

Emily preſently heard his ſteps deſcending the ſtairs within, and then the heavy chain fall, and the bolts undraw of a ſmall poſtern door, which he opened to admit the party. He held the lamp low, to ſhew the ſtep of the gate, and ſhe found herſelf once more beneath the gloomy arch, and heard the door cloſe, that ſeemed to ſhut her from the world for ever. In the next moment, ſhe was in the firſt court of the caſtle, where ſhe ſurveyed the ſpacious and ſolitary area, with a kind of calm deſpair; while the dead hour of the night, the gothic gloom of the ſurrounding buildings, and the hollow and the imperfect echoes, which they returned as Ugo and the ſoldier converſed together, aſſiſted to encreaſe the melancholy forebodings of her heart. Paſſing on to the ſecond court, a diſtant ſound broke

broke feebly on the ſilence, and gradually ſwelling louder, as they advanced, Emily diſtinguiſhed voices of revelry and laughter, but they were to her far other than ſounds of joy. 'Why you have got ſome Tuſcany wine among you, *here*,' ſaid Bertrand, 'if one may judge by the uproar that is going forward. Ugo has taken a larger ſhare of that than of fighting, I'll be ſworn. Who is carouſing at this late hour?'

'His *excellenza* and the Signors,' replied the ſoldier: 'it is a ſign you are a ſtranger at the caſtle, or you would not need to aſk the queſtion. They are brave ſpirits, that do without ſleep—they generally paſs the night in good cheer; would that we who keep the watch, had a little of it! It is cold work, pacing the ramparts ſo many hours of the night, if one has no good liquor to warm one's heart.'

'Courage, my lad, courage ought to warm your heart,' ſaid Ugo. 'Courage!' replied the ſoldier ſharply with a menacing air, which Ugo perceiving, prevented his ſaying more, by returning to the ſubject of the carouſal. 'This is a new cuſtom,' ſaid he; 'when I left the caſtle the Signors uſed to ſit up counſelling.'

'Aye, and for that matter, carouſing too,' replied Ugo, 'but ſince the ſiege, they have done nothing but make merry: and if I was they, I would ſettle accounts with myſelf, for all my hard fighting, the ſame way.'

They had now croſſed the ſecond court, and reached the hall door, when the ſoldier, bidding them good night, haſtened back to his poſt; and, while they waited for admittance, Emily conſidered how ſhe might avoid ſeeing Montoni, and retire unnoticed to her former apartment, for ſhe ſhrunk from the thought of encountering either him, or any of his party, at this hour. The uproar within the

the caſtle was now ſo loud, that, though Ugo knocked repeatedly at the hall door, he was not heard by any of the ſervants, a circumſtance which encreaſed Emily's alarm, while it allowed her time to deliberate on the means of retiring unobſerved; for, though ſhe might, perhaps, paſs up the great ſtair-caſe unſeen, it was impoſſible ſhe could find the way to her chamber, without a light, the difficulty of procuring which, and the danger of wandering about the caſtle, without one, immediately ſtruck her. Bertrand had only a torch, and ſhe knew, that the ſervants never brought a taper to the door, for the hall was ſufficiently lighted by the large tripod lamp, which hung in the vaulted roof; and, while ſhe ſhould wait till Annette could bring a taper, Montoni, or ſome of his companions, might diſcover her.

The door was now opened by Carlo; and Emily, having requeſted him to ſend Annette immediately with a light to the great gallery, where ſhe determined to await her, paſſed on with haſty ſteps towards the ſtair-caſe; while Bertrand and Ugo, with the torch, followed old Carlo to the ſervants' hall, impatient for ſupper and the warm blaze of a wood fire. Emily, lighted only by the feeble rays, which the lamp above threw between the arches of this extenſive hall, endeavoured to find her way to the ſtair-caſe, now hid in obſcurity; while the ſhouts of merriment, that burſt from a remote apartment, ſerved, by heightening her terror, to increaſe her perplexity, and ſhe expected, every inſtant, to ſee the door of that room open, and Montoni and his companions iſſue forth. Having, at length, reached the ſtair-caſe, and found her way to the top, ſhe ſeated herſelf on the laſt ſtair, to await the arrival of Annette; for the profound darkneſs of the gallery deterred her from proceeding farther, and, while ſhe liſtened for her footſtep, ſhe heard only

 diſtant

diſtant ſounds of revelry, which roſe in ſullen echoes from among the arcades below. Once ſhe thought ſhe heard a low ſound from the dark gallery behind her; and, turning her eyes, fancied ſhe ſaw ſomething luminous move in it; and, ſince ſhe could not, at this moment, ſubdue the weakneſs that cauſed her fears, ſhe quitted her ſeat, and crept ſoftly down a few ſtairs lower.

Annette not yet appearing, Emily now concluded, that ſhe was gone to bed, and that nobody choſe to call her up; and the proſpect, that preſented itſelf, of paſſing the night in darkneſs, in this place, or in ſome other equally forlorn (for ſhe knew it would be impracticable to find her way through the intricacies of the galleries to her chamber), drew tears of mingled terror and deſpondency from her eyes.

While thus ſhe ſat, ſhe fancied ſhe heard again an odd ſound from the gallery, and ſhe liſtened, ſcarcely daring to breathe, but the increaſing voices below overcame every other ſound. Soon after, ſhe heard Montoni and his companions burſt into the hall, who ſpoke, as if they were much intoxicated, and ſeemed to be advancing towards the ſtair-caſe. She now remembered, that they muſt come this way to their chambers, and, forgetting all the terrors of the gallery, hurried towards it with an intention of ſecreting herſelf in ſome of the paſſages, that opened beyond, and of endeavouring, when the Signors were retired, to find her way to her own room, or to that of Annette, which was in a remote part of the caſtle.

With extended arms, ſhe crept along the gallery, ſtill hearing the voices of perſons below, who ſeemed to ſtop in converſation at the foot of the ſtair-caſe, and then pauſing for a moment to liſten, half fearful of going further into the darkneſs of the gallery, where ſhe ſtill imagined, from the noiſe

ſhe

ſhe had heard, that ſome perſon was lurking. 'They are already informed of my arrival,' ſaid ſhe, 'and Montoni is coming himſelf to ſeek me! In the preſent ſtate of his mind, his purpoſe muſt be deſperate.'—Then, recollecting the ſcene, that had paſſed in the corridor, on the night preceding her departure from the caſtle: 'O Valancourt!' ſaid ſhe, 'I muſt then reſign you for ever. To brave any longer the injuſtice of Montoni, would not be fortitude, but raſhneſs.' Still the voices below did not draw nearer, but they became louder, and ſhe diſtinguiſhed thoſe of Verezzi and Bertolini above the reſt, while the few words ſhe caught made her liſten more anxiouſly for others. The converſation ſeemed to concern herſelf; and, having ventured to ſtep a few paces nearer to the ſtaircaſe, ſhe diſcovered, that they were diſputing about her, each ſeeming to claim ſome former promiſe of Montoni, who appeared, at firſt, inclined to appeaſe and to perſuade them to return to their wine, but afterwards to be weary of the diſpute, and, ſaying that he left them to ſettle it as they could, was returning with the reſt of the party to the apartment he had juſt quitted. Verezzi then ſtopped him. 'Where is ſhe? Signor,' ſaid he, in a voice of impatience: 'tell us where ſhe is.' 'I have already told you that I do not know,' replied Montoni, who ſeemed to be ſomewhat overcome with wine; 'but ſhe is moſt probably gone to her apartment.' Verezzi and Bertolini now deſiſted from their enquiries, and ſprang to the ſtair-caſe together, while Emily, who, during this diſcourſe, had trembled ſo exceſſively, that ſhe had with difficulty ſupported herſelf, ſeemed inſpired with new ſtrength, the moment ſhe heard the bound of their ſteps, and ran along the gallery, dark as it was, with the fleetneſs of a fawn. But, long before ſhe reached its extremity, the light, which Verezzi carried,

carried, flaſhed upon the walls; both appeared, and, inſtantly perceiving Emily, purſued her. At this moment, Bertolini, whoſe ſteps, though ſwift, were not ſteady, and whoſe impatience overcame what little caution he had hitherto uſed, ſtumbled and fell at his length. The lamp fell with him, and was preſently expiring on the floor; but Verezzi, regardleſs of ſaving it, ſeized the advantage this accident gave him over his rival, and followed Emily, to whom, however, the light had ſhown one of the paſſages that branched from the gallery, and ſhe inſtantly turned into it.—Verezzi could juſt diſcern the way ſhe had taken, and this he purſued; but the ſound of her ſteps ſoon ſunk in diſtance, while he, leſs acquainted with the paſſage, was obliged to proceed through the dark, with caution, leſt he ſhould fall down a flight of ſteps, ſuch as in this extenſive old caſtle frequently terminated an avenue. This paſſage at length brought Emily to the corridor, into which her own chamber opened, and, not hearing any footſteps, ſhe pauſed to take breath, and conſider what was the ſafeſt deſign to be adopted. She had followed this paſſage, merely becauſe it was the firſt that appeared, and now that ſhe had reached the end of it, was as perplexed as before. Whither to go, or how further to find her way in the dark, ſhe knew not: ſhe was aware only that ſhe muſt not ſeek her apartment, for there ſhe would certainly be ſought, and her danger increaſed every inſtant, while ſhe remained near it. Her ſpirits and her breath, however, were ſo much exhauſted, that ſhe was compelled to reſt, for a few minutes, at the end of the paſſage, and ſtill ſhe heard no ſteps approaching. As thus ſhe ſtood, light glimmered under an oppoſite door of the gallery, and, from its ſituation, ſhe knew, that it was the door of that myſterious chamber, where ſhe had made

made a diſcovery ſo ſhocking, that ſhe never remembered it but with the utmoſt horror. That there ſhould be light in this chamber, and at this hour, excited her ſtrong ſurpriſe, and ſhe felt a momentary terror concerning it, which did not permit her to look again, for her ſpirits were now in ſuch a ſtate of weakneſs, that ſhe almoſt expected to ſee the door ſlowly open, and ſome horrible object appear at it. Still ſhe liſtened for a ſtep along the paſſage, and looked up it, where, not a ray of light appearing, ſhe concluded, that Verezzi had gone back for the lamp; and, believing that he would ſhortly be there, ſhe again conſidered which way ſhe ſhould go, or rather which way ſhe could find in the dark.

A faint ray ſtill glimmered under the oppoſite door, but ſo great, and, perhaps, ſo juſt was her horror of that chamber, that ſhe would not again have tempted its ſecrets, though ſhe had been certain of obtaining the light ſo important to her ſafety. She was ſtill breathing with difficulty, and reſting at the end of the paſſage, when ſhe heard a ruſtling ſound, and then a low voice, ſo very near her, that it ſeemed cloſe to her ear; but ſhe had preſence of mind to check her emotions, and to remain quite ſtill. In the next moment, ſhe perceived it to be the voice of Verezzi, who did not appear to know that ſhe was there, but to have ſpoken to himſelf. 'The air is freſher here,' ſaid he: 'this ſhould be the corridor.' Perhaps he was one of thoſe heroes, whoſe courage can defy an enemy better than darkneſs, and he tried to rally his ſpirits with the ſound of his own voice. However this might be, he turned to the right, and proceeded, with the ſame ſtealing ſteps towards Emily's apartment, apparently forgetting, that, in darkneſs, ſhe could eaſily elude his ſearch, even in her chamber; and, like an intoxicated perſon, he followed

followed pertinaciouſly the one idea, that had poſſeſſed his imagination.

The moment ſhe heard his ſteps ſteal away, ſhe left her ſtation and moved ſoftly to the other end of the corridor, determined to truſt again to chance, and to quit it by the firſt avenue ſhe could find; but, before ſhe could effect this, light broke upon the walls of the gallery, and, looking back, ſhe ſaw Verezzi croſſing it towards her chamber. She now glided into a paſſage, that opened on the left, without, as ſhe thought, being perceived; but in the next inſtant, another light, glimmering at the further end of this paſſage, threw her into new terror. While ſhe ſtopped and heſitated which way to go, the pauſe allowed her to perceive, that it was Annette, who advanced, and ſhe hurried to meet her: but her imprudence again alarmed Emily, on perceiving whom, ſhe burſt into a ſcream of joy, and it was ſome minutes, before ſhe could be prevailed with to be ſilent, or to releaſe her miſtreſs from the ardent claſp, in which ſhe held her. When, at length, Emily made Annette comprehend her danger, they hurried towards Annette's room, which was in a diſtant part of the caſtle. No apprehenſions, however, could yet ſilence the latter, 'Oh dear ma'amſelle,' ſaid ſhe as they paſſed along, 'what a terrified time have I had of it! Oh! I thought I ſhould have died an hundred times! I never thought I ſhould live to ſee you again! and I never was ſo glad to ſee any body in my whole life, as I am to ſee you now.' 'Hark!' cried Emily, 'we are purſued; that was the echo of ſteps!' 'No, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'it was only the echo of a door ſhutting; ſound runs along theſe vaulted paſſages ſo, that one is continually deceived by it; if one does but ſpeak, or cough, it makes a noiſe as loud as cannon.' 'Then there is the greateſt neceſſity for

for us to be ſilent,' ſaid Emily: 'pr'ythee ſay no more, till we reach your chamber.' Here, at length, they arrived, without interruption, and, Annette having faſtened the door, Emily ſat down on her little bed, to recover breath and compoſure. To her enquiry, whether Valancourt was among the priſoners in the caſtle, Annette replied, that ſhe had not been able to hear, but that ſhe knew there were ſeveral perſons confined.———She then proceeded, in her tedious way, to give an account of the ſiege, or rather a detail of her terrors and various ſufferings, during the attack. 'But,' added ſhe, 'when I heard the ſhouts of victory from the ramparts, I thought we were all taken, and gave myſelf up for loſt, inſtead of which, *we* had driven the enemy away. I went then to the north gallery, and ſaw a great many of them ſcampering away among the mountains; but the rampart walls were all in ruins, as one may ſay, and there was a diſmal ſight to ſee down among the woods below, where the poor fellows were lying in heaps, but were carried off preſently by their comrades. While the ſiege was going on, the Signor was here, and there, and every where, at the ſame time, as Ludovico told me, for he would not let me ſee any thing hardly, and locked me up as he has often done before, in a room in the middle of the caſtle, and uſed to bring me food, and come and talk with me as often as he could; and I muſt ſay, if it had not been for Ludovico, I ſhould have died outright.'

'Well, Annette,' ſaid Emily, 'and how have affairs gone on, ſince the ſiege?'

'O! ſad hurly burly doings, ma'amſelle,' replied Annette; 'the Signors have done nothing but ſit and drink and game, ever ſince. They ſit up, all night, and play among themſelves, for all thoſe riches and fine things, they brought in, ſome time

time ſince, when they uſed to go out a robbing, or as good, for days together; and then they have dreadful quarrels about, who loſes, and who wins. That fierce Signor Verezzi is always loſing, as they tell me, and Signor Orſino wins from him, and this makes him very wroth, and they have had ſeveral hard ſet-to's about it. Then, all thoſe fine ladies are at the caſtle ſtill; and I declare I am frighted, whenever I meet any of them in the paſſages.'—

'Surely, Annette, ſaid Emily ſtarting, 'I heard a noiſe: liſten.' After a long pauſe, 'No, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'it was only the wind in the gallery; I often hear it, when it ſhakes the old doors, at the other end. But won't you go to bed, ma'amſelle? you ſurely will not ſit up ſtarving, all night.' Emily now laid herſelf down on the mattraſs, and deſired Annette to leave the lamp burning on the hearth, having done which, the latter placed herſelf beſide Emily, who, however, was not ſuffered to ſleep, for ſhe again thought ſhe heard a noiſe from the paſſage; and Annette was again trying to convince her, that it was only the wind, when footſteps were diſtinctly heard near the door. Annette was now ſtarting from the bed, but Emily prevailed with her to remain there, and liſtened with her in a ſtate of terrible expectation. The ſteps ſtill loitered at the door, when preſently an attempt was made on the lock, and, in the next inſtant, a voice called. 'For heaven's ſake, Annette, do not anſwer,' ſaid Emily ſoftly, 'remain quite ſtill; but I fear we muſt extinguiſh the lamp, or its glare will betray us.' 'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed Annette, forgetting her diſcretion, 'I would not be in darkneſs now for the whole world.' While ſhe ſpoke, the voice became louder than before, and repeated Annette's name; 'Bleſſed Virgin!' cried ſhe ſuddenly, 'it is only Ludovico.'

She roſe to open the door, but Emily prevented her, till they ſhould be more certain, that it was he alone; with whom Annette, at length, talked for ſome time, and learned, that he was come to enquire after herſelf, whom he had let out of her room to go to Emily, and that he was now returned to lock her in again. Emily, fearful of being overheard, if they converſed any longer through the door, conſented that it ſhould be opened, and a young man appeared, whoſe open countenance confirmed the favourable opinion of him, which his care of Annette had already prompted her to form. She entreated his protection, ſhould Verezzi make this requiſite; and Ludovico offered to paſs the night in an old chamber adjoining, that opened from the gallery, and on the firſt alarm, to come to their defence.

Emily was much ſoothed by this propoſal; and Ludovico, having lighted his lamp, went to his ſtation, while ſhe, once more, endeavoured to repoſe on her mattraſs. But a variety of intereſts preſſed upon her attention, and prevented ſleep.—She thought much on what Annette had told her of the diſſolute manners of Montoni and his aſſociates, and more of his preſent conduct towards herſelf, and of the danger, from which ſhe had juſt eſcaped. From the view of her preſent ſituation ſhe ſhrunk as from a new picture of terror. She ſaw herſelf in a caſtle, inhabited by vice and violence, ſeated beyond the reach of law or juſtice, and in the power of a man, whoſe perſeverance was equal to every occaſion, and in whom paſſions, of which revenge was not the weakeſt, entirely ſupplied the place of principles. She was compelled, once more to acknowledge, that it would be folly, and not fortitude, any longer to dare his power; and, reſigning all hopes of future happineſs with Valancourt, ſhe determined, that on the following morning

morning ſhe would compromiſe with Montoni, and give up her eſtates, on condition, that he would permit her immediate return to France.——Such conſiderations kept her waking for many hours; but the night paſſed without further alarm from Verezzi.

On the next morning, Emily had a long converſation with Ludovico, in which ſhe heard circumſtances concerning the caſtle, and received hints of the deſigns of Montoni, that conſiderably increaſed her alarms. On expreſſing her ſurpriſe, that Ludovico, who ſeemed to be ſo ſenſible of the evils of his ſituation, ſhould continue in it, he informed her, that it was not his intention to do ſo, and ſhe then ventured to aſk him, if he would aſſiſt her to eſcape from the caſtle. Ludovico aſſured her of his readineſs to attempt this, but ſtrongly repreſented the difficulty of the enterprize, and the certain deſtruction which muſt enſue, ſhould Montoni overtake them, before they had paſſed the mountains; he, however, promiſed to be watchful of every circumſtance, that might contribute to the ſucceſs of the attempt, and to think upon ſome plan of departure.

Emily now confided to him the name of Valancourt, and begged he would enquire for ſuch a perſon among the priſoners in the caſtle; for the faint hope which this converſation awakened, made her now recede from her reſolution of an immediate compromiſe with Montoni. She determined, if poſſible, to delay this, till ſhe heard further from Ludovico, and if his deſigns were found to be impracticable, to reſign the eſtates at once. Her thoughts were on this ſubject, when Montoni, who was now recovered from the intoxication of the preceding night, ſent for her, and ſhe immediately obeyed the ſummons. He was alone. 'I find,' ſaid he, 'that you were not in your chamber laſt night: where were you?' Emily related to him

ſome circumſtances of her alarm, and entreated his protection from a repetition of them. 'You know the terms of my protection,' ſaid he; 'if you really value this, you will ſecure it.' His open declaration, that he would only conditionally protect her while ſhe remained a priſoner in the caſtle, ſhewed Emily the neceſſity of an immediate compliance with his terms; but ſhe firſt demanded, whether he would permit her immediately to depart, if ſhe gave up her claim to the conteſted eſtates. In a very ſolemn manner he then aſſured her, that he would, and immediately laid before her a paper, which was to transfer the right of thoſe eſtates to himſelf.

She was, for a conſiderable time, unable to ſign it, and her heart was torn with contending intereſts, for ſhe was about to reſign the happineſs of all her future years---the hope, which had ſuſtained her in ſo many hours of adverſity.

After hearing from Montoni a recapitulation of the conditions of her compliance, and a remonſtrance, that his time was valuable, ſhe put her hand to the paper; when ſhe had done which, ſhe fell back in her chair, but ſoon recovered, and deſired that he would give orders for her departure, and that he would allow Annette to accompany her. Montoni ſmiled. 'It was neceſſary to deceive you,' ſaid he, 'there was no other way of making you act reaſonably; you ſhall go, but it muſt not be at preſent —I muſt firſt ſecure theſe eſtates by poſſeſſion: when that is done, you may return to France if you will.'

The deliberate villainy, with which he violated the ſolemn engagement he had juſt entered into, ſhocked Emily as much, as the certainty, that ſhe had made a fruitleſs ſacrifice, and muſt ſtill remain his priſoner. She had no words to expreſs what ſhe felt, and knew that it would have been uſeleſs, if ſhe had. As ſhe looked piteouſly at Montoni, he

turned

turned away, and at the ſame time deſired ſhe would withdraw to her apartment; but, unable to leave the room ſhe ſat down in a chair near the door, and ſighed heavily. She had neither words nor tears.

'Why will you indulge this childiſh grief?' ſaid he. 'Endeavour to ſtrengthen your mind, to bear patiently what cannot now be avoided; you have no real evil to lament; be patient and you will be ſent back to France. At preſent retire to your apartment.'

'I dare not go, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'where I ſhall be liable to the intruſion of Signor Verezzi.' 'Have I not promiſed to protect you?' ſaid Montoni.——'You have promiſed, ſir.'———replied Emily, after ſome heſitation. 'And is not my promiſe ſufficient?' added he ſternly. 'You will recollect your former promiſe, Signor,' ſaid Emily, trembling, 'and may determine for me, whether I ought to rely upon this.' 'Will you provoke me to declare to you, that I will not protect you then?' ſaid Montoni, in a tone of haughty diſpleaſure. 'If that will ſatisfy you, I will do it immediately. Withdraw to your chamber, before I retract my promiſe; you have nothing to fear there' Emily left the room, and moved ſlowly into the hall, where the fear of meeting Verezzi, or Bertolini, made her quicken her ſteps, though ſhe could ſcarcely ſupport herſelf; and ſoon after ſhe reached once more her own apartment. Having looked fearfully round her, to examine if any perſon was there, and having ſearched every part of it, ſhe faſtened the door, and ſat down by one of the caſements. Here, while ſhe looked out for ſome hope to ſupport her fainting ſpirits, which had been ſo long haraſſed and oppreſſed, that if ſhe had not now ſtruggled much againſt misfortune, they would have left her, perhaps, for ever, ſhe endeavoured to believe, that Mon-

toni did really intend to permit her return to France as ſoon as he had ſecured her property, and that he would, in the mean time, protect her from inſult; but her chief hope reſted with Ludovico, who, ſhe doubted not, would be zealous in her cauſe, though he ſeemed almoſt to deſpair of ſucceſs in it. One circumſtance, however, ſhe had to rejoice in. Her prudence, or rather her fears, had ſaved her from mentioning the name of Valancourt to Montoni, which ſhe was ſeveral times on the point of doing, before ſhe ſigned the paper, and of ſtipulating for his releaſe, if he ſhould be really a priſoner in the caſtle. Had ſhe done this, Montoni's jealous fears would now probably have loaded Valancourt with new ſeverities, and have ſuggeſted the advantage of holding him a captive for life.

Thus paſſed the melancholy day, as ſhe had before paſſed many in this ſame chamber. When night drew on, ſhe would have withdrawn herſelf to Annette's bed, had not a particular intereſt inclined her to remain in this chamber, in ſpite of her fears; for, when the caſtle ſhould be ſtill, and the cuſtomary hour arrived, ſhe determined to watch for the muſic, which ſhe had formerly heard. Though its ſounds might not enable her poſitively to determine, whether Valancourt was there, they would perhaps ſtrengthen her opinion that he was, and impart the comfort ſo neceſſary to her preſent ſupport.—But, on the other hand, if all ſhould be ſilent!—She hardly dared to ſuffer her thoughts to glance that way, but waited with impatient expectation, the approaching hour.

The night was ſtormy; the battlements of the caſtle appeared to rock in the wind, and, at intervals, long groans ſeemed to paſs on the air, ſuch as thoſe which often deceive the melancholy mind in tempeſts, and amid ſcenes of deſolation. Emily heard, as formerly, the ſentinels paſs along the terrace

terrace to their poſts, and looking out from her casement, obſerved, that the watch was doubled; a precaution, which appeared neceſſary enough, when ſhe threw her eyes on the walls, and ſaw their ſhattered condition. The well-known ſounds of the ſoldiers' march, and of their diſtant voices, which paſſed her in the wind, and were loſt again, recalled to her memory the melancholy ſenſations ſhe had ſuffered, when ſhe formerly heard the ſame ſounds; and occaſioned almoſt involuntary compariſons between her preſent and her late ſituation. But this was no ſubject for congratulation, and ſhe wiſely checked the courſe of her thoughts, while as the hour was not yet come, in which ſhe had been accuſtomed to hear the muſic, ſhe cloſed the caſement, and endeavoured to await it in patience. The door of the ſtair-caſe ſhe tried to ſecure, as uſual, with ſome of the furniture of the room; but this expedient her fears now repreſented to her to be very inadequate to the power and perſeverance of Verezzi; and ſhe often looked at a large and heavy cheſt, that ſtood in the chamber, with wiſhes that ſhe and Annette had ſtrength enough to move it. While ſhe blamed the long ſtay of this girl, who was ſtill with Ludovico and ſome other of the ſervants, ſhe trimmed her wood fire, to make the room appear leſs deſolate, and ſat down beſide it with a book, which her eyes peruſed, while her thoughts wandered to Valancourt, and her own misfortunes. As ſhe ſat thus, ſhe thought, in a pauſe of the wind, ſhe diſtinguiſhed muſic, and went to the caſement to liſten, but the loud ſwell of the guſt overcame every ſound. When the wind ſunk again ſhe heard diſtinctly, in the deep pauſe that ſucceeded, the ſweet ſtrings of a lute; but again the riſing tempeſt bore away the notes, and again was ſucceeded by a ſolemn pauſe. Emily, trembling with hope and fear, opened her caſement

to

to liſten, and to try whether her own voice could be heard by the muſician; for to endure any longer this ſtate of torturing ſuſpenſe concerning Valancourt, ſeemed to be utterly impoſſible. There was a kind of breathleſs ſtillneſs in the chambers, that permitted her to diſtinguiſh from below the tender notes of the very lute ſhe had formerly heard, and with it, a plaintive voice, made ſweeter by the low ruſtling ſound, that now began to creep along the wood-tops, till it was loſt in the riſing wind. Their tall heads then began to wave, while, through a foreſt of pine, on the left, the wind, groaning heavily, rolled onward over the woods below, bending them almoſt to their roots; and, as the long-reſounding gale ſwept away, other woods on the right ſeemed to anſwer the 'loud lament;' then others, further ſtill, ſoftened it into a murmur that died into ſilence. Emily liſtened with mingled awe and expectation, hope and fear; and again the melting ſweetneſs of the lute was heard, and the ſame ſolemn breathing voice. Convinced that theſe came from an apartment underneath, ſhe leaned far out of her window, that ſhe might diſcover whether any light was there; but the caſements below, as well as thoſe above, were ſunk ſo deep in the thick walls of the caſtle, that ſhe could not ſee them or even the faint ray that probably glimmered through their bars. She then ventured to call; but the wind bore her voice to the other end of the terrace, and then the muſic was heard as before, in the pauſe of the guſt. Suddenly ſhe thought ſhe heard a noiſe in her chamber, and ſhe drew herſelf within the caſement; but, in a moment after, diſtinguiſhing Annette's voice at the door, ſhe concluded it was her ſhe had heard before, and ſhe let her in. 'Move ſoftly, Annette, to the caſement,' ſaid ſhe, 'and liſten with me; the muſic is returned.' They were ſilent, till the meaſure changing, Annette exclaimed, 'Holy Virgin!

Virgin! I know that ſong well; it is a French ſong, one of the favourite ſongs of my dear country.' This was the ballad Emily had heard on a former night, though not the one ſhe had firſt liſtened to from the fiſhing-houſe in Gaſcony. 'O! it is a Frenchman that ſings,' ſaid Annette: 'it muſt be Monſieur Valancourt.' 'Hark! Annette, do not ſpeak ſo loud,' ſaid Emily. 'We may be overheard.' 'What! by the Chevalier?' ſaid Annette. 'No,' replied Emily mournfully, 'but by ſomebody who may report us to the Signor. What reaſon have you to think it is Monſieur Valancourt, who ſings? But hark! now the voice ſwells louder! Do you recollect thoſe tones? I fear to truſt my own judgment.' 'I never happened to hear the Chevalier ſing, Mademoiſelle,' replied Annette, who, as Emily was diſappointed to perceive, had no ſtronger reaſon for concluding this to be Valancourt, than that the muſician muſt be a Frenchman. Soon after, ſhe heard the ſong of the fiſhing-houſe, and diſtinguiſhed her own name, which was repeated ſo diſtinctly, that Annette had heard it alſo. She trembled, ſunk into a chair by the window, and Annette called aloud, 'Monſieur Valancourt! Monſieur Valancourt!' while Emily endeavoured to check her, but ſhe repeated the call more loudly than before, and the lute and the voice ſuddenly ſtopped. Emily liſtened for ſome time, in a ſtate of intolerable ſuſpence; but, no anſwer being returned, 'It does not ſignify, mademoiſelle,' ſaid Annette; 'it is the Chevalier, and I will ſpeak to him.' 'No, Annette,' ſaid Emily, 'I think I will ſpeak myſelf; if it is he, he will know my voice, and ſpeak again. Who is it,' ſaid ſhe, 'that ſings at this late hour?'

A long ſilence enſued, and, having repeated the queſtion, ſhe perceived ſome faint accents, mingling in the blaſt that ſwept by; but the ſounds were

were ſo diſtant, and paſſed ſo ſuddenly, that ſhe could ſcarcely hear them, much leſs diſtinguiſh the words they uttered, or recognife the voice. After another pauſe, Emily called again, and again they heard a voice, but as faintly as before; and they perceived, that there were other circumſtances, beſide the ſtrength and direction of the wind, to contend with; for the great depth, at which the caſements were fixed in the caſtle walls, contributed ſtill more than the diſtance, to prevent articulated ſounds from being underſtood, though general ones were eaſily heard. Emily, however, ventured to believe, from the circumſtance of her voice alone having been anſwered, that the ſtranger was Valancourt, as well as that he knew her, and ſhe gave herſelf up to ſpeechleſs joy. Annette, however, was not ſpeechleſs. She renewed her calls, but received no anſwer; and Emily, fearing that a further attempt, which certainly was at preſent highly dangerous, might expoſe them to the guards of the caſtle, while it could not perhaps terminate her ſuſpenſe, inſiſted on Annette's dropping the enquiry for this night; though ſhe determined herſelf to queſtion Ludovico on the ſubject in the morning, more urgently than ſhe had yet done. She was now enabled to ſay, that the ſtranger, whom ſhe had formerly heard, was ſtill in the caſtle, and to direct Ludovico to that part of it, in which he was confined.

Emily, attended by Annette, continued at the caſement for ſome time, but all remained ſtill; they heard neither lute or voice again, and Emily was now as much oppreſſed by anxious joy, as ſhe lately was by a ſenſe of her misfortunes. With haſty ſteps ſhe paced the room, now half calling on Valancourt's name, then ſuddenly ſtopping, and now going to the caſement and liſtening, where, however, ſhe heard nothing but the ſolemn waving

of

of the woods. Sometimes her impatience to ſpeak to Ludovico prompted her to ſend Annette to call him; but a ſenſe of the impropriety of this at midnight reſtrained her.——Annette, meanwhile, as impatient as her miſtreſs, went as often to the caſement to liſten, and returned almoſt as much diſappointed. She, at length, mentioned Signor Verezzi, and her fear, leſt he ſhould enter the chamber by the ſtair-caſe door. 'But the night is now almoſt paſt, mademoiſelle,' ſaid ſhe, recollecting herſelf: 'there is the morning light, beginning to peep over thoſe mountains yonder in the eaſt.'

Emily had forgotten, till this moment, that ſuch a perſon exiſted as Verezzi, and all the danger that had appeared to threaten her; but the mention of his name renewed her alarm, and ſhe remembered the old cheſt, that ſhe had wiſhed to place againſt the door, which ſhe now, with Annette, attempted to remove, but it was ſo heavy, that they could not lift it from the floor. 'What is in this great old cheſt, mademoiſelle,' ſaid Annette, 'that makes it ſo weighty?' Emily having replied, 'that ſhe found it in the chamber, when ſhe firſt came to the caſtle, and had never examined it:'—'Then I will, ma'amſelle,' ſaid Annette, and ſhe retired to lift the lid; but this was held by a lock, for which ſhe had no key, and which, indeed, appeared, from its peculiar conſtruction, to open with a ſpring. The morning now glimmered through the caſements, and the wind had ſunk into a calm. Emily looked out upon the duſky woods, and on the twilight mountains, juſt ſtealing on the eye, and ſaw the whole ſcene after the ſtorm, lying in profound ſtillneſs, the woods motionleſs, and the clouds above, through which the dawn trembled, ſcarcely appearing to move along the heavens. One ſoldier was pacing the terrace beneath, with meaſured ſteps; and two,

more

more diſtant, were ſunk aſleep on the walls, wearied with the night's watch. Having inhaled, for a while, the pure ſpirit of the air, and of vegetation, which the late rains had called forth; and having liſtened once more, for a note of muſic, ſhe now cloſed the caſement, and retired to reſt.

End of the Second Volume.

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